CHARLES [illegible]

HIS LETTERS [illegible]

CHARLES KINGSLEY:

HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE

This One-Volume Edition was first published in 1883



CHARLES KINGSLEY

HIS LETTERS

AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

> "Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
> Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."
>
> SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

WITH A PORTRAIT

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1892

DEDICATED

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF

A RIGHTEOUS MAN

WHO LOVED GOD AND TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS
A MAN OF UNTARNISHED HONOUR—
LOYAL AND CHIVALROUS—GENTLE AND STRONG—
MODEST AND HUMBLE—TENDER AND TRUE—
PITIFUL TO THE WEAK—YEARNING AFTER THE ERRING—
STERN TO ALL FORMS OF WRONG AND OPPRESSION,
YET MOST STERN TOWARDS HIMSELF—
WHO BEING ANGRY, YET SINNED NOT
WHOSE HIGHEST VIRTUES WERE KNOWN ONLY
TO HIS WIFE, HIS CHILDREN, HIS SERVANTS, AND THE POOR
WHO LIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD HERE,
AND PASSING THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH
NOW LIVETH UNTO GOD FOR EVERMORE.

F. E. K.

PREFACE

TO FIRST EDITION

In bringing out these Volumes, thanks are due and gratefully offered to all who have generously given their help to the work;—to the many known and unknown correspondents who have treasured and lent the letters now first made public; —to the publishers who have allowed quotations to be made from Mr Kingsley's printed works;—but above all to the friends who have so eloquently borne witness to his character and genius These written testimonies to their father's worth are a rich inheritance to his children, and God only knows the countless unwritten ones of souls rescued from doubt, darkness, error, and sin—of work done, the worth of which can never be calculated upon earth—of seed sown which has borne, and will still bear fruit for years, perhaps for generations to come—when the name of Charles Kingsley is forgotten, while his unconscious influence will endure—treasured up in that eternal world, where nothing really good or true can be lost or pass away, to be revealed at the great Day when God's Book shall be opened and the thoughts of all hearts shall be made known

F E. K.

October 1876

NOTE TO CABINET EDITION

In bringing out a popular edition of the Letters and Memories of Charles Kingsley, to meet the expressed wishes of numbers in England and her Colonies who treasure his words and thus testify to his undying influence, much has been necessarily left out, and much abridged, which is still preserved in the original work, now in its thirteenth edition There will be found, however, in these condensed volumes, some new matter which was not forthcoming when the larger book was published.

1879 F. E. K.

The present edition of the Letters and Memories in one volume has been condensed still further to bring the book into a cheaper form The original work is out of print, but the Cabinet Edition in two volumes published in 1879, and now in its thirteenth edition, is still kept on sale

1883

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CHARLES KINGSLEY:

HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage—Inherited Talents—Removal from Devonshire—Barnack and its Ghost-chamber—Childish Character—Fen Scenery—Life at Clovelly—School-days at Clifton and Helston—Chelsea—King's College.

> "And Nature, the old Nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying, 'Here is a story book
> Thy Father has written for thee
>
> Come wander with me,' she said,
> 'Into regions yet untrod,
> And read what is still unread
> In the Manuscripts of God'
>
> And he wandered away and away
> With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
> Who sang to him night and day
> The rhymes of the Universe"
>
> * * * * *
>
> LONGFELLOW.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, son of Charles Kingsley, of Battramsley in the New Forest, was born on the 12th of June 1819, at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, under the brow of Dartmoor. His family claimed descent from the Kingsleys of Kingsley or Vale Royal, in Delamere Forest, and from Rannulph de Kingsley, whose name in an old family pedigree stands as "Grantee of the Forest of Mara and Mondrem from Randall Meschines, ante 1128" His father, educated at Harrow and Oxford, was a man of cultivated tastes, a good linguist, an accomplished artist, and a keen sportsman. He had been brought up as a country gentleman with good expectations: but

being left an orphan early in life and his fortune mismanaged, he was obliged at the age of thirty, for the first time, to think of a profession. Being too old for the army, he decided on the Church, sold his hunters and land, and read for Holy Orders.

Charles's mother, Mary Lucas, born in the West Indies, but brought up in England, was a remarkable woman, full of imagination and enthusiasm, herself the daughter of highly gifted parents. Keenly alive to the charms of scenery, she believed that all impressions made on her own mind before the birth of her child, by the romantic surroundings of her Devonshire home, would be transmitted to him; and in this faith surrendered herself to the enjoyment of every sight and sound which she hoped would be dear to her child in after life. These hopes were realized, and thirty years afterwards her son writes:

> "I firmly believe in the magnetic effect of the place where one has been bred, and have continually the true 'heimweh' home-sickness of the Swiss and Highlanders. The thought of the West Country will make me burst into tears at any moment. Wherever I am it always hangs before my imagination as *home*, and I feel myself a stranger and a sojourner in a foreign land the moment I get east of Taunton Dean, on the Mendips. It may be fancy, but it is most real, and practical, as many fancies are."

Charles inherited talent from both parents. To his father he owed his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the men of his family having been soldiers for generations, distinguished in the army during the Civil Wars and on the battlefields of Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere. And from the mother's side came, not only his love of travel, of science, and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour, and a force and originality which characterized the women of her family. His maternal grandfather, Mr Lucas, of Farley Hall, for many years a judge in Barbadoes, a man of high reputation, intimate with all the scientific men of his day, and a great traveller, took a deep interest in the education of his little grandson. His stories of tropical scenes were the delight of Charles's boyhood, and woke up in him that longing to see the West Indies, which was at last accomplished.

"We are," Charles wrote to Mr Galton, in 1865, on his book on Hereditary Talent, where his family are referred to, "but the dis-

jecta membra of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using them. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl '

But to return. His father, after leaving Holne, took duty in Nottinghamshire; and, while there, the Bishop of Peterborough made him his examining chaplain, and gave him the living of Barnack to hold for some years. Barnack Rectory was a fine old fourteenth century house, containing a celebrated ghost chamber called Button Cap's. On one occasion, little Charles, who was a delicate, nervous, and highly sensitive boy, was moved, during an attack of brain fever, into this room, and for years afterwards his imagination was haunted by the weird sights and sounds associated with that time in his memory. But as he often told his own children, in after life, he had seen too many ghosts at Barnack to have much respect for them.

"Of Button Cap," he writes in 1864, "he lived in the great north room at Barnack I knew him well He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed, whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old Rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that, he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on it I never heard of any skeleton being found; and Button Cap's history had nothing to do with murder, only with avarice and cheating. Sometimes he turned cross and played Poltergeist, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise, which was undignified So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning. I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated National Schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff—or perhaps some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof and ran down to the pond, and drank till he burst He was rats! . ."

Charles's poems and sermons date from four years old. His delight was to make a little pulpit in his nursery. from which, after putting on his pinafore as a surplice, he would preach to an imaginary congregation His mother, unknown to him, took down his sermons at the time, and showed them to the Bishop of Peterborough, who predicted that the boy

would grow up to be no common man His first poem, a "Song upon Life," was written at four years and eight months.

> "Life is, and soon will pass;
> As Life is gone, death will come
> We—we rise again—
> In Heaven we must abide
> Time passes quickly,
> He flies on wings as light as silk.
> We all must die
> It is not false that we must rise again,
> Death has its fatal sting,
> It brings us to the grave
> Time and death is and must be"

At Barnack the boy's earliest sporting tastes and love of natural history were developed, for his father was one of the old-fashioned type of English clergymen, who while an excellent parish priest was a fine sportsman, so as soon as Charles was old enough for shooting expeditions, he was mounted on the keeper's horse to bring back the game-bag—a rich one in days when bittern and bustard, ruffs and reeves were plentiful in the Fen Birds and butterflies, of species now extinct, used to delight the eyes of the young naturalist, and the low flat scenery of the Fens had always a charm for him in after life from the memory of those early days. "They have a beauty of their own," he would say, "those great Fens; a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom Overhead the arch of Heaven spreads more ample than elsewhere, and that vastness gives such cloudlands, such sunrises, such sunsets, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles" His fancy would linger, too,

> "over the shining meres, the golden reed-beds, the countless water-fowl, the strange and gaudy insects, the wild nature, the mystery, the majesty—and mystery and majesty there were—which haunted the deep fen for many hundred years. for grand enough it was, that black ugly place, backed by Caistor Hanglands and patches of the primeval forest, while dark green alders, and pale green reeds, stretched for miles round the broad lagoon, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around, while high overhead hung motionless hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see Far off, upon the silver mere, would rise a puff of smoke from a punt, invisible from its flatness and white paint Then down the wind came the boom of the great stanchion gun, and after that sound, another sound, louder as it neared; a cry as of all the bells of

Cambridge and all the hounds of Cottesmore; and overhead rushed and whirled the skein of terrified wild-fowl, screaming, piping, clacking, croaking,—filling the air with the hoarse rattle of their wings, while clear above all sounded the wild whistle of the curlew and the trumpet note of the great wild swan They are all gone now. Gone are ruffs and reeves, spoonbills, bitterns, avosets; the very snipe, one hears, disdains to breed. Gone, too, is that most exquisite of butterflies—*Lycæna dispar;* and many a curious insect more." ["Prose Idylls"]

In 1830 Mr Kingsley returned to Devonshire, and was presented to the rectory of Clovelly.

Here a fresh life opened for Charles; a new education began for him; a new world was revealed to him. The contrast between the sturdy Fen men and the sailors and fishermen of Clovelly—between the flat Eastern Counties, and the rocky Devonshire coast with its new fauna and flora and its blue sea, filled him with delight and wonder. His parents, both people of excitable natures and poetic feeling, shared in the boy's enthusiasm. The new elements of their life at Clovelly, the unique scenery, the impressionable character of the people and their singular beauty, the courage of the men and boys, and the passionate sympathy of the women in the wild life of their husbands and sons, threw a charm of romance over the parish work. The people sprang to touch under the influence of their new Rector—a man who feared no danger, and could steer a boat, hoist and lower a sail, "shoot" a herring net, and haul a seine as one of themselves. And when the herring fleet put to sea, whatever the weather might be, Mr Kingsley with his wife and boys would start down to the Quay, and give a short parting service, at which "men who worked," and "women who wept," would join in singing the 121st Psalm out of the old Prayer Book version, with the fervour of those who have death and danger staring them in the face. Such memories still make the name of Kingsley a household word in Clovelly.

It was a life full of romantic and often tragic incidents which must needs leave its mark on Charles's mind One day especially would rise up often before him,

"when the old bay lay darkened with the grey columns of the water-spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women

and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone, a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage. Hardly an old playmate of mine but is drowned and gone . " ["Prose Idylls"]

Such were the scenes which coloured his boyhood, were reflected in his after life, and produced his well-known song of "The Three Fishers," a literal transcript of what he had seen again and again at Clovelly His love for Clovelly was a passion. "Now that you have seen the dear old Paradise," he said to his wife, after her first visit there in 1854, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

In 1831, Charles went to school at Clifton, where his tutor describes him as an "affectionate boy, gentle and fond of quiet, capable of making remarkable translations of Latin verse into English, and a passionate lover of natural history" The Bristol Riots, which took place in the autumn of 1831, were the marked event in his life at Clifton Previous to this time he had been a timid boy, but the horror of the scenes which he witnessed then and there seemed to wake up an unwonted courage in him

"It was in this very City of Bristol, twenty-seven years ago" (he says, when giving a lecture there in 1858), "that I received my first lesson in what is now called 'social science,' and yet, alas, ten years elapsed ere I could even spell out that lesson, though it had been written for me (as well as for all England) in letters of flame, from one end of the country to the other It is good for a man to be brought once at least in his life, face to face with fact, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be, and have to confess to himself, shuddering, what things are possible upon God's earth, when man has forgotten that his only welfare is in living after the likeness of God " ["Great Cities, their influence for good and evil"]

From Clifton Charles went to Helston Grammar School, then under the head mastership of the Rev Derwent Coleridge, son of the Poet. Dr Hawtrey, head-master of Eton, who had heard of the boy's talent, was anxious to have him at Eton, and Dr Arnold would have welcomed him at Rugby. but his parents decided otherwise Charles deeply regretted this decision in after life, as it was his own conviction that nothing but a public school education would have overcome his consti-

tutional shyness, a shyness which was increased by the hesitation in his speech—"that fearful curse of stammering," as he calls it, "which has been my misery since my childhood."

His schoolfellow and earliest friend, Mr Powles, afterwards Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, thus recalls his school-days:

"Looking back on those school-boy days, one can trace without difficulty the elements of character that made his maturer life remarkable. Of him more than of most men who have become famous it may be said, 'the boy was father of the man.' The vehement spirit, the adventurous courage, the love of truth, the impatience of injustice, the quick and tender sympathy, that distinguished the man's entrance on public life, were all in the boy, and there was, besides, the same eagerness in the pursuit of physical knowledge, the same keen observation of the world around him, and the same thoughtful temper of tracing facts to principles. For all his good qualities, Charles was not popular as a school-boy He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours Then, too, though strong and active, Charles was not expert at games. He never made 'a score' at cricket. but in mere feats of agility and adventure he was among the foremost Our playground was separated by a lane, not very narrow, and very deep from a field on the opposite side To jump from the play-ground wall to the wall opposite, and to jump back, was a considerable trial of nerve and muscle. The walls, which were not quite on a level, were rounded at the top, and a fall into the deep lane must have involved broken bones This jump was one of Charles's favourite performances Again, I remember his climbing a tall tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. For three or four days he had done this with impunity. There came an afternoon, however, when the hawk was on her nest, and on the intruder's putting in his hand as usual the results were disastrous To most boys the surprise of the hawk's attack, apart from the pain inflicted by her claws, would have been fatal They would have loosed their hold of the tree, and tumbled down. But Charles did not flinch. He came down as steadily as if nothing had happened, though his wounded hand was streaming with blood It was wonderful how well he bore pain On one occasion, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cautery. He heated the poker red-hot in the school-room fire, and calmly applied it two or three times till he was satisfied that his object was attained. His own endurance of pain did not, however, make him careless of suffering in others. He was very tender-hearted—often more so than his school-fellows could understand; and what they did not understand they were apt to ridicule The moral quality that preeminently distinguished him as a boy, was the generosity with which he forgave offence He was keenly sensitive to ridicule; nothing irritated him more; and he had often excessive provocation from those who could not enter into his feelings, or appreciate

the workings of his mind. But with the moment of offence the memory of it passed away. He had no place for vindictiveness in his heart. Again and again I have seen him chafed to intensest exasperation by boys with whom half an hour afterwards he has mixed with the frankest good humour. . .

"Charles's chief taste was for physical science; for botany and geology he had an absolute enthusiasm. He liked nothing better than to sally out, hammer in hand and his botanical tin slung round his neck, on some long expedition in quest of new plants, and to investigate the cliffs within a few miles of Helston, dear to every geologist. For the study of language he had no great liking. Later on, Greek and Latin interested him because of their subject-matter; but for classics, in the school-boy sense of the term, he had no turn. He would work hard at them by fits and starts—on the eve of an examination, for instance; but his industry was intermittent and against the grain. His passion was for natural science, and for art. With regard to the former I think his zeal was led by a strong religious feeling—a sense of the nearness of God in His works. Thus he writes at sixteen years of age to one of two friends, in whose intercourse with each other he was much interested: 'Teach her a love of nature. Stir her imagination, and excite her awe and delight by your example. Point out to her the sublime and terrible, the lovely and joyous, and let her look on them both with the same over-ruling feeling, with a reference to their Maker. Teach her to love God, teach her to love Nature. God is love; and the more we love Him, the more we love all around us.' In the same letter occurs a passage bearing on art. It shows that, even then he had definite views and conceptions of his own on subjects of which boys of his age—I am speaking of forty years ago—had hardly begun to think at all. . . ."

From Helston Charles writes to his mother:

"I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am more happy now than I have been for a long time; but I do not like to talk about it, but to prove it by my conduct. I am keeping a journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me. . . ."

". . . I have finished Psyche (a Prose Poem) as you asked me. There is no botany yet, but I have been studying a little mineralogy and geology. Tell Papa I have a very good specimen of hornblende rock from the Lizard, and that I have found in great quantities a very beautiful mineral, but whether it is schorl or axinite, I cannot determine. Tell him the gradations of mica, slate, and Grauwackè slate are very beautiful and perfect here. . . ."

His early poems, which were many, show the same minute observation and intense love of Nature, and the pains he took to describe exactly what he saw, instead of running off into

vague generalities and common places. But while seemingly absorbed in external objects, the boy lived in an inner world of his own. He refers to this period of his life when an undergraduate at Cambridge:

"Once the love of nature constituted my whole happiness; in the 'shadowy recollections' and vague emotions which were called up by the inanimate creation, I found a mine of mysterious wealth, in which I revelled while I knew not its value The vast and the sublime, or the excitement of violent motion, affected me almost to madness; I have shed strange tears, I know not why, at the sight of luscious and sunny prospects. But 'there has passed away a glory from the earth' Though I feel the beauty more exquisitely than ever, I do not feel the emotions it produced. I do not shun society as when a boy, because man and his coarseness and his folly seemed only to disarrange my world of woods and hills, and stream and sea, peopled not with actual existences, but with abstract emotions which were neither seen nor heard, while their presence was felt . ."

In 1836, Lord Cadogan gave his father the living of Chelsea, and the free happy West country life was exchanged for a London home. It was a bitter grief to Charles. Life in a suburban Rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, its middle-class society and the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind.

"I find a doleful difference," he writes to Mr Powles, "in the society here and at Helston, paradoxical as it may appear . . . We have nothing but clergymen (very good and sensible men, but), talking of nothing but parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, &c, &c., &c . . As you may suppose all this clerical conversation (to which I am obliged to listen) has had a slight effect in settling my opinions on these subjects, and I begin to hate these dapper young-ladies-preachers like the devil, for I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about with every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible. I could say volumes on this subject that should raise both your contempt and indignation I am sickened with its day-by-day occurrence . . ."

These early experiences made him careful in after life, when in a parish of his own, to confine all discussion of parish business to its own hours, and never to "*talk shop*," as he called it, before his children, or lower the tone of conversation, by letting it degenerate into mere parochial and clerical gossip.

He now became a day student at King's College, London, where he worked hard for two years, walking there and back from Chelsea every day, reading all the way, and studying all the evening. One of his King's College tutors speaks of him as "gentle and diffident to timidity." Another, of "his zeal, taste, and industry in his classical studies, of his high place in the examinations, and of his devoted study of Plato's works."

The home life at Chelsea was not a bright one. His parents were absorbed in their parish work, and as their religious views precluded their children from all public amusements, Charles comforted himself for the lack of all variety in his spare hours, which were few and far between, by devouring every book he could lay hands on—old plays, old ballads, and many a strange volume picked up at street book-stalls in his walks between Chelsea and King's College. Percy's "Reliques," Southey's, Shelley's, and Coleridge's poetry he knew by heart. His love for Wordsworth developed later; but from first to last Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and Spenser's "Faerie Queen," were among his most beloved books. Spenser was more dear to him than even Shakespeare; and in later life, when his brain was weary, especially on Sunday evenings, he would turn instinctively for rest and refreshment to the "Faerie Queen." On his first return to Clovelly, during a summer holiday, he writes to his mother:—

"Though I have not written to you, I have not forgotten you. And to prove my remembrance of you, I am reading my Bible and my Paley, and my mathematics, steadily, and am learning poetry by heart. And, moreover, I am keeping a journal, full of thoughts and meditations and *prose poetry*, for I am not alone enough to indite verses—as I have not had any walks by myself. I am exceedingly well here—quite a different being since I came. The dear old place looks quite natural, and yet somehow it is like a dream when I think of the total revulsion that two days' journey has made in me, and how I seem like some spirit in the metempsychosis which has suddenly passed back, out of a new life, into one which it bore long ago, and has recovered in one moment, all its old ties, its old feelings, its old friends, and pleasures! O that you were but here to see, and to share the delight of your affectionate son,

"C. KINGSLEY."

CHAPTER II.

1838—42.

AGED 19-23

Cambridge—Visit to Oxfordshire—A Turning Point in Life—Undergraduate Days—Decides to take Orders—Correspondence—Takes his Degree

> "As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
> And ebb into a former life, or seem
> To lapse far back in some confused dream
> To states of mystical similitude;
> If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
> Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
> So that we say, 'All this has been before,
> All this hath been, I know not when or where
> So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,
> Our thought gave answer, each to each, so true—
> Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
> That tho' I knew not in what time or place,
> Methought that I had often met with you,
> And either lived in either's heart and speech."
>
> TENNYSON (Early Sonnets).

IN the autumn of 1838 Charles Kingsley left King's College, London, for Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he soon gained a scholarship, and thence in the joy of his heart he writes to his father

May 31, 1839—"You will be delighted to hear that I am *first* in classics and mathematics also, at the examinations, which has not happened in the College for several years. I shall bring home prizes, and a very decent portion of honour—the King's College men are all delighted . . I shall read conic sections and the spherical trigonometry very hard while I am here I know you and Mama will be glad to hear of my success, so you must pardon the wildness of my letter, for I am so happy, I hardly know what to say. You know I am not accustomed to be successful. I am going to-day to a great fishing party at Shelford ."

The prize-book he chose was a fine edition of Plato

He made many friends in the University who took delight in his society, some for his wit and humour, others for his sympathy on subjects of Art, and deeper matters. "He was very popular," writes an intimate friend, "amongst all classes of his companions; he mixed freely with all, the studious, the idle, the clever, and the reverse, a most agreeable companion, full of information of all kinds, and abounding in conversa-

tion. Whatever he engaged in, he threw his whole energy into; he read hard at times, but enjoyed sports of all kinds, and was soon in the Magdalene Boat, which was in that year high on the river."

In the summer of 1839 his father took country duty for two months at Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, and there, on the 6th July, Charles and his future wife met for the first time. "That was my real wedding day," he said, some fifteen years afterwards.

He was just then full of religious doubts; and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering, and at times defiant look, bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad longing expression too, which seemed to say that he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never yet found—a rest which he never would attain in this world. His peculiar character had not been understood at home, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, never to sleep again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and be met with answering sympathy; and gradually as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every failing, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, all things in heaven and earth discussed; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful tenderness, and a "humility more irresistible even than his eloquence," which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day.

The Oxford Tracts had lately appeared; and, while discussing them from a merely human and not the religious standpoint, he fiercely denounced the ascetic view of the most sacred ties which he foresaw would result from them; his keen eye detecting in them principles which, as he expressed years afterwards in his preface to "Hypatia," must, if once adopted, "sap the very foundation of the two divine roots of the Church, the ideas of family and national life."

He was just like his own Lancelot in "Yeast," in that summer of 1839—a bold thinker, a hard rider, a most "chivalrous gentleman;" in manner sad, shy, and serious; in conversation at one moment brilliant and impassioned—the next reserved and unapproachable—by turns attracting and repelling; but pouring forth to the one friend whom he could trust, stores of thought and feeling and facts, which seemed boundless, on every sort of unexpected subject. It was a feast for any imagination and intellect to hold communion with Charles

Kingsley even at that early age. The originality with which he treated every subject was startling, his genius lighting up each object it approached, whether he spoke of "the delicious shiver of those aspen leaves," on the nearest tree, or of the deepest laws of humanity and the controversies of the day Of that intercourse truly might these friends each say with Goethe—"For the first time, I carried on a conversation; for the first time, was the inmost sense of my words returned to me, more rich, more full, more comprehensive from another's mouth. What I had been groping for, was rendered clear to me; what I had been thinking, I was taught to see. . ."

Two months of such communion passed away only too quickly; and though from that time for the next four years and a half, the two friends met but seldom, and corresponded at rare intervals, a new life had dawned for each, which neither absence nor sorrow, nor adverse circumstances, their own difference of religious opinions, nor the opposition of their relations, could extinguish. Before he left Oxfordshire, he was so far shaken in his religious doubts, that he promised to read his Bible once more—to pray—to open his heart to the Light, if the Light would but come. All, however, was dark for a time; and the conflict between faith and unbelief, between his hopes and his fears was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge, he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost. He read but little, went in for excitement of every kind—boating and duck-shooting in the Fens, fencing, boxing, hunting, driving—anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future. But through all those dark days God kept him for a work he little dreamed of. More than once he had nearly resolved, if his earthly hopes were crushed, to leave England and go out to the Far West to live as a wild prairie hunter; to this he refers in writing home when for the first time he found himself on the prairies of America on May 11, 1874.

"We are at Omaha! and opposite to us is Council Bluffs!! Thirty years ago the palavering ground of trappers and Indians (now all gone); and to that very spot, which I had known of from a boy, and all about it, I meant to go as soon as I took my degree, if, . . and throw myself into the wild life to sink or swim, escaping from a civilization which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man! Oh! how good God has been to me Oh! how when I saw those Bluffs yesterday morning I thanked God for you, for everything, and stared at them till I cried "

Many years later when Rector of Eversley, he says, in speaking of this period to a stranger who made full confession to him about his mental difficulties, "Your experiences interested me deeply, and confirm my own. An atheist I never was; but in my early life I wandered through many doubts and vain attempts to explain to myself the riddle of life and this world, till I found that no explanation was so complete as the one which one had learnt at one's mother's knee. Complete nothing can be on this side of the grave, of which St. Paul himself said, that he only saw through a glass darkly; but complete enough to give comfort to the weary heart of my poor labouring folk, and to mine also, which is weary enough at times."

The following extracts are from his letters while at Cambridge.

July, 1840.—"I know I cannot shake you, and I think you will find nothing flippant or bitter—no vein of noisy and shallow blasphemy in my doubts. I feel solemn and sad on the subject. If the philosophers of old were right, and if I am right in my religion, alas! for Christendom! and if I am wrong, alas! for myself! It is a subject on which I cannot jest."

December, 1840.—"You cannot conceive the moments of self-abasement and self-shame I have . . . My own philosophy and the wisdom of the heathens of old, hold out no other mode of retracing my steps than the thorny road of tears and repentance which the Christian belief acknowledges. But you believe that you have a sustaining Hand to guide you along that path, an Invincible Protector and an unerring Guide. I, alas! have no stay for my weary steps, but that same abused and stupefied Reason which has stumbled and wandered, and betrayed me a thousand times ere now, and is every moment ready to faint and to give up the unequal struggle. I am swimming against a mighty stream, and I feel every moment I must drop my arms, and float in apathy over the hurrying cataract, which I see and hear, but have not spirit to avoid. Man does want something more than his reason! Socrates confessed that he owed all to his dæmon, and that without his supernatural intimations, right and wrong, the useful and the hurtful were enveloped in mist, and that he alone smoothed to him the unapproachable heights which conducted to the beautiful and the good. So he felt; but I have no Spiritual guide. I am told that before I can avail myself of the benevolence of Him in whom you trust, I must believe in His Godhead and His Omnipotence. I do not do this. And it is a subject on which I cannot pray . . ."

January, 1841.—" . . . I have an instinctive, perhaps a foolish fear, of anything like the use of religious phraseology, because I

am sure that if these expressions were used by any one placed as I now am to me, I should doubt the writer's sincerity. I find that if I allow myself ever to use, even to my own heart, those vague and trite expressions, which are generally used as the watchwords of religion, their familiarity makes me careless, or rather dull to their sense, their specious glibness hurrying me on in a mass of language, of whose precise import I have no vital knowledge. This is their effect on me. We know too well what it often is on others Believe, then, every word I write as the painful expression of new ideas and feelings in a mind unprejudiced by conventionality in language, or (I hope) in thought . . I ask this because I am afraid of the very suspicion of talking myself into a fancied conversion. I see people do this often, and I see them fall back again. And this, perhaps, keeps me in terror lest I should have merely mistaken the emotions of a few passionate moments for the calm convictions which are to guide me through eternity . Some day I must tell you of the dreamy days of boyhood, when I knew and worshipped nothing but the physical; when my enjoyment was drawn not from the kindness of those around, or from the consciousness of good, or from the intercourse of mankind, but from the semi-sensual delights of ear and eye, from sun and stars, wood and wave, the *beautiful inanimate* in all its forms. On the unexpressed and incomprehensible emotions which these raised, on strange dilatation and excitement, and often strange tenderness and tears without object, was my boyhood fed. Moral sense I had not so strongly as men of *great* minds have. And above all, I felt no allegiance to the dispensation of fear, either from man or more than man. Present enjoyment, present profit, brought always to me a recklessness of moral consequences, which has been my bane . . . I should tell you next, how the beauty of the animate and the human began to attract me, and how after lonely wanderings and dreamings, and contemplation of every work of art, and every specimen of life which fed me with the elements of beauty, the Ideal began to expand, dim but glorious, before my boyish eyes I would tell you how I paused on that height awhile, nor thought that beyond there lay another Ideal—the reflected image of God's mind; but that was reserved for a later period. Here I sought happiness awhile, but was still unsatisfied

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"I have not much time for poetry, as I am reading steadily. How I envy, as a boy, a woman's life at the corresponding age—so free from mental control, as to the subjects of thought and reading—so subjected to it, as to the manner and the tone. We, on the other hand, are forced to drudge at the acquirement of confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies, and scientific theories long exploded—and, at last to find every woman who has made even a moderate use of her time, far beyond us in true philosophy I wish I were free from this university system, and free to follow such a course of educa-

tion as Socrates, and Bacon, and More, and Milton have sketched"*

CAMBRIDGE, *February* 1841—"I strive daily and hourly to be calm Every few minutes to stop myself forcibly, and recall my mind to a sense of where I am—where I am going—and whither I ought to be tending This is most painful discipline, but wholesome, and much as I dread to look inward, I force myself to it continually I am reading seven to eight hours a day. I have refused hunting and driving My trial of this new mode of life has been short, but to have begun it is the greatest difficulty. There is still much more to be done, and there are more pure and unworldly motives of improvement, but actions will pave the way for motives, almost as much as motives do for actions . . . *You* cannot understand the excitement of animal exercise from the mere act of cutting wood or playing cricket to the manias of hunting or shooting or fishing On these things more or less most young men live Every moment which is taken from them for duty or for reading is felt to be lost—to be so much time sacrificed to hard circumstance And even those who have calmed from age, or from the necessity of attention to a profession, which has become custom, have the same feelings flowing as an undercurrent in their minds, and, if they had not, they would neither think nor act like men They might be pure and good and kind, but they would need that stern and determined activity, without which a man cannot act in an extended sphere either for his own good or for that of his fellow-creatures When I talk, then, of excitement, I do not wish to destroy excitability, but to direct it into the

* It is but fair to him to add how in after years he speaks of what he owes to his Alma Mater "In the hey-day of youthful greediness and ambition, when the mind, dazzled by the vastness and variety of the universe, must needs know everything, or rather know about everything, at once and on the spot, too many are apt, as I have been in past years, to complain of Cambridge studies, as too dry and narrow; but as time teaches the student, year by year, what is really required for an understanding of the objects with which he meets, he begins to find that his university, in as far as he has really received her teaching into himself, has given him, in her criticisms, her mathematics, above all in Plato, something which all the popular knowledge, the lectures, and institutions of the day, and even good books themselves, cannot give, a boon more precious than learning, namely, the art of learning. That, instead of casting into his lazy lap treasures which he would not have known how to use, she has taught him to mine for himself, and has by her wise refusal to gratify his intellectual greediness excited his hunger, only that he may be the stronger to hunt and till for his own subsistence; and thus, the deeper he drinks, in after years, at fountains wisely forbidden to him while he was a Cambridge student, and sees his old companions growing up into sound-headed and sound-hearted practical men, liberal and expansive, and yet with a firm standing ground for thought and action, he learns to complain less and less of Cambridge studies, and more and more of that conceit and haste of his own, which kept him from reaping the full advantages of her training"—"Alexandria and her Schools." His torical Essays (Macmillan.)

proper channel, and to bring it under subjection I have been reading Plato on this very subject, and you would be charmed with his ideas . . . As for my degree, I can yet take high honours in the University, and get my fellowship . I forgot to thank you for the books. I am utterly delighted with them."

The books referred to were Carlyle's works, and Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" Carlyle's "French Revolution," sent by the same friend, had strengthened his faith in God's righteous government of the world. The "Miscellanies," and "Past and Present," placed him under a still deeper debt to Mr Carlyle, "that old Hebrew prophet," as he calls him, "who goes to prince and beggar and says, 'if you do this or that, you shall go to Hell'—not the hell that priests talk of, but a hell on this earth "

During the spring of this year he decided on the Church as his profession instead of the law, and he thus speaks of his change of plans

"I repent no resolution which I have made—because my determination was not the sudden impulse of a moment—but the expansion into clear certainty of plans which have been most strangely rising up before me for many months Day after day there has been an involuntary still small voice directing me to the Church as the only rest for my troubled spirit in this world or the next . I am under a heavy debt to God and to you; how can I better strive to pay it than by devoting myself to the religion which I have scorned, and becoming a preacher of purity and holiness—a determined and disinterested upholder of the *only* true and perfect system, the Church of Christ? The time passed lately in sorrow . . has produced a most powerful and vivid change in my every thought, feeling, and intention I believe and I pray Can I be what I was? . Everything I do, in my studies, in my plans, in my actions is now and shall be done in reference first to God, and then to you, and neither fame or vanity, or excitement of any kind shall (if prayers will avail, as I know they will) turn me away from the steady looking forward to this end . "

May, 1841—"My only reasons for working for a degree are that I may enter the world with a certain *prestige* which may get me a living sooner. . Several of my intimate friends here, strange to say, are going into the Church, so that our rooms, when we are not reading, are full of clerical conversation One of my friends goes up for ordination next week How I envy him his change of life I feel as if, once in the Church, I could cling so much closer to God. I feel more and more daily that a clergyman's life is the one for which both my *physique* and *morale* were intended—that the profession will check and guide the faulty parts of my mind, while it gives full room for my energy—that energy which

had so nearly ruined me, but will now be devoted utterly, I hope, to the service of God. My views of theoretical religion are getting more clear daily, as I feel more completely the necessity of faith. . . ."

June 12, 1841.—"My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled. . . ."

To his mother he writes from Cambridge:

June, 1841.—"I have been reading the *Edinburgh Review* on No. 90 of the 'Tracts for the Times.' . . . Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in. . . .

"God bless you, dearest mother. I feel very happy, and very much inclined to what is good—more so, perhaps, and more calmly so, than I ever felt before. God grant that this may last. . . ."

October, 1841.—"I am going to try what keeping every chapel will do to my mind. I am sure it ought to sober and quiet it. I now really feel the daily chapels a refreshment, instead of an useless and antiquated restraint, as I used to consider them. I spent Thursday at Shelford. I had great fun. Tell papa I hooked a trout so large that I was three-quarters of an hour playing him, and that he grubbed the hook out of his mouth after all. Of course he will say that I was a clumsy fellow, but this brute would have puzzled the ghost of Isaac Walton.

"Do not, dearest mother, make yourself unhappy about * * * * and me. I am young and strong . . . and she will be strong too. Have no fears for us—we can wait, and endure, and dare, and be happy beyond the grave, if not on this side."

January, 1842.—"My degree hangs over my thoughts like a vast incubus keeping me down. Alas! that it should be so! but I can endure another month, and then feel myself at last free. . . . Send down to Holne and make all requisite enquiries, for I wish for the 'Far West' as soon as the leaves begin to show. It will be like a second childhood, a fresh spring in my life, for I have felt very wintry lately. I feel deeply what Manfred says of 'an order

> Of mortals on the earth, who do become
> Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
> Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
> Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
> And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts.'

"I feel that if I had not *one* hope, I were one of those—my heart is much older than my years—I feel that within, which makes me far more happy, or more miserable than those around me, but all of it belonging to a much later age than mine—I shall

be an old man before I am forty—thank God for it! . . . My heart is very full, I am rather lonely, but it is foolish to droop in my prison, when liberty will so soon be here. God bless you and * * * *, and if you rejoice that you have born a man into the world, remember that he is not one like common men—neither cleverer nor wiser, nor better than the multitude, but utterly different from them in heart and mind—legislate for him accordingly. Your own boy, "C. KINGSLEY."

While at College his physical strength was great. He walked one day from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles, starting early and arriving in London at 9 P.M., with ease. For many years afterwards, he would take a stretch of twenty to twenty-five miles simply as a refreshment.

"I have walked ten miles," he says, "down the Cam to-day and back, pike-fishing My panacea for stupidity and 'over-mentation' is a day in a roaring Fen wind."

While in for his own Examination, he writes to an Oxford friend in the same circumstances:

"*February* 13, 1842 —". . . As to your degree, leave it in God's hands . You have been, I fear, too much accustomed to consider university honours as the end and aim of a man's life, instead of seeing in them a mere trial for studies higher and severer, as well as more beneficial for the science of unfolding the great mystery of our being, the πόθεν καὶ ποῖ of our wonderful humanity, for the inquiry into the duties and the capabilities of mankind, and its application to their and our own perfection A discipline which shall enable us hereafter to make ourselves and all around us, wiser, better, and happier This is the object of . . university education: and if your studies have any other aim, they are useless and hurtful; useless, because they do not benefit the surrounding mass of mankind, who expect from you not the mere announcement of your having taken a first class, but the active and practical influence of your wisdom and piety in guiding them upwards, and smoothing the rugged road of life for them; hurtful, because they turn away your mind to their arbitrary standard of excellence, from the great hope—God; from the great question, 'What are we, and why are we born?'—from the great object that we may be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect . . . Do not imagine that I speak without sympathy of your honourable ambition. I have felt it myself; and circumstances, more than my own reason, have weaned me from it. I have been toiling almost as hard as you, and in fact much harder than my health would allow, for the last six months. . . . All through life, I fear, or, at least, all through youth, age, and perhaps till we shake off the earthly husk, we must more or less use the weapons of the earth, if we would keep ourselves in the station in which alone we can improve ourselves, and do good: but these

weapons should be only used as the student uses bodily exercise, to put his animal health into that soundness which shall enable him completely to employ his mental vigour. . . My degree, I have got—*i e*, my mathematical one I came out to my great astonishment, and that of my tutor, a tolerable second-class, with very little reading The classical examination comes on Monday, and whether I shall get my first-class or not, is the rub If I do not, I have not health to accuse like you, but previous idleness in my second and first year So *I* shall have some cause to repine, if man has cause to repine at anything I read myself ill this week, and have been ordered to shut up every book till the examination, and in fact the last three weeks in which I had to make a rally from the violent exertion of the mathematical tripos, have been spent in agonies of pain with leeches on my head . . . just when I ought to have been straining every nerve I was very fretful at first, but I have now, thank God, conquered it, and for the last forty-eight hours not thought of the examination I cannot be low, I may be high I am going after my degree to read divinity for five months at Holne, in Dartmoor . I am going there to recover my health, not my spirits—I defy the world to break *them* And you will want calm and relaxation after your labours Come down to see me Whether you will despise hard beds and dimity curtains, morning bathes and evening trout-fishing, mountain mutton and Devonshire cream, I do not know , but you will not despise the calm of a few weeks in which to commune with God in His works, and to strengthen mind and body together, before you again commence your labours, for remember always, *toil is the condition of our being.* Our sentence is to labour from the cradle to the grave But there are Sabbaths allowed for the mind as well as the body, when the intellect is stilled, and the emotions alone perform their gentle and involuntary functions, and to such a Sabbath I will lead you next summer "

CHAPTER III.

1842—1843

AGED 23-24

Leaves Cambridge—Re[illegible] for [illegible] Or[illegible]—Extracts from Letters—Ordained D[illegible]—Curac[illegible] Eversley—Parish Work—Parting Words

"Blessed is he who has found his work , let him ask no other blessedness He has a work, a life purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it !" CARLYLE

CHARLES KINGSLEY came out first class in classics and senior optime in Mathematics, and left Cambridge in February 1842, exhausted in body and mind, having by six months'

desperate reading done work which should have spread over three years. He now read for Holy Orders till he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Sumner in July The following are extracts from the letters of this period :

CHELSEA · *April*, 1842—" . I hope to be ordained in July to the Curacy of Eversley in Hampshire In the midst of lovely scenery—rich—but not exciting. And you will be with me in your thoughts, in my village visits, and my moorland walks, when I am drinking in from man and nature, the good and the beautiful, while I purge in my vocation the evil, and raise up the fallen and the faint. Can I not do it? for have I not fainted and fallen? And do I not know too well the bitterness that is from without, as well as the more dire one, from within? . My reading at present must be exclusively confined to divinity—not so yours You may still range freely among the meadows of the beautiful, while I am mining in the deep mountains of the true. And so it should be through life The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination ; the man's the intellect of their common soul She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task But there is one more noble still—to find out from the notices of the universe, and the revelation of God, and the *uninspired* truth which He has made His creatures to declare even in heathen lands, to find out from all these the pure mind of God, and the eternal laws whereby He made us and governs us. This is true science; and this, as we discover it, will replace phantoms by reality, and that darkling taper of 'common sense,' by the glorious light of certainty. For this the man must bring his philosophy, and the woman her exquisite sense of the beautiful and the just, and all hearts and all lands shall lie open before them, as they gradually know them one by one! That glorious word *know*—it is God's attribute, and includes in itself all others. Love—truth—all are parts of that awful power of *knowing*, at a single glance, from and to all eternity, what a thing is in its essence, its properties, and its relations to the whole universe through all time! I feel awe-struck whenever I see that word used rightly, and I never, if I can remember, use it myself of myself But to us, as to dying Schiller, hereafter many things will become plain and clear. And this is no dream of romance. It is what many have approximated to before us, with less intellectual, and no greater spiritual advantages; and strange to say, some of them *alone*—buried in cloisters seldom—in studies often —some, worst of all, worn down by the hourly misery of a wife who neither loved them nor felt for them But to those who, through love, have once caught a glimpse of 'the great secret,' what may they not do by it in years of love and thought? For this heavenly Knowledge is not, as boyish enthusiasts fancy, the work of a day or a year. Youth will pass before we shall have made anything

but a slight approximation to it, and having handed down to our children the little wisdom we shall have amassed while here, we shall commend them to God, and enter Eternity very little wiser in proportion to the *universal* knowledge than we were when we left it at our birth But still if our plans are not for time, but for eternity, our knowledge, and therefore our love to God, to each other, to ourselves, to every thing, will progress for ever.

"And this scheme is practical too—for the attainment of this heavenly wisdom requires neither ecstasy nor revelation, but prayer, and watchfulness, and observation, and deep and solemn thought. And two great rules for its attainment are simple enough—'Never forget what and where you are,' and, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit' And it is not only compatible with our duties as priests of the Eternal, but includes them as one of the means to its attainment, for 'if a man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God' They do not speak without scriptural as well as theoretical foundation, who think that we may hereafter be called upon to preach God to other worlds beside our own, and if this be so, does not the acquirement of this knowledge become a duty? Knowledge and love are reciprocal He who loves knows He who knows loves. Saint John is the example of the first, Saint Paul of the second"

In the interval between Cambridge and his curacy he began to write the life of St Elizabeth of Hungary, his ideal saint; each page illustrated with his own exquisite drawings in pen and ink. It was not intended for publication, but as a gift to his wife on his marriage-day, if that day should ever come.

"When it is finished," he says, "I have another work of the same kind to begin—a life of St Theresa—as a specimen of the dreamy mystic, in contrast with the working ascetic St Elizabeth, and to contrast the celibate saint with the married one. For this we must read Tersteegen, Jacob Behmen, Madame Guyon, Alban Butler, Fénelon, some of Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Coleridge's 'Aids,' &c, also some of Kant, and a German history of Mysticism. In order to understand puritanism and evangelicalism, we must thoroughly understand asceticism and mysticism, which have to be eradicated from them in preaching our 'Message.'"

In the Introduction to this MS life he wrote.

". . . You know what first turned my attention to the Oxford Tracts; but you do *not* know that my own heart strangely yearned towards them from the first But I soon saw that the Oxford writings contained only half truths. that if what they said was true, much more what they did *not* say, was true also! . . that Popery was their climax—the full development of their theory—the abyss to which they were hurrying, dallying on the brink,

afraid to plunge in, and be honest! Then came the question, 'What is this Popery?' Was it altogether a lie? Did all Christendom, with the Apostle's Creed in their mouths and hearts, live a truthless and irrational life for 800 years? Does God ever so desert His Church? I must know, I said, the truth of this. The soundness of the Reformers, the Catholicity of the English Church, is only certain to him who knows the unsoundness of Popery What are these fathers too? If there were fallacies superinduced after their day, how came they, and why, and when? Do men forsake the world for a lie? Do they die in martyrdom, or self-inflicted tortures altogether for a lie? Do they go on Crusade for a lie's sake? Is any great deed the offspring of a lie? Strange questions! and not to be answered in a day! Away with those shallow Encyclopædists and Edinburgh Reviewers, with their cant about excited imaginations and popular delusions, and such sense-bound trash! Being hollow themselves, they fancy all things hollow! Being sense-bound themselves, they see the energizing Spirit nowhere! Was there not a spiritual truth, or half truth, or counterfeit of truth in those days as in others, the parent of all religion, all manliness, all womanhood, all work? Many such thoughts Maurice's writings raised in me, many such Thomas Carlyle's, many more the observation, that men never lost sight of Christian charity in their controversies, except when they did not see that it was a *something*, right or wrong, which should supply a spiritual want, which their opponents were struggling after. From them I learnt somewhat of true Catholicity—of the love which delights to recognize God's Spirit, through every alloy of age, and character, and circumstance!

"But I would not go on hearsays—Hell is paved with them To the Fathers I went—from Clement of Rome downwards I began to read them, and my task is not half done. At the same time I began with Popish books; not with books written by Protestants against them, or by them against Protestants; but with works written for Papists, in the full heyday of Rome's unsuspecting prosperity, before attack was feared, when monks said what they thought, and did what their private judgment and the Church might choose without misgiving or constraint The acts and the biographies of saints, pictures of Popish life, were my study. their notions and their theories (doctrines men call them), were only worth noticing, as they were the springs of living action My question was, 'What must we *do*, if Popery be right? what if it be wrong?' My heart told me more strongly at every page, that the battle was for life or death to Love! Is human love unholy —inconsistent with the perfect worship of the Creator? Is marriage less honourable than virginity? Are the duties, the relations, the daily food of men, of earth or heaven? Is nature a holy type or a foul prison to our spirits? Is genius the reflex of God's mind, or the self-will of man? These were the heart questions! And in this book I try to solve them If I succeed,

then we are safe! if not, then our honest home is Popery—Popery and celibacy. And why have I chosen this biography in particular? Because it is a fair sample of the heart of a Papist, and the work of a Popish saint and heroine, in the days when Popery had a life, a meaning for good and evil—a fair sample, for though superior to all other saints, as gold is to brass, yet she alone shows what the system will effect, when applied to a healthy mind. For her affections had free vent, and did not ulcerate to the surface in brutal self-torture, or lazy mysticism, or unthankful melancholy, or blasphemous raptures. And because, too, she was no 'hot-bed saint,' laid on a sick bed, or pent up in a cloister, but abroad and at work, bearing such fruit as Popery can bear, a specimen of what it can effect, when unassisted by an artificial and unnatural mode of life.

"Look at her! Look at the trials, the victories of her heart. It is an easy task, for her heart is pure and simple! ...

CHELSEA, *May* 7, 1842.—"I have not begun Palmer's work on the Church yet. I am afraid it is not catholic enough to suit me. I hate party books. Men think wrongly when they suppose that in order to combat error, they must not allow their opponents to have the least right on their side. No opinion in the world hardly is *utterly* wrong. We must be catholic spirits, and I do not think we shall be the less sound for having been, in the dreary years that are past, tossed about, attached to parties. When I see a man change his opinions often, I say, 'This might be made a catholic and valuable mind, if he were well grounded in first principles.' But alas! men build on the sand. My great prayer is to be led into all truth. ..."

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"What do you mean by a 'father-confessor?' Do not, pray, use such words. I am sure that it is unwomanly for woman, and unmanly for man to make any *man* his *father*-confessor. All that another should know of our hearts should be told in the almost involuntary overflowing of love, not in the midst of blushes and trembling to a man who dares to arrogate *moral* superiority over us. I cannot understand the term. I can believe in and think them happy who have a husband-confessor, and a wife-confessor—but a father-confessor is a term I do not allow. ... I can feel veneration as much as any one—perhaps too much; but there is a christian as well as political liberty, which is quite consistent with High-Church principles, which makes the clergy our teachers—not the keepers of our *consciences*, but of our *creeds*.

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"I am liking more and more the experimental religion of the Low Church School. I am astonished at the depth and subtlety of knowledge of the human heart, which many of them display. It is so refreshing after the cold dogmatism of the High Church. Both are good in their way. But *I* want, like such men as

Leighton, Jewell, and Taylor, to combine both the dogmatic and the experimental. We must be catholic; we must hold the whole truth; we must have no partial or favourite views of Christianity, like the Dissenters and the Tractarians . . . These are my secret opinions—mind, I say opinions—not convictions. What a man is convinced is true, that God constrains him to tell out fearlessly, but his opinions—by which are properly meant suspicions of the truth of a fact which are derived from insufficient grounds, these opinions I say, he is bound to keep to himself (except to ask advice on them if they belong to points where harm may be done), lest having reason to change them, he should find out hereafter that he has been teaching a lie! . . ."

June, 1842.—" . . Amuse yourself—get poetry and read it—I have a book called 'Tennyson's Poems,' the most beautiful poetry of the last fifteen years. Shall I send it you? . . . What is our present dreariness and weariness to what it would have been two thousand years ago? We have now the Rock of Ages to cling to. Then,—there would have been nothing but mist—no certainty but that of our own misery—no hope but the stillness of death—Oh we are highly favoured. When I watch the workings of the ancient minds, weighed down with the sense of the mystery of life, and giddy with the ceaseless whirl of matter and mind through infinite obscurity, then I feel how safe we are! Such a man as Lucretius, or Pyrrho, seeing nothing but eternal change—motion—heaven and earth one vast dreary all-devouring vortex, sucking in to destruction all beauty and life and goodness, and reproducing it—with that horrid change-destroyed consciousness. Such men as these, to whom the universe seemed one everlasting fiend-dance, infinite in its dreariness, eternal in its howlings;—hero-minds, bowed down with the terror of helplessness, and the degradation of ignorance,—phantom-builders, trying in vain to arrange the everlasting chaos round them—these were the wise of old. And we, by the alchemy of God's Spirit, can by prayer systematize the chaos, and walk upon the rolling mists of infinity, as on solid ground. All is safe—for through all time, changeless and unbroken extends the Rock of Ages! And must we not thank and thank for ever, and toil and toil for ever for Him? . . Tell me if I am ever obscure in my expressions, and do not fancy that if I am obscure I am therefore deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy . . ."

FARNHAM, *July* 10.—" . . . God's mercies are new every morning. Here I am waiting to be admitted in a few hours to His holy ministry, and take refuge for ever in His Temple! . . . Yet it is an awful thing! for we promise, virtually at least, to renounce this day not only the devil and the flesh, but the world,—to do nothing, know nothing, which shall not tend to the furtherance of

God's Kingdom, or the assimilation of ourselves to the Great Ideal, and to our proper place and rank in the great system whose harmony we are to labour to restore. And can we restore harmony to the Church, unless we have restored it to ourselves! If our own souls are discords to the celestial key, the immutable symphonies which revelation gives us to hear, can we restore the concord of the perplexed vibrations round us? . . . We must be holy! and to be holy we must believe rightly as well as pray earnestly. We must bring to the well of truth a spirit purified from all previous fancies, all medicines of our own which may adulterate the water of life! We must take of that and not of our own, and show it to mankind. It is that glory in the beauty of Truth, which was my idol, even when I did not practise or even know truth. But now that I know it, and can practise it, and carry it out into the details of life; now I am happy; now I am safe!

"We need not henceforward give up the beautiful for the true, but make the true the test of the beautiful, and the beautiful the object of the true, until to us God appears in perfect beauty! Thus every word and every leaf which has beauty in it, will be as loved as ever, but they will all be to us impresses of the Divine hand, reflexes of the Divine mind, lovely fragments of a once harmonious world, whose ruins we are to store up in our hearts, waiting till God restores the broken harmony, and we shall comprehend in all its details the glorious system, where Christ is all in all! Thus we will love the beautiful because it is part of God, though what part it is we cannot see; and love the true, because it shows us how to find the beautiful! But back! back to the thought that in a few hours my whole soul will be waiting silently for the seals of admission to God's service, of which honour I dare hardly think myself worthy, while I dare not think that God would allow me to enter on them unworthily. . . . Night and morning, for months, my prayer has been 'O God, if I am not worthy; if my sin in leading souls from Thee is still unpardoned; if I am desiring to be a deacon not wholly for the sake of serving Thee; if it be necessary to show me my weakness and the holiness of Thy office still more strongly, O God, reject me!' and while I shuddered for your sake at the idea of a repulse, I prayed to be repulsed if it were necessary, and included *that* in the meaning of my petition 'Thy will be done.' After this what can I consider my acceptance but as a proof that I have not sinned too deeply for escape! as an earnest that God has heard my prayer and will bless my ministry, and enable me not only to rise myself, but to lift others with me! Oh! my soul, my body, my intellect, my very love, I dedicate you all to God! And not mine only . . . to be an example and an instrument of holiness before the Lord for ever, to dwell in His courts, to purge His temple, to feed His sheep, to carry the lambs and bear them to that foster-mother whose love never fails, whose eye never sleeps, the Bride of God,

the Church of Christ! . . . I would have written when I knew of my success yesterday, but there was no town post. Direct to me next at Eversley! . ."

And now, at the age of twenty-three, he settled in Eversley as curate, little thinking that with a short interval it would be his home for thirty-three years. His parish on the borders of Old Windsor Forest, then mostly common land, was divided into three hamlets, surrounded by the moorland, with young forests of self-sown fir trees cropping up in every direction. Its population was very scattered—"heth croppers" and poachers from time immemorial

"The clod of these parts," he writes, after he had lived among them for sixteen years, "is the descendant of many generations of broom squires and deer stealers; the instinct of sport is strong within him still, though no more of the Queen's deer are to be shot in the winter turnip fields, or worse, caught by an apple-baited hook hung from an orchard bough. He now limits his aspirations to hares and pheasants, and too probably once in his life 'hits the keeper into the river,' and re-considers himself for a while over a crank in Winchester gaol. Well, he has his faults, and I have mine But he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless Civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; a far shrewder fellow too—owing to his dash of wild forest blood from gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South Saxon of the chalk downns " ["My Winter Garden"]

July 17th was Charles Kingsley's first day of public ministration in Eversley Church. "I was not nervous," he says, "for I had prayed before going into the desk that I might remember that I was not speaking on my own authority, but on God's, and the feeling that the responsibility (if I may so speak) was on God and not on me, quieted the weak terror I have of offending people." Hitherto the Church services had been utterly neglected. Consequently he found the ale-houses were full on Sunday and the church empty, and it was up-hill work getting a congregation together. His first letter contained a sketch from the Rectory windows.

EVERSLEY RECTORY. *July* 14, 1842—"Can you understand my sketch? I am no drawer of trees, but the view is beautiful The ground slopes upward from the windows to a sunk fence and road, without banks or hedges, and then rises in the furze hill in the drawing, which hill is perfectly beautiful in light and shade, and colour. . . . Behind the acacia on the lawn you get the first glimpse of the fir-forests and moors, of which five-sixths of my

parish consist Those delicious self-sown firs! Every step I wander they whisper to me of you, the delicious past melting into the more delicious future. 'What has been, shall be,' they say! I went the other day to Bramshill Park, the home of the *seigneur de pays* here, Sir John Cope And there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbott, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident! I sat under the tree, and it all seemed to me like a present reality I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in our dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned—and then the death shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester—and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow, which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again! And that solemn form always spoke to me, though I did not then know what it meant It is strange that that is almost the only portrait saved in the wreck of our family. As I sat under the tree, there seemed to be a solemn and remorseful moan in the long branches, mixed with the airy whisper of the lighter leaves that told of present as well as past! I am going to dine at one to-day, and walk all the cool of the evening, for my head is sadly worn of late, and I have been sermon-writing all the morning I go to the school every day, and teach as long as I can stand the heat and smell The few children are in a room ten feet square and seven feet high I am going after dinner to read to an old woman of 87; so you see I have begun . ."

July 16—"The great Mysticism is the belief which is becoming every day stronger with me that al symmetrical natural objects, aye, and perhaps all forms, colours, and scents which show organisation or arrangement, are types of some spiritual truth or existence, of a grade between the symbolical type and the mystic type. When I walk the fields I am oppressed every now and then with an innate feeling that everything I see has a meaning, if I could but understand it. And this feeling of being surrounded with truths which I cannot grasp, amounts to an indescribable awe sometimes! Everything seems to be full of God's reflex, if we could but see it. Oh! how I have prayed to have the mystery unfolded, at least hereafter To see, if but for a moment, the whole harmony of the great system! To hear once the music which the whole universe makes as it performs His bidding! Oh, that heaven! The thought of the *first glance of Creation from thence! when we know even as we are known!* and He, the glorious, the beautiful, the incarnate Ideal shall be justified in all His doings, and in all and through all and over all! When I feel that sense of the mystery that is around me, I feel a gush of enthusiasm towards God, which seems its inseparable effect!

All day, glimpses from the other world—floating motes from that inner transcendental life, have been flitting across me, just as they used in childhood, when the seen and the unseen were one, an undistinguishable twin mystery; the one not yet forgotten, the other not yet learnt so perfectly as to dazzle, by its coarse glare, the spirit-perceptions which the soul learnt to feel in another world . . . Have you not felt that your real soul was imperceptible to your mental vision, except at a few hallowed moments? that in every-day life the mind, looking at itself, only sees the brute intellect, grinding and working; not the Divine particle, which is life and immortality, and on which the spirit of God most probably works, as being most cognate of Deity? . . . More and more do I see daily the tremendous truth that all our vaunted intellect is nothing—nothing but a noble mechanism, and that the source of feeling is the *soul*. This thought begins to explain to me the mysteries of moral responsibility and mortal culture . . ."

Aug. 1842.—"To-day it is hotter than yesterday, if possible, so I wandered out into the fields, and have been passing the morning in a lonely woodland bath—a little stream that trickles off the moor—with the hum of bees, and the sleepy song of birds around me, and the feeling of the density of life in myriads of insects and flowers strong upon me, drinking in all the forms of beauty which lie in the leaves and pebbles, and mossy nooks of damp tree roots, and all the lowly intricacies of nature which no one stoops to see; and while eye and ear were possessed with the feeling that all had a meaning—all was a type—a language, which we should know in heaven, the intellect was not dreaming asleep, but alternately investigating my essay-subject, and then wandering away to you. And over all, as the cool water trickled on, hovered the delicious sense of childhood, and simplicity, and purity, and peace, which every temporary return to a state of nature gives! A woodland bath to me always brings thoughts of Paradise. I know not whether they are foretastes of the simple bliss that shall be in the renovated earth, or whether they are back glimpses into the former ages when we wandered—*Do you remember?*—beside the ocean of eternal love! . . .

"I read some of the sermons by authors of 'Tracts for the Times,' which you gave me. There is the same mourning piety in them, and something darker. I was frightened at a sermon of Newman's on 'Christian Reverence,' in which he tries to show that Christ used to 'deter' people and *repel* them! He illustrates it by the case of the young ruler, and says that He was severe to Nicodemus, and that 'He made Himself strange and spoke roughly' to those who inquired. This is very dark and cruel. I had thought that we were to 'come boldly to the throne of grace.' But, it seems, we are to return, under Christianity, to the terrors of the Law. We are to become '*again entangled with the yoke of bondage*' (mind that word), by having to expiate our own sins by fasting, alms, and penance! Is this the liberty with which Christ has made us free?

I declare (I speak under God's correction and with reverence) that if these doctrines be Christianity, we should be happier here, and safer hereafter, as Jews or heathens! . . . Can you not see what my horror of popery and tractarianism arises from? Do you not see that if you once allow of good works having any expiatory power, you do away with all real morality, because you destroy its disinterestedness! If a man does good works to be saved from hell by them, what is he but selfish? We ought to do good works from gratitude to Christ, and from admiration of His character. Do you not see the noble standard of Christian morality, and its infinite superiority to this? . . .

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"'The body the temple of the Living God.' . . . There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength and beauty, which the religious, and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness. . . . I could not do half the little good I do here, if it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Do not be afraid of my overworking myself. If I stop, I go down. I must work. . . . How merciful God has been in turning all the strength and hardihood I gained in snipe shooting and hunting, and rowing, and jack-fishing in those magnificent fens to His work! While I was following my own fancies, He was preparing me for His work. . . . Is it not an awful proof that matter is not necessarily evil, that we shall be clothed in bodies even in our perfect state? Think of that! . . . It seems all so harmonious to me. It is all so full of God, that I see no inconsistency in making my sermons while I am cutting wood; and no 'bizarrerie' in talking one moment to one man about the points of a horse, and the next moment to another about the mercy of God to sinners. I try to catch men by their leading ideas, and so draw them off insensibly to my leading idea. And so I find—shall I tell you? that God is really permitting me to do His work—I find that dissent is decreasing; that people are coming to church who never went anywhere [illegible] I am loved and respected—or rather that God's minister, which has been here deservedly despised, alas! is beginning to be respected; and above all, that the young wild fellows who are considered as hopeless by most men, because most men are what *they* call 'spoony Methodists,' *i.e.*, effeminate ascetics—dare not gainsay, but rather look up to a man who they see is their superior, if he chose to exert his power, in physical as well as intellectual skill. So I am trying to become (harmoniously and consistently) all things to all men, and I thank God for the versatile mind He has given me. . . ."

This was one secret of his influence in Eversley. Outside the pastoral work, and yet as part of it, his aim was to be "all things to all men." He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow,

pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. He knew every fox earth on the moor, the "reedy hover" of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, and had always a kindly word for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he could discuss the rotation of crops,—with the labourer his hedging and ditching; and in giving sympathy he gained power.

Circumstances now caused a long break in this correspondence; and the faith and patience with which he met the trial may be seen in some parting words, intended for one eye only, but from which a few extracts have been made

EVERSLEY *August*, 1842.—" . Though there may be clouds between us now, yet they are safe and dry, free from storm and rains—our parted state now is quiet grey weather, under which all tender things will spring up and grow, beneath the warm damp air, till they are ready for the next burst of sunshine to hurry them into blossom and fruit. Let us plant and rear all tender thoughts, knowing surely that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy. . . I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him! . . . Do not suppose that I augur ill from our disappointment—rather the contrary I have always been afraid of being too successful at first I think sorrow at the beginning augurs well for the happiness of a connection that must last for ever . . There are two ways of looking at every occurrence—a bright and a dark side—two modes of action. Which is most worthy of a rational being, and a Christian? It is absurd, as a rational being, to torture one's self unnecessarily. It is inconsistent in a Christian to see God's wrath, rather than His mercy in everything. . How to avoid this morbidity of mind? By prayer. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you' By turning your mind from the dark view Never begin to look darkly at a subject, without checking yourself and saying, 'Is there not a bright side to this? Has not God promised the bright side to me? Is not my happiness in my own power? Do I not know that I am ruining my mind and endangering the happiness of those I love—by looking at the dark side?' Make this your habit Every gift of God is good, and given for our happiness; and we sin if we abuse it To use our fancy to our own misery is to abuse it and to sin The realm of the possible was given to man to hope, and not to fear in. . . . If, then, the thought strikes you that we are punished for our sins—mourn for them, and not for the happiness which they have prevented Rather thank God that He has stopped us in time, and remember His promises of restoring us if we profit by His chastisement . . .

" . You *think* too much! There is such a thing as mystifying one's self! Mystifying one's self is thinking a dozen thoughts

in order to get to a conclusion, to which one might arrive by thinking one—getting at ideas by an unnecessarily subtle and circuitous path: then, because one has been through many steps, one fancies one has gone deep. This is one form of want of simplicity. This is not being like a little child, any more than analysing one's own feelings. A child goes straight to its point, and it hardly knows why. When you have done a thing, leave it alone. You mystify yourself after the idea, not before. Second thoughts may be best before action—they are folly after action, unless we find we have sinned. The consistent Christian should have no second thoughts, but do good by the first impulse. How few attain to this. I do not object to subtlety of thought; but it is dangerous for one who has no scientific guide of logic, &c.

"Aim at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God. You may be subtle, and only perceive a trifling property of the subject, which others do not. To be deep, you must see the subject in its relation to God—yourself—and the universe; and the more harmonious and simple it seems, the nearer God and the deeper it is. All the deep things of God are bright: for God is light. The religion of terror is the most superficial of all religions. God's arbitrary will, and almighty power, may seem dark by themselves. Join them with the fact that He is a God of mercy as well as justice; remember that His essence is love;—and the thunder-cloud will blaze with dewy gold, full of soft rain, and pure light!

"Again: remember that habit, more than reason, will cure one both of mystifying subtlety and morbid fear; and remember that habits are a series of individual voluntary actions, continued till they become involuntary. One would not wish to become good by habit, as the Aristotle-loving Tractarians do; but one must acquire tones of mind by habit, in cases in which intellectual, not moral obliquity, or constitutional ill-health is the cause of failure. Some minds are too 'subjective.' What I mean is, that they may devote themselves too much to the subject of self and mankind. Now man is not 'the noblest study of man.' God is the noblest study of man. He is the only study fit for a woman devoted to Him. And Him you can study in three ways. 1st. From His dealings in History. This is the real Philosophy of History. 2nd. From His image as developed in Christ the Ideal, and in all good men—great good men—[illegible], Moses, St Paul, Hooker, the four Oxford Martyrs, Luther, Taylor, Howard. Read about that glorious Luther! a[illegible] him strive all your life to free men from the bondage of [illegible] and self, the two great elements of the world that lieth in wickedness! Read Maurice for this purpose, and Carlyle.

"3rd. From His works. Study nature—not scientifically—that would take eternity, to do it so as to reap much moral good from it. Superficial physical science is the devil's spade, with which he loosens the roots of the trees prepared for the burning. Do not

study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God. Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it. Study the forms and colours of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants, not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God. Study the sky. Study water. Study trees. Study the sounds and scents of nature. Study all these, as beautiful in themselves, in order to re-combine the elements of beauty; next, as allegories and examples from whence moral reflections may be drawn; next, as types of certain tones of feeling, &c; but remain—yourself—in God-dependence, superior to them. Learn what feelings they express, but do not let them mould the tone of your mind, else by allowing a melancholy day to make you melancholy, you worship the creature more than the Creator. No sight but has some beauty and harmony.

"Read geology—and you will rise up awe-struck and cling to God. Study the human figure, both as intrinsically beautiful and as expressing mind. It only expresses the broad natural childish emotions, which are just what you want to return to. Study 'natural language'—I mean the 'language of attitude.' It is an inexhaustible source of knowledge and delight, and enables one human being to understand another so perfectly. Draw,—learn to draw and paint figures. If you can command your hand in drawing a tree, you can in drawing a face. Perfect your colouring. . . . It will keep your mind employed on objective studies, and save all morbid introversion of mind—brooding over fallen man. It will increase your perception of beauty, and thereby your own harmony of soul and love to God. Practise music—I am going to learn myself, merely to be able to look after my singers. Music is such a vent for the feelings. . . . Study medicine . . . I am studying it. . . . Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the wages, wants, and habits, and prevalent diseases of the poor wherever you go. Let your mind freely forth. Only turn it inwards at prayer time, to recollect sins of which you were conscious at the time, not to look for fresh ones. They are provided against by prayer for pardon of unintentional sins. What wisdom in our Church! She knew that if she allowed sin-hunting, people would fancy that pretending everything they had done was sinful, was a sign of holiness. Let your studies, then, be objective entirely. Look forward to the future with hope. Build castles if you will, but only bright ones, and not too many. Better to live in the Past. We cannot help thanking God for that! Blessed Past! Think of all God has done for us. . . . Be happy. . . . Weep, but let them be tears of thankfulness.

"Do not be too solicitous to find deep meanings in men's words. Most men do, and all men ought to mean only what is evident at first sight in their books (unless they be inspired or write for a private eye). This is the great danger of such men as Novalis, that you never know how much he means. Beware of

to join us and those whom we love All this I have experienced —I know, and therefore I speak I know how after long misery, during which, filial trust in God, with many inconsistencies and 'backslidings,' was my only support, I gained by prayer the transcendental and super-rational conviction that we should again meet within a certain period I know how that period passed on and on, and how the night grew ever darker and ever more hopeless, until—when I was on the point of black despair—within a few days of the expiration of the period which I had involuntarily, and as it were by inspiration, fixed—from a quarter where I least expected—by means of those who had been most utterly opposed to me, suddenly came a ray of light—an immediate re-union—and from that moment a run of blessings heaped one on the other, as if the merciful God were turned prodigal in His undeserved love, and here I am Therefore, take heart, my friend Only humble yourself utterly ; lie still and say, '*My Father*, Thy will be done' And why shouldn't it be with you as it has been with me?"

CHAPTER IV.

1842—1843

AGED 23-24.

A Year of Discipline—Curate Life—Brighter Prospects—Correspondence renewed—The Mystery of Life—Impulse—The Pendulum—Music—Plans of Work—The Bible—Leaves Eversley.

"And show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use "

TENNYSON.

A YEAR of silence and self-discipline, hard reading and parish duties passed sadly by. But sorrow was doing its blessed work, as his own words testify.

" . Christianity heightens as well as deepens the human as well as the divine affections I am happy, for the less hope the more faith . God knows what is best for us, and very lucky that He does, for I am sure we do not. Continual resignation, at last I begin to find, is the secret of continual strength 'Daily *dying*,' as Behmen interprets it, is the path of daily *living* ."

of his room, like a caged bird. And well I remember a particular Sunday, when walking with him to his church in the afternoon, having dined with him at mid-day It was a lovely afternoon in the autumn—passing through the corn in sheaf, the bells ringing, and people, young and old, gathering together near the church—he, looking down on the rectory-house, said to me—'How hard it is to go through life without wishing for the goods of others! Look at the rectory! Oh, if I were there with a wife, how happy, &c' God seemed to hear the desire of His creature, for when the next year's corn was in sheaf, *you* were with him at the Rectory And he has told me in after years that his life with you was one of constantly increasing love I called at his cottage one morning, and I found him almost beside himself, stamping his things into a portmanteau 'What is the matter, dear Kingsley?'—'I am engaged I am going to see her *now—to-day*' I was so glad, and left him to his joy. I loved Kingsley as well as man can love man . . ."

In September 1843, his prospects brightened; for Lord Sidney Osborne, his future wife's brother-in-law, got him the promise of a small living, and in the meantime a good curacy, near Blandford. The correspondence, which had dropped for a year, was now resumed

HELSTON. *September*, 1843.—" . . . What a thought it is that there is a God! a Father, a King! a Husband not of individuals, that is a Popish fancy, which the Puritans have adopted—but of the Church—of collective humanity. Let us be content to be members; let us be, if we may, the feet, lowest, hardest worked, trodden on, bleeding, brought into harshest contact with the evil world! Still we are members of Christ's Church! . . . How fearfully and wonderfully we are made. I seem all spirit, and my every nerve is a musical chord trembling in the wind! . . and yet I am sane, and it is all real I could find no vent for my feelings, this afternoon, but by bursting out into the Te Deum, to no known chant, but a strange involuntary melody which told all If I could but sing now! I used to know only melancholy songs. I wandered about moaning in one eternal minor key. In heaven we shall sing involuntarily. All speech will be song! . . .

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" . . . What an awful weapon prayer is! Mark xi 24 saved me from madness in my twelve months' sorrows; and it is so simple, and so wide—wide as eternity, simple as light, true as God Himself; and yet it is just the last text of Scripture which is talked of, or preached on, or used! Verily, 'when the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?'"

"Pray night and day, *very quietly*, like a little weary child, to the good and loving God, for everything you want, in body as well as soul—the least thing as well as the greatest. Nothing is too

forth and tell thy fellows that we are their brethren, that their spirit is our spirit, their Saviour our Saviour, their God our God!'

"And every man's and woman's eyes too, they cry to me, they cry to me through dim and misty strugglings: 'Oh do us justice! we have human hearts within! we are not walking statues! we *can* love, we *can* worship, we *have* God's spirit in us, but we cannot believe it ourselves, or make others believe it! Oh teach us! and teach others to yearn for love and peace! Oh make us One. All the world-generations have but One voice! How can we become One? at harmony with God and God's universe! Tell us this, and the dreary dark mystery of life, the bright sparkling mystery of life, the cloud-chequered, sun-and-shower mystery of life is solved! for we shall have One home and One brotherhood, and happy faces will greet us wherever we move, and we shall see God! see Him everywhere, and be ready to wait for the Renewal, for the Kingdom of Christ perfected! We came from Eden, all of us: show us how we may return, hand in hand, husband and wife, parent and child, gathered together from the earth and the sea, from the past and the future, from one creed and another, and take our journey into a far country, which is yet this earth—A world-migration to the heavenly Canaan, through the Red Sea of Death, back again to the land which was given to our forefathers, and is ours even now, could we but find it! . . "

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"I want to talk to you about Impulse. That word, in its common use, is one of my enemies. Its proper and original meaning, if it has any, is the exciting effect of the will (the spiritual part) on the flesh. And where a man acts from impulse, it is because his flesh is at harmony with, and obeys, his spirit. I know what impulse is, when it has driven me, in putting out a fire, through blazing rafters and under falling roofs, by an awful energy which must be obeyed. Now there is nothing, in this, sinful in itself. On the contrary, if the will which drives be a spiritual and holy will, it is the highest state of harmony and health, the rare moments of life, in which our life is not manifold, but one—body and soul and spirit working together! Such impulses have led martyrs to the stake. Such an impulse kept the two women-martyrs at Coventry in the midst of the flames loose and unbound! Such an impulse drove Luther on through years and years, till he overthrew the Popedom! Such impulses are exactly what the world despises, and crushes as, 'enthusiasm,' because they are opposed to the cold, selfish work of the brute intellect—because they make men self-sacrificing, because they awaken all that childish earnestness and simplicity, and gushing tears, and passionate smiles, which are witnesses and reproofs to the world of what she has lost, and therefore is trying to fancy she can do without! Yet the world will devour the most exciting works of fiction—thereby confessing that 'romance' and 'enthusiasm' have a beauty, even to her—but one which she hates to see practised,

until the oscillations become gradually smaller, and subside into the Rest of Truth!—the peace which passes understanding! I fancy it is a law, that the greater the mind, the stronger the heart, the larger will the oscillations be, but the less they will be visible to the world, because the wise man will not act outwardly upon his opinions until they have become knowledge, and his mind is in a state of rest. This I think the true, the only doctrine of Reserve—reserve of our own fancies, not of immutable truth. And one thing more I do see—that as with the pendulum, those oscillations are caused by the very force which at last produces rest; God's Spirit, working on a man, draws him down towards rest; and he, by the elastic *légèreté* of the flesh, swings past the proper point into the opposite extreme, and has to be drawn back again down. And another thing I see—that the pressure of the surrounding air, which helps the force of gravity in producing rest, is a true emblem of the force of healthy ties and duties, and the *circumstances* of God's universe—those things which *stand round*. . . . Let a man once break free from them, and from God's Spirit by self-will or heartlessness, and he will oscillate, as the pendulum would, for ever! He will become like one of the ancient philosophers, like the gnostics, like the enthusiasts (ascetic-mystics often) of every age . . ."

EVERSLEY: *October 27th.*—" . . . As to 'Honour all men,' you are quite right. Every man should be honoured as God's image, in the sense in which Novalis says—that we touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body! . . . The old Homeric Greeks I think felt that, and acted up to it, more than any nation. The Patriarchs too seem to have had the same feeling. . . . I have been making a fool of myself for the last ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feelings—exultation and action, with the remembrance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts—thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them and cry, 'Hast thou not felt all this?' And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, 'Yes, yes, I know it all!' Surely we are a part of all we see and hear! And then the harmony thickens, and all distinct sound is pressed together and absorbed in a confused paroxysm of delight, where still the female treble and the male base are distinct for a moment, and then one again—absorbed into each other's being—sweetened and strengthened by each other's melody. . . . Why should I not cry? Those men have unconsciously told me my own tale! why should I not love them and pray for them? Are they not my benefactors? Have they not given me more than food and drink? Let us never despise the wandering minstrel. He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony—a preacher of the world-music—the power of sweet sounds, which is a link between every age

and race—the language which all can understand, though few can speak. And who knows what tender thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eat in pot-houses, and sleep in barns! Ay, thoughts too deep for words are in those simple notes—why should not we feel them?" . . .

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" . . . I have heard from Dr W. this morning, and he asks me to take possession of Pimperne in April So that is settled. I am not, and will not (please God to help me, as He has hitherto) be anxious about anything. Why should we weary out the little life we have left in us, when He has promised to care for us, and make us renew our youth, and heap us with everything that is good for us? . I look forward with quiet certainty of hope, day and night, believing, though I can see but little daylight, that all this tangled web will resolve itself into golden threads of twined harmonious life, guiding both us, and those we love, together, through this life to that resurrection of the flesh, when we shall at last know the reality and the fulness of life and love Even so come, Lord Jesus!

" . . I am full of plans for Pimperne, or wherever else God may place us. We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. . . Family prayers before breakfast; 8 30 to 10, household matters; 10 to 1, studying divinity, or settling parish accounts and business—our doors open for *poor* parish visitants; between 1 and 5, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor and to teach in the school, in the evening we will read and draw, and feed the intellect and the fancy . We must devote from 9 to 12 on Monday mornings to casting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time, and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 in the morning, nor of parish business in the evening I have seen the *gêne* and misery which not following some such rule brings down! We must pray for a spirit of order and regularity and economy in the least things . . . This is a very homely letter, but not an outward one; for all the business I have talked of has a *spiritual* meaning; and if we can but keep alive a spiritual meaning in every little action, we shall have no need to write poetry—our life will be a real poem. . . . While we are in Somersetshire (next January, a season of solemn and delightful preparation for our work) we will hunt out all the texts in the Bible about masters and servants, to form rules upon them; and our rules we will alter and improve upon in time, as we find out more and more of the true relation in which we ought to stand to those whom God has placed under us. . . . I feel more and more that the new principle of considering a servant as a trader, who sells you a certain amount of work for a certain sum of money, is a devil's principle, and that we must have none of it, but return as far as we can to the patriarchal and feudal spirit towards them . . And religion, that is, truth, shall be the only thing in

our house All things must be made to tend to it; and if they cannot be made to tend to God's glory, the belief in, and knowledge of the spiritual world, and the duties and ties of humanity, they must be turned out of doors as part of 'the world.' One thing we must keep up, if we intend to be anything like witnesses for God, in perhaps the most sensual generation since Alaric destroyed Rome,—I mean the continual open verbal reference of everything, even to the breaking of a plate, to God and God's providence, as the Easterns do The reason why God's name is so seldom in people's mouths is not that they reverence Him, as they say, too much to talk of Him (! ! !), but because they do not think of Him !

"About our Parish. No clergyman knows less about the working of a parish than I do; but one thing I do know, that I have to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to be instant in that, in season and out of season and at all risks. . . . And therefore I pray daily for the Spirit of love to guide us, and the Spirit of earnestness to keep us at work. For our work must be done by praying for our people, by preaching to them, in church and out of church (for all instruction is preaching)—by leading them to pray and worship in the liturgy, and by setting them an example, —an example in every look, word, and motion,—in the paying of a bill, the hiring of a servant, the reproving of a child.

"We will have no innovations in ceremony. But we will not let public worship become 'dead bones' We will strive and pray, day and night, till we put life into it, till our parish feels that God is the great Idea, and that all things are in Him, and He in all things. The local means, to which so much importance is attached now-a-days, the schools, charities, &c, I know nothing of, in Pimperne. But we must attend to them (not alter them), and make them tools for our work, which is to teach men that there is a God, and that nothing done without Him is done at all, but a mere sham and makeshift We must attend the schools and superintend different classes,—not hearing them the letter, but trying by a few seasonable words to awaken them to the spirit; this is the distinction which is so neglected between the duty of the parson and his wife, and that of the schoolmaster and mistress . . . The Church Catechism must be the main point of instruction. Of the Bible, the Proverbs and the Gospels, with parts picked from the leading points of Old Testament history, are all they need know. They will soon learn the rest, if they can master the real meaning and spirit of Solomon and St John. Few have done that, and therefore the Bible is a sealed book to the very people who swear by it, *i e*, by some twenty texts in it which lay down their favourite doctrines plainly enough to be patched into a system, and those not understood skin deep Let us observe the Ember days, . . praying over the sins of the clergy, one's own especially . . . entreating God's mercy on the country, as children of a land fast hurrying to ruin in her mad love of intellectuality,

mammonism, and false liberty! . . . I see the dawn of better knowledge. Puseyism is a struggle after it. It has failed—already failed, because unsound; but the answer which it found in ten thousand hearts shows that men are yearning for better things than money, or dogmas, and that God's Spirit has not left us. Maurice is a struggle after it—Thomas Carlyle is a struggle—all more or less sound, towards true Christianity, and therefore true national prosperity. But will they hear the voices which warn them? . . . Now I must bid good night, and read my psalms and lessons and pray. . ."

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" . . I must write to you, for my heart is full. I have been thinking over the great question—How we are to learn and what we are to learn? Are we to follow blindly in the steps of others? No! Have they not thought and acted for 1800 years? and see what has come of it! How little is known—how little is done—how little love there is! And yet must we not remember that this dissatisfaction at existing evil (the feeling of all young and ardent minds), this struggle to escape from the 'circumstance' of the evil world, has a carnal counterfeit—the love of novelty, and self-will, and self-conceit, which may thrust us down into the abysses of misrule and uncertainty; as it has done such men as Shelley, and Byron, and others; trying vainly every loophole, beating against the prison bars of an imperfect system, neither degraded enough to make themselves a fool's paradise within it, nor wise enough to escape from it through Christ, 'the door into the sheep-fold,' to return when they will, and bring others with them into the serene empyrean of spiritual truth—truth which explains, and arranges, and hallows, and subdues everything?

"We must go forth, we must live above the world, if we would wish to enjoy the pure humanity which it fetters. And how? We cannot go without a guide, that were self-conceited; but what guide shall we take? Oh, I am sick of doctors and divines! Books! there is no end of them; mud, fire, acids, alkalies, every foreign ingredient contaminating pure truth. Shall we listen to the voice of God's Spirit alone? Yes! but where? Has He not spoken to those very book-makers? And hath not every man his own gift? Each hero the appointed witness of some peculiar truth? Then, must we plunge again into that vast, muddy, blind, contradictory book-ocean? No! Is there not one immutable book? One pure written wisdom? The Bible, speaking of God's truth in words meant for men. There may be other meanings in that book besides the plain one. But this I will believe, that whatever mysticism the mystic may find there, the simple human being, the lover of his wife, the father of children, the lover of God's earth, glorying in matter and humanity, not for that which they are, but that which they ought to be and will be, will find in the Bible the whole mystery solved—an answer to every riddle, a guide in every difficulty. Let us read the Bible as we never read

it before. Let us read every word, ponder every word; first in its plain human sense—then, if in after years we can see any safe law or rule by which we may find out its hidden meaning (beside the mystic of a vague and lawless imagination, which makes at last everything true to him who thinks it so, and all uncertain, because all depends upon accidental fancy, and private analogies);—if we can find a rule, let us use it, and search into the deep things of God, not from men's theories, but from His own words I do see glimmers of a rule; I see that it is possible to find a hidden meaning in Scripture—a spiritual, catholic, universal application of each word—that all knowledge lies in the Bible; but my rule seems as yet simple, logical, springing from universal reason, not from private fancy . . . In the present day a struggle is coming. A question must be tried—Is intellectual Science, or is the Bible, truth, and All Truth? And if the Bible be the great treasure-house of wisdom, does it speak in its fulness to the mass, or to the few? Are the Fathers and the Tractarians, or the Germans, or the modern Puritans right, and wherein lies the difference between them?

"Then comes again the hungry book-ocean, with its million waves, crying, 'Read! Read! Give up doing, that you may think. Across me is the only path to the isles of the blest, to the temple of wisdom, to the threshold of God's throne!' And there we must answer again, 'Not so!' Oh that we had wings as doves, then would we flee away and be at rest—at rest from the noise of many waters—and rise up on wings into the empyrean of truth. . . Better to stay humbly on earth among the duties and affections of humanity, in contact with, and acting on, the material and visible, contented to walk till wings are given us wherewith to fly. Better far! for while we labour, dressing and tilling the garden which God has given us, even though sin have made us ashamed, and our bodies, and souls, and spirits become defiled in our daily work, and require to be washed in Christ His blood; and though there are thorns and briars in the garden, and our fairest flowers will sometimes fade, and the thorns may enter into our flesh and fester, and disease may not be extinct within us;—better, even thus, to stay and work, saying—'Here at least we are safe, for God hath appointed this place to us!' And even though on earth, the heaven will be above us in our labours, the heaven of eternal truth and beauty, to which we may look up, and take comfort, and draw light and guidance, and learn to walk in the light And the breeze of God's Spirit shall fan our weary brows; and the cheering voices of our fellow labourers shall call to us through dark thickets, and across broad lawns, and every bird, and bud, and herb will smile on us and say, 'You have not despised us, you have dwelt among us, and been our friend. Therefore, when we are renewed, we will rejoice with you!' Oh! will it not be better thus to wait for the Renewal, and learn to love all things, all men—not as spirits only, but—as men and women, of body, soul, and

spirit, each being made one, and therefore all to be loved? Is it not better thus to love intellect as well as spirit, and matter as well as intellect, and dumb animals, and trees, and rocks, and sun, and stars, that our joy and glory may be fuller, more all-embracing, when they are restored, and the moan which the earth makes day and night to God, has ceased for ever? Better far, than to make ourselves sham wings, and try to fly, and drop fluttering down, disgusted with our proper element, yet bound to it, poor selfish isolated mystics!

"This is healthy materialism, for there is a truth even in materialism. The man has hold of a reality who says—'This earth is, after all, to me the great fact.' *God is the great fact*, objectively, in the pure truth of things; but He can only become the great fact *to us*, subjectively by our acting on the truth, that matter, and all its ties—so interwoven with our spirits and our spiritual ties that it is impossible to separate them—that this earth, I say, is the next greatest fact to that of God's existence, the fact by which *we know Him*. This is the path the Bible takes. It does not lay down any description of pure Deity. It is all about earth, and men, and women, and marriage, and birth and death, food and raiment, trees and animals, and God, not as He is in Himself, but as He has shown Himself in relation to the earth, and its history, and the laws of humanity. And all attempts at arriving at the contemplation of God as He is in Himself, appear to me as yet to have ended in forgetfulness of the Incarnation, and of the laws of humanity, and lastly of God Himself, because men, not content with the mixed idea of God which the Bible gives, have turned from it to contemplate a 'pure' (?) imagination of their own inventing.—All trying to substitute sight for faith. For we do not and cannot yet know what God is. No man can approach to Him!

"What is my conclusion from all this? for I have not wandered, though I seem to have done so.

"That our safe plan will be, as young and foolish children, first to learn the duties of daily life, the perfect ideal of humanity, from the Bible, and prayer, and God's earth, and thus to learn and practise love. Then if we are required to combat error verbally, we will make cautious voyages on the book-ocean,—reading one book at a time, and knowing it thoroughly, not adhering to any party, not caring of what creed our author is, because we shall read—not to learn creeds and doctrines, but to learn *men*—to find out what it was in their hearts which made them take up those creeds and doctrines, that we may understand the pathology of the human soul, and be able to cure its diseases. This is the true spiritual mode of reading, and I see enough for us for the next year or two in three books—Maurice, Kant, St Augustine. I *will* know the heart of St Augustine—how he came to be at once so right and so wrong, so far-sighted and so blind. And I must have better rules of pure reasoning than I have at present, so Kant must be read . . ."

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"Do you wish to help me? Pray for my successor, that he may serve God and God's people here better than I have done; and may build, on the foundation that I have laid, such stuff as may endure in the day of trial! And oh! pray that he may save me from blood-guiltiness, by warning those whom I have neglected. . . ."

The text of his farewell sermon at Eversley was Romans xiii. 7. Its closing words were:

"Now why do I say this to you? In order that when I am gone, you may do better without me, than you have done with me. I know that I have neglected many of you very much—that I have done my whole duty to none of you. May God forgive me for it. But I have tried to teach you that you are all God's children. I have tried to teach you what a noble Church ours is—what a mine of wisdom there is in the Church services—Psalms and Lessons. I have told you the use and meaning of the two sacraments, and entreated you to use them aright. I have told you that faith without works, profession without practise, is dead; and I have shown you that to live *with* Christ in the next world, you must live *like* Christ in this. . . ."

CHAPTER V.

1844—47.

Aged 25-28.

Marriage—Curacy of Pimperne—Rectory of Eversley—Parish Work—Personal Influence—Canonry of Middleham—Home Happiness—The Saint's Tragedy finished.

". . . Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife . . . Beautiful Nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it, my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure—not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself, how it has all happened so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything. . . ."—*Schiller after his marriage.*

In December 1843 Charles Kingsley left Eversley, as he then thought, for ever, "this beloved place, hallowed to me by my

prayers, my tears, my hopes, my first vows to God—my pæan of pardoned sin and answered prayer, . . ." and in January 1844, was married to Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St Leger his wife He was to have settled at Pimperne in the spring · but the living of Eversley falling vacant at that time, a strong effort was made by the parishioners to get the curate who had worked among them so indefatigably, for their rector. While the matter was pending he went alone into Dorsetshire for the Sunday duty The following are extracts from his daily letters to his wife.

SALISBURY *March* 28, 1844.—"I have been walking round the cathedral—oh ! such a cathedral ! Perfect unity, in extreme multiplicity The first thing which strikes you in it (spiritually, I mean) is its severe and studied calm, even to 'primness'—nothing luscious, very little or no variation Then you begin to feel how *one* it is, how the high slated roof and the double lancet windows, and the ranges of graduating lancet arches filling every gable, and the continued repetition of the same simple forms even in the buttresses and string courses, and corbel tables, and the extreme harsh angular simplicity of the mouldings—all are developments of one idea, and the idea so well expressing the tone of its date, the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries, I suppose, when the 'revival' of the age of St Francis, St Dominic, and dear St Elizabeth had formed itself, from the many private fancies of its great minds, into one clear dark system of stern, elegant, soul-crushing asceticism And then from the centre of all this, that glorious spire rises—the work of a slightly later hand—too huge, I believe, for the rest of the cathedral, its weight having split and crushed its supporters Fit emblem of the result of curbing systems The moment the tower escapes above the level of the roof, it bursts into the wildest luxuriance, retaining the general character of the building below, but disguising it in a thousand fantastic excrescences—like the mind of man, crushed by human systems, and then suddenly asserting its own will in some burst of extravagance, yet unconsciously retaining the harsh and severe lineaments of the school in which it had been bred And then its self-willed fancies exhaust themselves, and it makes one final struggle upward, in a vast simple pyramid like that spire, emblem of the return, the revulsion rather, to 'pure' and naked spirituality. And when even that has dwindled to a point, it must end—if it would have either safety, or permanence, or shelter, or beauty—as that spire ends, *in the Cross !* Oh ! that cathedral is an emblem, unconscious to its builders, of the whole history of Popery from the twelfth century to the days when Luther preached once more Christ crucified for us—For ever above us, yet for ever among us ! It has one peculiar beauty. It rises sheer out of a

smooth and large grass field, not struggling up among chimneys and party-walls, but with the grass growing to the foot of the plinth. . . . The repose is so wonderful. It awes you, too, without crushing you You can be cheerful under its shadow, but you could not do a base thing. . . . It is lucky I took down my tackle, for I am promised a day's trout fishing to-morrow. . "

March 31.—". . I spent a delightful day yesterday. Conceive my pleasure at finding myself in Bemerton, George Herbert's parish, and seeing his house and church, and fishing in the very meadows where he, and Dr Donne, and Isaac Walton, may have fished before me. I killed several trout and a brace of grayling, about three quarters of a pound each—a fish quite new to me, smelling just like cucumbers. The dazzling chalk-wolds sleeping in the sun, the clear river rushing and boiling down in one ever-sliding sheet of transparent silver, the birds bursting into song, and mating and toying in every hedge-row—everything stirred with the gleam of God's eyes, when 'He reneweth the face of the earth!' I had many happy thoughts; but I am very lonely. No time for more, as I am going to prayers in the cathedral "

DURWESTON. *April* 1.—"The road from here to Pimperne, over the downs, is about three miles of the most beautiful turf and natural woodland, through Cranborne Chase I never was before on a Chalk forest. It is very peculiar, and most beautiful. I like it better than Devon and Welsh Moorland—it is more simple, and yet not so severe—more tender in its soft greys and greens, yet quite as sublime in the vast unbroken curves and sweeps of the open downs I cannot express myself I should like to preach a sermon on chalk downs and another on chalk streams. They are so *purely* beautiful. . .

"I have been reading Carlyle's Miscellanies—his life of Johnson and Goethe's death; and am altogether in a healthy ferment of mind, struggling through infinite Chaos and darkness, by means of a few clues and threads of light—and—of one great bright pathway, which I find more and more, to be THE only escape from infinite confusion and aberration, the only explanation of a thousand human mysteries—I mean the Incarnation of our Lord—the fact that there really is a—God-Man!—*Thank God!*

"More and more I find that Carlyle's writings do not lead to gloomy discontent—that theirs is not a dark but a bright view of life: in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered from the pulpit daily, by both Evangelical and Tractarian, than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works: but he finds fault in tangible original language—they speak evil of every one except their own party, but in such conventional language that no ear is shocked by the oft-repeated formulæ of 'original sin' and 'unconverted hearts,' and so on. Let us in all things take Dr Johnson's golden rule 'First clear your mind of cant!'

"I find too that Carlyle's system, or rather Chaos, so far from

making one unloving, makes me more and more loving and charitable, at every page. I do not think indeed it would do this, unless *translated* and explained by the great truths of Christianity; but in *their* light, I see *its* light. . . ."

April 19.—". . . Oh! blissful future. Oh! dreary present. Yet do not think I repine. This separation, though dreary, is not barren. Nothing need be barren to those who view all things in their real light, as links in the great chain of progression both for themselves and for the universe. To us all Time should seem so full of life, every moment the grave and the father of unnumbered events and designs in heaven, and earth, and the mind of our God Himself—all things moving smoothly and surely, in spite of apparent checks and disappointments, towards the appointed end! Oh, happy Eversley! how we shall read, and learn, and work there; how we shall find there that these few months of unrest have not been thrown away, that in them we shall have learnt what might have escaped us in the quiet routine of a parish, and yet which are wanted there—as weeds and waterflowers show themselves in the rapid eddies, while they are buried deep in the still reaches of the river. . . ."

April 21.—"I have been reading Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' with many tears and prayers too. To me he is not only poet, but preacher and prophet of God's new and divine philosophy—a man raised up as a light in a dark time, and rewarded by an honoured age, for the simple faith in man and God, with which he delivered his message; whose real nobility is independent of rank, or conventionalities of language or manner, which is but the fashion of this world and passes away.

I am trying, in my way, to do good; but what is the use of talking to hungry paupers about heaven? 'Sir,' as my clerk said to me yesterday, 'there is a weight upon their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.' And so they have no spirit to arise and go to their Father! S. G. O. is deep in abuses. I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it! Therefore you must make up your mind to see me, with God's help, a hunter out of abuses till the abuses cease—only till then. It is very easy to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are. . . ."

CHELSEA, *May*.—"I shall return to you, perhaps rector of Eversley! A bright future opens. Blessed be God. . . ."

". . . All is settled at last. Sir John has given me the living. God never fails those who put their trust in Him. . . . Congratulations, as you may suppose, are plentiful. . . . I took the whole duty at St George's Hospital yesterday morning, and preached

a charity sermon at St Luke's in the afternoon, and at the old church in the evening; and am very tired, body and mind . . My brain has been in such a whirl that I have had no time for deep thoughts. I can understand, by the events of the last few days, how the minds of men of business, at the very moment they are wielding the vastest commercial or physical power, may yet be degraded and superficial. One seems to do so much in 'business,' and yet with how little fruit! *We* bustle, and *God* works. That glorious, silent Providence—such a contrast to physical power, with its blast furnaces, and roaring steam-engines! Farewell till to-morrow. . ."

He and his wife now settled in the Rectory at Eversley, and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely neglected parish, and the expenses of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. It was damp and unwholesome, being surrounded with ponds which overflowed with every heavy rain, flooding garden and stables, and all the rooms on the ground floor, and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the incumbent, the living, though a good one, was for years unremunerative; but the young rector, happy in his home and work, met all difficulties bravely. New clubs for the poor, shoe club, coal club, maternal society, a loan fund and lending library, were established one after another; an adult evening school was held in the rectory all the winter months; a Sunday school met there regularly; and weekly cottage lectures were established in the out-lying districts for the old and feeble. The fact of there being no school-house had the good effect of drawing the people within the humanizing influences of the rectory, which was always open to them. At that time there was scarcely a grown-up man or woman among the Eversley labourers who could read or write, for both boys and girls had been glad to escape early to field work from the only school—a stifling room, ten feet square, where cobbling shoes, teaching, and flogging the children went on together. As to religious instruction, they had had none. The church was nearly empty before he came as curate. The farmers' sheep, when pasture was scarce, were turned into the neglected churchyard. Holy communion was celebrated only three times a year, and the communicants were few. A cracked kitchen basin inside the font held the water for Holy Baptism. At the altar—a square table covered by a moth-eaten cloth—stood one old broken chair; and so averse were

the churchwardens to any change, that when the rector proposed monthly communions, they only consented on his promising himself to supply the wine for the extra celebrations.

The evil results of such years of neglect could only be conquered by incessant labour, and his whole energies were devoted to the parish. He had to redeem it from barbarism, but the people were a kindly people, civil and grateful for notice, and not demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving. During his curate life he had become personally intimate with every soul in Eversley, from the labourers in the field and the mothers at their wash-tubs to the babies in the cradle, for whom he always had a loving word or look. That hunger for knowledge on every subject which characterised him, and made him eager to talk to and learn from every one he came in contact with, had put him on an easy human footing with his people, so that he soon got the parish thoroughly in hand It was by daily house-to-house visiting in the week, even more than by church services, that he acquired his influence. To the suffering or dying, he would go, night as well as day—for his own heart's sake as well as for their good, and such visiting was very rare in those days But, to use his first curate's words, "He had a real *respect* for the poor! I can think," he says, "of no other word. It was not simply that he cared for them exceedingly, was kind, feeling, sympathetic, and would take any amount of trouble for them, that those whom he employed became simply devoted to him. It was far more than this. There was in him a delicate, deep respect for the poor—a positive looking up to them, for His dear sake who 'became poor;' for the good which he saw in them, for the still greater good which he hoped to see and strove that he might see in them . . ."

At this time he seldom dined out; never during the winter months, when the adult school and the cottage readings took up six evenings in the week. His chief relaxation was a few hours' fishing in some stream close by. He never took a gun in hand, because from the poaching tastes of his people he felt it might bring him into unpleasant collision with them. He could not afford to hunt, nor would he have done so on first settling in Eversley if he could The temptation was great, from the fact that the pack of fox-hounds (now known as Mr Garth's) were kept at Bramshill, Sir John Cope being Master, and often the tears would start in his eyes while he watched the horses and hounds as they swept past

the rectory. When, in after years, he took a gallop now and then to refresh himself, and to meet his friends in the hunting field, where he was always welcome, it was on some old horse which he had picked up cheap for "parson's work."

Meantime he was always on friendly terms with the huntsman and whips, who were a respectable set of men and most regular at church, and soon won their respect and affection. Of this they gave early proof, for when the first Confirmation after his induction was given out in church, and he invited all who wished to be confirmed to come to the rectory for weekly instruction, the stud groom was among the first to present himself, bringing a message from the whips and stablemen, to say they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr Kingsley wished it, they would be happy to come again! It had been the custom in Eversley to let the catechumens get over as they could, with little or no preparation, to some distant church, where four or five parishes assembled to meet the bishop, and consequently the public-houses were unusually full on the day of confirmation, which often ended in a mere drunken holiday for boys and girls, who had many miles to walk, and had neither superintendence nor refreshment provided by the way. But now matters were differently arranged Previous to the confirmation, the catechism, creeds, and office of confirmation were explained publicly, and each candidate was taught separately as well as in class. On the day itself the young people assembled early for refreshment at the rectory, whence they started in vans for church. He himself went with the boys, and his wife or some trustworthy person with the girls, never losing sight of them till they returned, the girls to their homes, the boys and men to the rectory, where a good dinner awaited them, and they spent the evening in wandering over the glebe, or looking at curiosities and picture-books indoors, ending with a few earnest words from their Rector. Thus confirmation day was always associated with pleasant thoughts and an innocent holiday, which made them more inclined to come to him the week following to be prepared for Holy Communion The appearance and manner of the Eversley catechumens—were often observed. Such things are common in all parishes now: but thirty-seven years ago Eversley set the example.

His preaching from the first was remarkable. He objected strongly to the use of conventional and unmeaning phraseology. The only fault which Bishop Sumner found with his sermons,

was that they were "too colloquial"; but it was this very peculiarity in both matter and style which arrested and attracted his hearers, and helped to fill an empty church.

"The great difference," he said, in writing on this point to his wife, "which strikes me between St Augustine and the divinity of our day, is his Faith I mean the fulness and completeness of his belief, that every object and circumstance has a spiritual import, a direct relation to God's will and providence, and that in this import alone should the Christian look at anything A faith like this which explains all heaven and earth to a man, is infinitely above that half-faith of our present systems, which makes religion a thing apart, explains by it only a few phenomena of man's existence (whose number is limited by custom so closely, that thousands of subjects are considered unfit for the pulpit), and leaves the rest of the universe a *terra incognita* to the religious thinker, to be travelled only by the Mammonite and the physical philosopher"

His own domestic happiness at this time deepened his sympathies, and he writes to a friend then in great anxiety:

August 5, 1844—" Still there is always some way of escape to be found, if a man goes to the right place to look for it And if not of escape, still of compensation I speak that which I know, for twelve months ago I was hopeless, separated from ***, unable to correspond even, burdened with difficulties, no hope of a living and yet through all filled with the most extraordinary conviction that my deliverance was at hand, and coming I knew not whence or how—at a certain time, at which certain time it did come, from a quarter the most unexpected, and since then in spite of severe trials within and without, blessing has been added to blessing A few months ago the rector of Eversley absconded and resigned his living, to which I——to my utter astonishment, was presented! Of my own comfort I will not talk. Of the path by which I attained it I will It was simply by not struggling, doing my work vigorously (or trying to do it) where God had put me, and believing firmly that His promises had a real, not a mere metaphorical meaning, and that the X, XXVII, XXXIV., XXXVII, CVII, CXII, CXXIII, CXXVI—CXLVI. Psalms and similar, are as practically true—carnally true, if you will, for us as they were for the Jews of old I know that I am right I know that God is not only the God of our spirits, but of our bodies—of our married happiness—of our purses—of our least amusements—and that the faithlessness of this day, and the Manichæism of this day, as of all ages, has been what prevents men from accepting God's promises in their literal sense, with simple childish faith, but drives them to spiritualize them away—*i e*, make them mere metaphors, which are after all next door to lies My dear friend, I may incur the blame of intruding advice where unnecessary, but I do not dare be

silent. I have much more, much deeper things to talk to you of. I see dimly, yet surely, in your present discontent, the germ of much good—of wider views, perhaps of more satisfying tastes. Believe me, it is a true saying, and not a melancholy one, that through much tribulation most men (not all, I believe) must enter into the kingdom of God. Where God has made such a mind and heart as yours, He will not let it stay on the threshold of Christianity; He will sicken you with all the beauties of her outer courts; He will lead you on, scourge you, if it be necessary, into the very adyta, then up to the highest holiest pinnacle of that church, from whence alone we can see man's workings far below, and look across the far ocean towards the happy isles, where dwell the heroes of the earth, at the feet of their hero-king and Saviour. If you would be among them; if you would not be a mere *laisez-faire* perpetuator of the decaying, much less a restless reviver of the obsolete, you must walk in the path which they have trodden. You must get at the 'open secret' which so few, even among the highest religionists, now know. You must get to see through the accidents, the customs, the dilettantisms, fair and foul, which overcrust humanity, and look at man and man's destiny, as God constituted it. You must leave self—forget self—you must discipline self till she lays down, and ceases clamouring for a vote in the parliament of men. You must throw off the proud system-seeking intellect which haunts us all, and tries to round off heaven and earth with a fresh theory every year. You must use the help of all men, all schools, all sects, all ages, all histories—enter into all, sympathise with all—see God's Spirit working variously, yet surely in all. And then you will begin to find what the peace is, which passeth all understanding. You will be able to float down the stream of time, contented to fill your destiny, satisfied with the particular ripple on which God has cast your lot, and sure that some day all riddles shall be unfolded, all wrongs set right, and God justified, in every movement of this seeming chaos of life! . . . Therefore go on to the perfection, which tribulation always indicates as God's destiny for a man, who has not fallen impenitently into habitual sin . . . . Let me hear from you, and take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my dear wife."

Early in 1845, Dean Wood offered him a vacant stall in the Collegiate Church of Middleham. The canonry was merely honorary, but being of historic interest, he accepted it gladly, and wrote from Middleham in Yorkshire to his wife:

May 18, 1845.—"At the station I met the Dean and P, and went down with them. After a confused dog-sleep night, the grey morning broke in on the country beyond Derby—of that peculiar furrowed cast which marks the beds above the coal, woods all dewy green, cattle sleeping in the rich meadows, every little glen tenanted by its bright rivulet, choked and hidden by deep

wooded banks From York to Northallerton, a long sweep of low, rolling country with such a soil, such crops, and such farming! I never saw such fertility before—and this reaches to Middleham, where the scene changes, high hills spring up, deep gorges empty themselves into the plain, and Wensleydale lies spread out like a loving mother, bearing in her bosom little bright villages, and emerald pastures, until she turns the promontory of Penhill, and wanders up towards the lakes"

May 22—"What a delight it would be to take you up Coverdale just half a mile off at the back of the town. You know those lovely river scenes of Creswick's; they are exact likenesses of little Cover in his deep-wooded glen with his yellow rocks, and bright white stones, and brown water clearer than crystal. As for fishing, I am a clod—never did I see or hear of such tackle as these men use—finer than our finest. Squire Topham considers my tackle as only fit to hold cart-horses This is quite a racing town—eighty horses standing here Jockeys and grooms crowd the streets, and I hear they are the most respectable set, and many of them regular communicants! Little old Lye, the celebrated jockey, was at church yesterday, and I never saw a man attend to the service with more devotion. I quite loved the little creature. The scenery is lovely I saw two views yesterday, whose extent and magnificence surpassed everything I had fancied. To-day I go down the Ure, to-morrow to see Richmond Castle, and Saturday to Bolton Castle, famed for having been Mary Queen of Scots' prison, and to 'Aysgack Force,'—a force, being in plain English, a waterfall Leyburn Scar, a magnificent terrace of rock, rising above the valley through a 'talus' of wood, I saw yesterday, and have brought you a rare little flower therefrom On it that evil woman was taken, escaping from Bolton Castle, and brought back again. I will bring you flowers from all parts, and what souvenirs I can, of thoughts—but there has been so much bustle, and robing and unrobing and so on, that I am quite tired and want a little rest of mind ."

May 23—"I send you some flowers, gathered yesterday from the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey, dismantled by connivance of Henry VIII The forget-me-not is from the high altar, the saxifrage from the refectory To-day I go up the lovely Cover, to fish and dream of you. Really everyone's kindness here is extreme after the stiff South The richest spot, it is said, in all England is this beautiful oasis in the mountains Kiss baby for me. . . ."

The state of parties in Church and State, especially the former, now lay heavy on his heart, and made him anxious to join or start some periodical in which young men could find a vehicle for free expression of opinion. He writes to an Oxford friend

December 11, 1845—"About the 'Oxford and Cambridge Review,'—Froude seems to dread any fresh start, and I shall chew the cud and try to find out my own way a little longer before

I begin trying to lead others. God help us all! for such a distempered tangled juncture must end in the cutting of the Gordian knot, by the higher or lower powers. . . . God help us all! I say again; for there is no counsel to be got anywhere from man, and as for God's book, men have made it mean anything and nothing, with their commenting and squabbling, and doctrine picking, till one asks with Pilate, 'What is truth?' Well, at all events, God knows, and Christ the King knows, and so all must go right at last, but in the meantime?

". . . The principles which the great kings and bishops of the Middle Ages, and our reformers of the 16th century felt to be the foundation of a Church and nation, are now set at nought equally by those who pretend to worship the Middle Ages, and those who swear by the Reformers. And Popery and Puritanism seem to be fighting their battle over again in England, on the foul middle ground of mammonite infidelity. They are re-appearing in weaker and less sincere forms; but does that indicate the approach of their individual death, or our general decay? . . . I sometimes long for a St Francis, with a third order of Minors, to lay hold of one's will, soul, and body, and coax, threaten, scourge one along some definite path of doctrine and labour. The latter I have, thank God; but for doctrines? Verily, in England, doctrines, as Carlyle says of customs in France in '93, are 'a world gone entirely to chaos, and all things jumbling themselves mutually to try what will swim!' which, alas! often happens to be the lightest, and not the worthiest. Yet still, as ever, God's voice is heard through the roar, 'He that doeth My will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' Were it not for that text I think I should sometimes sit down 'astonished,' and pray to die and get it all cleared up. Oh, Salt Asphaltic lake of Polemics! Oh, teeming tropic sea of Eros! of love of man as man, of marriage, and lessons which the hearth and home alone can teach—Heaven's glories, the face of Christ our Lord ever mirrored in their pure Eden depths! and oh, foolish heart of mine, which will try and try to think and understand, instead of doing and loving! I see more and more, 'He that will be great, must be least.' He that will be the miracle worker must first become like a little child, the only miracle seer left in these materialist days! But I am ranting. . . . God bless you and * * * and admit you in His good time into the inner temple of the Garden of Eden, which surely exists still on earth, for those who have faith and purity enough to believe in their own high honours." . . .

December, 1846.—"I am more and more painfully awake to the fact that the curse of our generation is that so few of us deeply believe anything. Men dally with truth, and with lies

"My friend, we must pray to God to give us faith; faith in something—something that we can live for, and would die for. Then we shall be ready and able to do good in our generation. Our fixed ideas will be to us Archimedes' fulcra in space, from

whence, if need be, he could move the world. Get hold of some one truth. Let it blaze in your sky, like a Greenland sun, never setting day or night Give your soul up to it; see it in everything, and everything in it, and the world will call you a bigot and a fanatic, and then wonder a century hence how the bigot and fanatic continued to do so much more than all the sensible folk round him

" . My whole heart is set, not on retrogression, outward or inward, but on progression—not on going back in the least matter to any ideal age or system, but on fairly taking the present as it is, not as I should like it to be; and believing that Jesus Christ is still working in all honest and well-meaning men—see what are the elements of spiritual good in the present age, and try as an artist to embody them, not in old forms but in new ones. . The new element is democracy, in Church and State Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it. Let us Christianise it instead . I am no revolutionist Whatever soul-sufficing truth men have, in God's name let them keep it The real struggle of the day will be, not between Popery and Protestantism, but between Atheism and Christ. And here we are daubing walls with untempered mortar—quarrelling about how we shall patch the superstructure, forgetting that the foundation is gone—Faith in anything As in the days of Noah with the Titans—as in the days of Mahomet with the Christian sects of the East—they were eating, and drinking, and quarrelling, no doubt, and behold the flood came and swept them all away. And even such to me seems the prospect of the English Church ."

To his wife —EVERSLEY *May*, 1846—". . I got home at four this morning after a delicious walk—a poem in itself I never saw such a sight before as the mists on the heath and valleys, and never knew what a real bird-chorus was. I am lonely enough, but right glad I came, as there is plenty to do . I shall start to-morrow morning, and walk on to you at Shanklin St Elizabeth progresses, and consolidates I have had a great treat to-day; saw a swarm of bees hived, for the first time in my life. I stood in the middle of the flying army, and saw the whole to my great delight Certainly man, even in the lowest grade, is infinitely wonderful, and infinitely brave—give him habit and self-confidence To see all those little poisonous insects crawling over H , wrapt in the one thought of their new-born sister-queen! I hate to think that it is vile self-interest—much less mere brute magnetism (called by the ignorant 'instinct'), which takes with them the form of loyalty, prudence, order, self-sacrifice How do we know that they have no souls? 'The beasts which perish!' Ay, but put against that, 'the *spirit* of the beast which goeth downward to the earth'—and whither then? 'Man perisheth,' too, in scripture language, yet not for ever But I will not dream

On " I fancy you and baby playing in the morning Bless you my two treasures I had a most interesting day yesterday in London. Called on *** and found him undergoing all the horrors of a deep, and as I do think, healthy baptism of fire—not only a

conversion, but a discovery that God and the devil are living realities, fighting for his body and soul. This, in a man of vast thought and feeling, who has been for years a confirmed materialist, is hard work. He entreated me not to leave him. . . . God help us all, and save our country—not so much from the fate of France, as from the fate of Rome—internal decay, and falling to pieces by its own weight; but I will say no more of this—perhaps I think too much about it. . . ."

1846 passed uneventfully in the routine of parish work, and domestic happiness, which was enriched by the presence of a little daughter. A singing class was started to improve the church music, which with other adult classes, brought his people on several nights in the week up to the rectory, where the long unfurnished dining-room served the purpose of schoolroom. In 1847 his eldest son was born, and named after the Rev. Frederick Maurice, his godfather. In the summer he took his wife and two children to a little sea-side place on the edge of the New Forest, for his first real holiday since his marriage, and in the enjoyment of quiet mornings on the sea-shore with his beloved ones, watching his babies at play, and long solitary evening rides in the Forest, often deep into the night, his heart's spring bubbled up into song again, and some of his best ballads were composed. It was only either at some great crisis of his life, or when his surroundings were, as now, in perfect harmony, that he could write poetry. His "Life of St Elizabeth," begun in prose in 1842, was growing under his hand, and taking the form of a drama. He finished it this summer: and though doubtful himself as to whether it was worth printing, he consulted the Rev Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, and other friends on whose poetical verdict he could rely. Their opinion was unanimous: but the difficulty was to find a publisher who would undertake the work of a young and unknown author. After taking the MSS. to London, he wrote to his wife:

"I breakfasted with Maurice this morning, and went over a great deal of St Elizabeth, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God about it. . . . He is very desirous to show the MS. to A. G. Scott, Mrs H. Coleridge, Tennyson, and Van Artevelde Taylor He says that it ought to do great good with those who can take it in, but for those who cannot, it ought to have a preface; and has more than hinted that he will help me to one. What more would you have? . . Coleridge's opinion of the poem is far higher than I expected He sent me to Pickering with a highly recommendatory note, which, however, joined with Maurice's preface,

creased. The daily services and sermons in Passion week seemed to borrow intenser fervour and interest from the Rector's sympathy with the strange events of the great world outside his quiet parish. He preached to his people on emigration, on poaching, and on the political and social disturbances of the day. He wrote his first article for *Fraser's Magazine*, "Why should we fear the Romish Priests?" following up his "Saint's Tragedy," which had struck the key note of the after work of his life; and "Yeast" now was seething in his mind. In addition to parish and literary work he accepted the Professorship of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, London, and lectured there once a week He was also proposed for the professorship of Modern History of King's College

After the news of the Chartist rising and petition reached Eversley, he went up to London to see what was going on.—By midday post on April 10 he wrote to his wife:

" All is right as yet. Large crowds, but no one expects any row, as the Chartists will not face Westminster Bridge, but are gone round by London Bridge and Holborn, and are going to send up only the legal number of Delegates to the House. The only fear is marauding in the suburbs at night; but do not fear for me, I shall be safe at Chelsea at 5 I met Colonel H., who says there is no danger at all, and the two M—s, who are gone as specials, to get hot, dusty, and tired—nothing else I will write by the latest post"

April 11, 8 A M—"All as quiet as a mouse as yet. The storm is blown over till to-morrow, but all are under arms—specials, police, and military Mr Maurice is in great excitement, and we are getting out placards for the walls, to speak a word for God with You must let me stay up to-night, for I am helping in a glorious work, and I spend the evening with Archdeacon Hare, Scott, and Maurice Send down to the cottage lecture, and say I shall not have it till Saturday, and say that the riots have kept me I feel we may do something Pray for us that God may guide us, and open our mouths to speak boldly."

EVENING—"The events of a week have been crowded into a few hours I was up till 4 this morning, writing posting placards under Maurice's auspices, one of which is to be got out to-morrow morning, the rest when we can get money Could you not beg a few sovereigns somewhere, to help these poor wretches to the truest alms?—to words—texts from the Psalms, any thing which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday? Pray, pray, help us Maurice has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetings for prayer and study, when I come up to London, and we are to bring out a new set of 'Tracts for the

Times,' addressed to the higher orders. Pray for us. A glorious future is opening. Both Maurice and L. seem to have driven away all my doubts and sorrows, and I see the blue sky again and my Father's face!"

April 12.—" . . I really cannot go home this afternoon. I have spent it with Archdeacon Hare, and Parker, starting a new periodical—a Penny 'People's Friend.' I will be down to-morrow. Kiss the babes for me. . . . I send you my first placard:

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND.

"You say that you are wronged. Many of you are wronged; and many besides yourselves know it. Almost all men who have heads and hearts know it—above all, the working clergy know it. They go into your houses, they see the shameful filth and darkness* in which you are forced to live crowded together; they see your children growing up in ignorance and temptation, for want of fit education; they see intelligent and well-read men among you, shut out from a Freeman's just right of voting; and they see too the noble patience and self-control with which you have as yet borne these evils. They see it, and God sees it.

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND! You have more friends than you think for. Friends who expect nothing from you, but who love you, because you are their brothers, and who fear God, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children; men who are drudging and sacrificing themselves to get you your rights; men who know what your rights are, better than you know yourselves, who are trying to get for you something nobler than charters and dozens of Acts of Parliament—more useful than this 'fifty thousandth share in a Talker in the National Palaver at Westminster'† can give you. You may disbelieve them, insult them—you cannot stop their working for you, beseeching you as you love yourselves, to turn back from the precipice of riot, which ends in the gulf of universal distrust, stagnation, starvation. You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad; *if the men who use it are not bad!* But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit, and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's own stomach, one's own pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure *that*? Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give.

"Englishmen! Saxons! Workers of the great, cool-headed, strong-handed nation of England, the workshop of the world, the leader of freedom for 700 years, men say you have common-sense! then do not humbug yourselves into meaning 'licence,' when you cry for 'liberty.' Who would dare refuse you freedom? for the

* The Window tax was not then taken off.

† Carlyle.

Almighty God, and Jesus Christ, the poor Man, who died for poor men, will bring it about for you, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against you. A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry! But there will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow-citizens.

"Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free. "A WORKING PARSON."

Mr Hughes, speaking of this period of Charles Kingsley's life, says:

". . . My first meeting with him was in the autumn of 1847 . . . Mr Maurice had undertaken the charge of a small district in the parish in which he lived, and had set a number of young men, chiefly students of the Inns of Court, who had been attracted by his teaching, to work in it. Once a week, they used to meet at his house, when their own work was reported upon and talked over. Suggestions were made and plans considered; and afterwards a chapter of the Bible was read and discussed. Friends and old pupils of Mr Maurice's were in the habit of coming occasionally to these meetings, amongst whom was Charles Kingsley. His poem, 'The Saint's Tragedy,' and the high regard and admiration which Mr Maurice had for him, made him a notable figure in that small society, and his presence was always eagerly looked for. What impressed me most about him when we first met, was his affectionate deference to Mr Maurice, and the vigour and incisiveness of everything he said and did. He had the power of cutting out what he meant in a few clear words, beyond any one I have ever met. The next thing that struck one was, the ease with which he could turn from playfulness, or even broad humour, to the deepest earnest. At first I think this startled most persons, until they came to find out the real deep nature of the man; and that his broadest humour had its root in a faith which realised, with extraordinary vividness, the fact that God's Spirit is actively abroad in the world, and that Christ is in every man, and made him hold fast, even in his saddest moments,—and sad moments were not infrequent with him,—the assurance that, in spite of all appearances, the world was going right, and would go right somehow, 'Not your way, or my way, but God's way.' The contrast of his humility and audacity, of his distrust in himself and confidence in himself, was one of those puzzles which meet us daily in this world of paradox. But both qualities gave him a peculiar power for the work he had to do at that time, with which the name of Parson Lot is associated. It was at one of these gatherings, when Kingsley found himself in a minority of one, that he said jokingly, he felt much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain, when he seemed as one that mocked to his sons-in-law. The name Parson Lot was then and there suggested, and adopted

by him, as a familiar *nom de plume* . . The name was chiefly made famous by his writings in 'Politics for the People,' the 'Christian Socialist,' and the 'Journal of Association,' . . . by 'Alton Locke,' and by tracts and pamphlets, of which the best known is 'Cheap Clothes, and Nasty.' . . ."

On the 6th of May the first number of "Politics for the People" appeared. Its regular contributors were nearly all university men, clergymen of the Church of England, London barristers, men of science; among them Archdeacon Hare, Sir Arthur Helps, Professor Conington, and a well-known London physician A few letters from working men were admitted. It was a remarkable though short-lived publication. Here is an extract from "Parson Lot's Letters to Chartists:"

"MY FRIENDS,—If I give you credit for being sincere, you must give me credit for being so too I am a radical reformer. I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April, I have no patience with those who do. Suppose there were but 250,000 honest names on that sheet Suppose the Charter itself were all stuff, yet you have still a right to fair play, a patient hearing, an honourable and courteous answer, whichever way it may be. But my only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough *in reform* I want to see you *free;* but I do not see how what you ask for will give you what you want. I think you have fallen into just the same mistake as the rich of whom you complain:—I mean, the mistake of fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament. If anyone will tell me of a country where a charter made the rogues honest, or the idle industrious, I shall alter my opinion of the Charter, but not till then. It disappointed me bitterly when I read it. It seems a harmless cry enough, but a poor, bald, constitution-mongering cry as I ever heard

"But I have a more serious complaint against Chartism than this, and because I love you well, and, God is my witness, would die to make you free, and am, even now, pleading your cause with all my powers, I shall not be afraid to rebuke you boldly at first Why do you yourselves blacken Chartism in people's eyes? Why do you give a fair handle for all the hard things which are said of you? . . . The other day, being in London, I said to myself, 'I will see what the Chartists are saying and doing just now,' and I set off to find a Chartist newspaper, and found one in a shop where 'The People's Charter,' and 'Lamartine's Address to the Irish Deputation,' and various Chartist books were sold. Now, as a book, as well as a man, may be known by his companions, I looked round the shop to see what was the general sort of stock there, and, behold, there was hardly anything but 'Flash Songsters,'

and the 'Swell's Guide,' and 'Tales of Horror,' and dirty milksop French novels. I opened the leading article of the paper, and there were fine words enough, and some really noble and eloquent words, too, which stirred my blood and brought the tears into my eyes, about 'divine liberty,' and 'heaven-born fraternity,' and the 'cause of the poor being the cause of God,' all which I knew well enough before, from a very different 'Reformer's Guide' . . . 'Well,' I said to myself, 'the cause of God seems to have fallen into ugly company If poverty sends a man to strange bed-fellows, "divine liberty" must be in a very poor way, heaven-born brotherhood has fraternized here with some very blackguard brethren.' . . . As I read on, I found that almost the only books puffed in the paper itself were the same French dirt which lay on the counter. 'Voltaire's Tales,' 'Tom Paine,' and by way of a finish, 'The Devil's Pulpit!' 'Well,' I thought 'These are strange times! I had thought the devil used to befriend tyrants and oppressors, but he seems to have profited by Burns' advice, to 'tak' a thought an' mend' I thought the struggling freeman's watchword was, 'God sees my wrongs, He hath taken the matter into His own hands, the poor committeth himself unto Him, for He is the helper of the friendless' But now the devil seems all at once to have turned philanthropist and patriot, and to intend himself to fight the good cause, against which he has been fighting ever since Adam's time I don't deny, my friends, it is much cheaper and pleasanter to be reformed by the devil than by God, for God will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own self—while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and 'personal' request, as that a man should mend himself *That* liberty of the subject he will always respect.
What is the use of brilliant language about peace, and the majesty of order, and universal love, though it may all be printed in letters a foot long, when it runs in the same team with ferocity, railing, mad one-eyed excitement, talking itself into a passion like a street-woman? Do you fancy that after a whole column spent in stirring men up to fury, a few twaddling copy-book headings about the 'sacred duty of order' will lay the storm again? What spirit is there but the devil's spirit, in bloodthirsty threats of *revenge*, What brotherhood ought *you* to have with the 'United Irishmen' party, who pride themselves on their hatred to your nation, and recommend schemes of murder which a North American Indian, trained to scalping from his youth, would account horrible? When they have learnt that 'Justice to Ireland' does not mean hell broke loose there, when they have repented and amended of their madness, as God grant they may, then you may treat them as brothers, but till then, those who bid them God-speed are partakers of their evil deeds In the name of liberty and brotherhood, in the name of the poor man's cause and the poor man's God, I protest against this unnatural alliance! When you can be free by fair means,

will you try foul? When you might keep the name of liberty as spotless as the heaven from whence she comes, will you defile her with blasphemy, beastliness, and blood? When the cause of the poor is the cause of Almighty God, will you take it out of His hands to entrust it to the devil? These are bitter questions, but as you answer them so will you prosper. 'Be fit to be free, and God Himself will set you free' Do God's work, and you will share God's wages 'Trust in the Lord, and be doing good, dwell in the land, and, verily, thou shalt be fed. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass' . . .

"PARSON LOT."

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Once more to quote Mr Hughes's words . "In the early summer of 1848, some of those who felt with Kingsley that the 'People's Charter' had not had fair play or courteous treatment, and that those who signed it had real wrongs to complain of, put themselves into communication with the leaders, and met and talked with them At last a public meeting was called, over which Mr Maurice presided After his address, several very bitter speeches followed, and a vehement attack was specially directed against the church and the clergy. The meeting waxed warm, and seemed likely to come to no good, when Kingsley rose, folded his arms across his chest, threw his head back, and began—with the stammer which always came at first when much moved but which fixed everyone's attention at once—'I am a Church of England Parson'—a long pause—'and a Chartist;' and then he went on to explain how far he thought them right in their claim for a reform of Parliament; how deeply he sympathized with their sense of the injustice of the law as it affected them; how ready he was to help in all ways to get these things set right; and then to denounce their methods . Probably no one who was present ever heard a speech which told more at the time . . The fact is, that Charles Kingsley was born a fighting man, and believed in bold attack 'No human power ever beat back a resolute forlorn hope,' he used to say, 'to be got rid of, they must be blown back with grape and canister, because the attacking party have all the universe behind them, the defence only that small part which is shut up in their walls' And he felt most strongly at this time that hard fighting was needed . The memorials of his many controversies lie about in the periodicals of that time, and any one who cares to hunt them up will be well repaid, and struck with the vigour of the defence, and still more with the complete change in public opinion which has brought the England of to-day clean round to the side of Parson Lot. ."*

Among his contributions to "Politics for the People" were the first three of a projected series on the National Gallery and the British Museum from which we have only space to quote a few sentences.

* Biographical Preface to "Alton Locke." (Macmillan & Co.)

"Picture-galleries should be the workman's paradise, a garden of pleasure, to which he goes to refresh his eyes and heart with beautiful shapes and sweet colouring, when they are wearied with dull bricks and mortar, and the ugly colourless things which fill the workshop and the factory. For, believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never *thought* at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing, by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance . . Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes *Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful* Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it *Him*, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing Therefore I said that picture-galleries should be the townsman's paradise of refreshment Of course, if he can get the real air, the real trees, even for an hour, let him take it in God's name; but how many a man who cannot spare time for a daily country walk, may well slip into the National Gallery, or any other collection of pictures, for ten minutes *That* garden, at least, flowers as gaily in winter as in summer Those noble faces on the wall are never disfigured by grief or passion There, in the space of a single room, the townsman may take his country walk—a walk beneath mountain peaks, blushing sunsets, with broad woodlands spreading out below it, a walk through green meadows, under cool mellow shades, and overhanging rocks, by rushing brooks, where he watches and watches till he seems to *hear* the foam whisper, and to *see* the fishes leap, and his hard-worn heart wanders out free, beyond the grim city-world of stone and iron, smoky chimneys, and roaring wheels, into the world of beautiful things—*the world which shall be hereafter*—ay, which shall be! Believe it, toil-worn worker, in spite of thy foul alley, thy crowded lodging, thy grimed clothing, thy ill-fed children, thy thin, pale wife—believe it, thou too, and thine, will some day have *your* share of beauty God made you love beautiful things only because He intends hereafter to give you your fill of them That pictured face on the wall is lovely, but lovelier still may the wife of thy bosom be when she meets thee on the resurrection morn! Those baby cherubs in the old Italian painting—how gracefully they flutter and sport among the soft clouds, full of rich young life and baby joy! Yes, beautiful, indeed, but just such a one at this very moment is that once pining, deformed child of thine, over whose death-cradle thou wast weeping a month ago, now a child-angel, whom thou shalt meet again never to part! Those landscapes, too, painted by loving, wise old Claude, two hundred years ago, are still as fresh as ever How still the meadows are! how pure and free that vault

of deep blue sky! No wonder that thy worn heart, as thou lookest, sighs aloud, 'Oh that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest' Ay, but gayer meadows and bluer skies await thee in the *world to come*—that fairy-land made real—'the new heavens and the new earth,' which God has prepared for the pure and the loving, the just and the brave, who have conquered in this sore fight of life! . . .

"I say pictures raise blessed thoughts in me—why not in you, my brothers? Your hearts are fresh, thoughtful, kindly; you only want to have these pictures explained to you, that you may know why and how they are beautiful, and what feelings they ought to stir in your minds; and therefore I wish, with your good will, to explain, one by one, in future numbers, some of the best pictures in the National Gallery, and the statues in the British Museum I shall begin by a portrait or two, they are simpler than large pictures, and they speak of real men and women who once lived on this earth of ours—generally of remarkable and noble men—and man should always be interesting to man *

The second article was on a portrait of Gian. Bellini's. The third, which was on the British Museum, seems now like an unconscious prophecy. When he wrote it many schemes were afloat in his own mind, which he lived to see carried out in the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1860, in the various local Industrial Exhibitions at Manchester and elsewhere, and in the throwing open of our cathedrals to the public. But he was before his age in these as in many other matters

As time went on, he had a sore battle to fight not only with his own heart, but with friends and relations, religious and worldly, who each and all from their own particular standpoint deprecated the line he took, and urged him to withdraw from this sympathy with "The People," which must necessarily, they thought, injure his prospects in life "But," he writes to his wife,

" . I will not be a liar. I will speak in season and out of season . . I will not take counsel with flesh and blood, and flatter myself into the dream that while every man on earth, back to Abel, who ever tried to testify against the world, has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best, and understood best, I alone am to escape My path is clear, and I will follow in it. He who died for me, and who gave me you, shall I not trust Him, through whatsoever new and strange paths He may lead me? "

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"Many thanks for your kind letter," he writes to Mr Ludlow,

* These articles are reprinted in full in "True Words for Brave Men." —(Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co).

who had announced to him his rejection at King's College, "which gave me the first intimation of my defeat . . . All I hope is," he adds, "that we shall be bold—'draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard' I think I have counted the cost, and I have more to lose in many ways than any one of us almost And therefore, lest I should turn coward, I want to put myself whence there will be no retreat That myth of old Von Trong Hagen, dashing the boat in pieces by which the Nibelungen crossed the Danube, is great and true Let the unreturning ferry-boat perish. Let us forward. God leads us, though blind. Shall we be afraid to follow? I do not see my way; I do not care to; but I know that He sees His way, and that I see Him, and I cannot believe that in spite of all one's sins He will forget His gracious promises. 'They had an eye unto Him and were lightened, they that put their trust in Him shall not be ashamed' No, Ludlow—out, out on the wide weltering ocean of thought Let us be sure that He will never leave us nor forsake us, however sorely battered, however cowardly we may long to turn, till we have showed His strength unto this generation, and His power to all those who are yet for to come What if we are—no better than I am! His strength shall be made perfect in our weakness, and He will have all the glory to Him elf—as He ought. I will bring you up a Game-law ballad or two, and will work the end of the week at a National Gallery Article, and a Letter to the Chartists At present I am grinding for Queen's College Pray, let us try and see what sort of a definite tone we can influence people towards taking at our meetings. We must be more definite and practical; we must let the people see more what we do hold. We must thus gain their sympathy, before we begin scolding .'

[TO THE SAME] *July*, 1848.—You take a strange way to frighten a man off from novel-writing, by telling him that he may become the greatest novelist of the age. If your good opinion of me was true, I should have less fear for myself, for a man could not become that in this wonderful era, without having ideas and longings which would force him to become something far better than a novelist; but for myself, chaotic, piecemeal, passionate, "lâchemar" as I am, I have fears as great as your own. I know the miserable, peevish, lazy, conceited, faithless, prayerless wretch I am, but I know this, too, that One is guiding me, and driving me when I will not be guided, who will make me, and has made me, go His way and do His work, by fair means or by foul He set me on writing this 'novel' (Yeast). He has taught me things about the heart of fast sporting men, and about the condition of the poor, and our duty to them, which I have no doubt He has taught many more, but He has not set any one else to speak about them in the way in which I am speaking He has given me a certain artistic knack of utterance (nothing but a knack), but He has done more He has made the "Word of the Lord like fire within my bones," giving me no peace till I have spoken out I know I may

seem presumptuous—to myself most of all, because I know best the "liar to my own idea" which I am I know that He has made me a parish priest, and that that is the duty which lies nearest me, and that I may seem to be leaving my calling in novel-writing But has He not taught me all these very things by my parish-priest life? Did He, too, let me become a strong, daring, sporting wild man-of-the-woods for nothing? Surely the education which He has given me, so different from that which authors generally receive, points out to me a peculiar calling to preach on these points, from my own experience. . Therefore I must believe "Se tu segui la tua stella" with Dante, that He who ordained my star will not lead me *into* temptation, but *through* it, as Maurice says Without Him all places and methods of life are equally dangerous—with Him, all equally safe Pray for me, for in myself I am weaker of purpose than a lost greyhound, lazier than a dog in rainy weather. . . When this is done I must set to and read. The symbolism of nature and the meaning of history must be my studies. Believe me I long for that day—The pangs of intellectual labour, the burden of spiritual pregnancy, are not pleasant things A man cannot write in the fear of God without running against the devil at every step. He cannot sit down to speak the truth without disturbing in his own soul a hornet swarm of lies Your hack-writer of no creed, your bigot Polyphemus, whose one eye just helps him to see to eat men, they do not understand this, their pens run on joyful and light of heart. But no more talk about myself . .

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[TO THE SAME] "Many, many thanks for charming letters; especially one about the river at night. That I have seen As a companion, just see the Hungerford Suspension Bridge in a fog; standing on the steamboat pier, the further shore invisible, with two vast lines, the catenary and its tangent line, stretching away as if self-supported, into infinite space; a sort of Jacob's Ladder, one end on earth and one in heaven. It makes one feel very small. so for that matter, do the lines of rail in looking along a vast sweep of railway. There is an awful waiting look about them: a silent forbidden desert to all the world, except the one moment when their demon bridegrooms shall rush roaring over them on the path which none but they must go Does this seem real? It is because the thought is so unspeakable. I wonder whether, in the future ages, men will ever fall down and worship steam-engines, as the Caribs did Columbus's ships Why not? Men have worshipped stone men and women; why not line iron? Fancy it!"

In the summer he made an expedition with Mr Maurice to Croyland Abbey, near Peterborough, which gave him many inspirations for his story of "Hereward" His letters to his little daughter at this time are full of poetry, sketches, and natural history. We give one specimen.

MY DARLING MISS ROSE—"I am writing in such a curious

place A mill where they grind corn and bones, and such a funny little room in it full of stuffed birds. And there is a flamingo, such a funny red bird, as big as Miss Rose, with long legs and a long neck, and sharks' jaws, and an armadillo all over great scales. And now I will tell you about the stork. He is called Peter, and here is a picture of him See what long legs he has, and a white body and black wings, and he catches all the frogs and snails, and eats them, and when he is cross, he opens his long bill, and makes such a horrible clattering like a rattle And he comes to the window at tea time, to eat bread and butter, and he is so greedy, and he gobbled down a great pinch of snuff out of Daddy's box, and he was so sick, and we all laughed at him, for being so foolish and greedy And do you know there are such curious frogs here that people eat, and there were never any found in England before Mr Thurnall found them, and he sent them to the British Museum, and the wise men were so pleased, and sent him leave to go to the British Museum and see all the wonderful things whenever he liked And he has got such beautiful butterflies in boxes, and whole cupboards full of birds' eggs, and a river full of beautiful fish And Daddy went fishing yesterday, and caught an immense trout, very nearly four pounds weight, and he raged and ran about in the river so long, and Daddy was quite tired before he could get him out And to-day Daddy is going back to Cambridge to get a letter from his dear home. And do you know when Mr Thurnall saw me drawing the stork, he gave me a real live stork of my own to bring home to Miss Rose, and we will put him in the kitchen garden to run about—what fun! And to-morrow Daddy is going to see the beautiful pictures at the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the next day he is going to fish, and the next day, perhaps, he is coming home to his darlings at Eversley Rectory, for he does not know what to do without them . . How happy Miss Rose must be with her dear mother. She must say, 'thank God for giving me such a darling mother!' Kiss her and baby Maurice for me. And now good-bye, and I will bring you home the stork Your own Daddy, "CHARLES KINGSLEY."

He made acquaintance this year with Mr Thomas Cooper, the Chartist author, to whom he writes

EVERSLEY, *June* 19, 1848—"Ever since I read your brilliant poem, 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' and its most affecting preface, I have been possessed by a desire to thrust myself, at all risks, into your acquaintance The risk which I felt keenly, was the fear that you might distrust me, as a clergyman . . . Still, I thought, the poetic spirit ought to be a bond of communion between us. Shall God make us brother poets, as well as brother men, and we refuse to fraternise? I thought also that you, if you have a poet's heart, as well as the poet's brain which you have manifested, ought to be more able than other men to appreciate and sympathise with my feelings towards

'the working classes' You can understand why I held back—from shame—a false shame, perhaps, lest you should fancy me a hypocrite. But my mind was made up, when I found an attack in the 'Commonwealth,' on certain papers which I had published in the 'Politics of the People,' under the name of Parson Lot . . . It seemed to me to be intolerable to be so misunderstood It had been long intolerable to me, to be regarded as an object of distrust and aversion by thousands of my countrymen, my equals in privilege, and too often, alas ! far my superiors in worth, just because I was a clergyman, the very office which *ought* to have testified above all others, for liberty, equality, brotherhood, for time and eternity. I felt myself bound, then, to write to you, to see if among the nobler spirits of the working classes I could not make one friend who would understand me My ancestors fought in Cromwell's army, and left all for the sake of God and liberty, among the pilgrim fathers; and here were men accusing me of 'mediæval tyranny.' I would shed the last drop of my life blood for the social and political emancipation of the people of England, as God is my witness; and here are the very men for whom I would die, fancying me an 'aristocrat' It is not enough for me that they are mistaken in me I want to work with them I want to realise my brotherhood with them I want some one like yourself, intimately acquainted with the mind of the working classes, to give me such an insight into their life and thoughts, as may enable me to consecrate my powers effectually to their service. For them I have lived for several years I come to you to ask you if you can tell me how to live more completely for them. If you distrust and reject my overtures, I shall not be astonished—pained I shall be—and you must know as well as I, that there is no bitterer pain than to be called a rogue because you are honester than your neighbours, and a time-server, because you have intellect enough to see both sides of a question If you will allow me to call on you, you will very much oblige me. I send you my poem as something of a 'sample' At first sight it may seem to hanker after feudalism and the middle age I trust to you to see a deeper and somewhat more democratic moral in it "

To a friend with whom he had discussed social questions he writes on a subject very near his heart

"The extreme importance which I attach to the Marriage question, compels me to inflict a long letter on you, hoping that it may if not convince, at least shake you in your present view—perhaps, by God's blessing, be one stepping-stone for you towards that higher and spiritual view of marriage, the path to which is very often earnest doubt, like yours, of that vulgar and carnal conception of it which is common, in this sense-bound world

"Man is a sexual animal. Sense tells us this, independent of Scripture, and Scripture confirms it—'male and female created He them,' and again, 'Be fruitful and multiply' were said of man

in Paradise. The notion that marriage was not instituted till after the Fall is a private gloss, flatly contradicted by Gen. i. 28, and Adam's speech, Gen. ii. 24; *and, above all, the use of the word* 'wife' before the Fall proves it. I must protest, in the name of all criticism and logic, against supposing that the word wife has an utterly different meaning in the first three chapters of Genesis to what it has in the rest of the Bible and in the whole world to this day, especially when those three chapters describe the institution of wives. Admit such a mode of interpretation and Scripture may be made (as among the Romish theologians) to mean anything or nothing, at the reader's will . . . . Man is not a mere animal—he is *the* spirit animal; a spirit manifesting itself in an animal form, as the heathens themselves hold. Now the law of the universe is, that spirit shall rule and matter obey, and this law has two poles; 1st, That spirit shall control, and matter be controlled: 2nd, That spirit shall will, and matter express that will. For the true ideal of rule is, where the subject is not merely restrained by his king, but fulfils the will of his king. In the earlier ages of Christianity the first pole only was perceived; the gross sensuality of the heathen world shut everything from the eyes of the fathers but the fact that it was by his fleshly lusts that man enacted most of his sins.

"It was, I think, a part of Christ's guidance that they did see nothing else; that their whole energies were directed to preaching the great message, 'Ye are not beasts, but immortal souls—not the slaves of flesh and matter, but the lords of your flesh, servants only of God.' Till this message had been fully believed, *no art or chivalry was allowed to rise in the Church.* It was better that man should think marriage, eating, and drinking, and humanity itself unclean, than make them unclean by a mere animal return to the brutality from which they had been raised. Thus Christ, in every age of the Church, for the sake of enabling our piecemeal and partial minds to bring out one particular truth, seems to permit of our pushing it into error, by not binding it with its correlative; *e.g.*, state authority *v.* ecclesiastical authority, and Free Will *v.* Predestination.

"In fulness of time God raised up Christian art, chivalry, and woman-worship as witnesses for the other pole, *i.e.*, that spirit had nobler relations to flesh and matter, and a nobler duty to fulfil with regard to it. As the flesh was not meant merely to be the slave of the spirit, it was meant to be its symbol—its outward expression. In this day only can we reconcile the contradiction by which both Scripture and common sense talk of our bodies as at once *not us*, and *yet us*. They are not we, but our earthly tabernacles, in as far as they are aggregated gas and salts, &c., while we are each of us one and eternal. They are we, in as far as they are infallibly, in every lineament and gesture, the expressions of our inward and spiritual state . . . . 'In the beginning God created them male and female.' This, when taken with the context, can only be explained to mean—a woman for each man, and a man for each woman. This binary law of man's being, the want of a

complementum, a 'help meet,' without whom it is not good for him to be, and joined to whom they two became one being of a higher organisation than either had alone—this binary or monogamic law has been gradually developing itself in the history of man, the heathen, when purest, felt that his ideal. The Bible itself sets forth its gradual rise from inter-marriage with sisters, concubinage, polygamy, up to our Lord's assertion of the original ideal of marriage, the one husband and one wife. And St Paul, without forbidding polygamy, puts monogamy on such a ground that the whole Church has instinctively felt that as long as Ephesians v. stood in Scripture, polygamy was a base and fearful fall for any Christian man. This development of monogamy, as the only ideal of man, is going on now; one may see it in the increasing dislike to second marriages, for the very opposite reason to the old Romish dislike to them. Lovers of high minds now shrink from them, because marriage is so spiritual and timeless—so pure and mysterious—an Eternal union, which once solemnised with the loved one can be transferred to no other—which death cannot part God forbid, however, that any Church should break gospel liberty by forbidding second marriages. . .

"This brings me to your objection, that if this were true it were a sin not to marry To this I answer, that were it false, it were a sin to marry, in all who knew celibacy to be the higher state, because it is a sin to choose a lower state, without having first striven to the very uttermost for the higher. And it is a sin to disbelieve that God's grace will be vouchsafed in answer to prayer and earnest struggles to preserve that state, as I think the biographies of pious monks and nuns fully show They by a vow, which they believed binding, had made it sinful for them to marry, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin, they, therefore, prayed for grace to avoid that which in them would have been sin, and they obtained it Were I a Romanist, I should look on a continuance in the state of wedlock as a bitter degradation to myself and my wife But a better answer to your objection is, that, as I said before, man is a spirit-animal, and in communion with God's spirit has a right to believe that his affections are under that spirit's guidance, and that when he finds in himself such an affection to any single woman as true married lovers describe theirs to be, he is bound (duty to parents and country allowing) to give himself up to his love in child-like simplicity and self-abandonment, and, at the same time, with solemn awe and self-humiliation at being thus re-admitted into the very garden of the Lord:

> 'The Eden, where the Spirit and the flesh
> Are one again, and new-born souls walk free,
> And name in mystic language all things new,
> Naked and not ashamed' —(*Saints' Tragedy*.)

With fear and trembling, 'putting his shoes from off his feet,' for the place whereon he stands is holy ground, even as the ineffable symbol of the highest of all unions (Eph v 25-29)—with

fear and trembling, lest he forget the meaning of the glorious mystery . . .

"But if a man,—as men have done, as I must believe St Paul did, when I read Ephesians v. and 1 Timothy iii. 2—says to himself, 'I know marriage is the highest, because the most symbolic of all human states; but it is not for me. I have a great work to do—a peculiar vocation, which lies in a quite opposite direction to the duties of citizen and husband, and I must bear that cross. God has refused to let me love woman; and even hereafter, if I shall love, I must turn away from the fulfilment of that love in *Time*, trusting to my Heavenly Father to give us some deeper and more ineffable union with each other in those glories unknown, which He has prepared for those who love Him. At all events, the work which He has given me must be done; and, as a married man, I cannot do my work, peculiar as it is.' I believe that he who should so embrace celibacy, would deserve all names of honour which men could heap on him, just because the sacrifice is so great—just because he gives up a present and manifest honour and blessing—his rights as man made in God's image—committing himself to God to repay him But what has this to do with mere selfish safety and easy saving of one's own soul?

"The highest state I define as that state, through and in which men can know most of God, and work most for God. and this I assert to be the marriage state. He can know most of God, because it is through those family ties, and by those family names that God reveals Himself to man, and reveals man's relations to Him Fully to understand the meaning of 'a Father in Heaven' we must be fathers ourselves; to know how Christ loved the Church, we must have wives to love, and love them; else why has God used those relations as symbols of the highest mysteries which we (on the Romish theory) are the more saintly the less we experience of them? And it is a historic fact, that just the theologic ideas which a celibate priesthood have been unable to realise in their teaching, are those of the Father in Heaven—the Husband in Heaven Their distortion of the last great truth requires a letter to itself. I will only now add an entreaty that you will forgive me if I have seemed too dogmatic. But God has showed me these things in an eventful and blissful marriage history, and woe to me if I preach them not ."

Some words of his written thirty years later, in which he defines a "noble fear" as one of the elements of that lofty and spiritual love which ruled his own daily life, may explain why he speaks above of entering the married state with "solemn awe and self-humiliation," and why he looked upon such married Love as the noblest education a man's character could have.

"Can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan 'My dear dread' express the noblest voluntary

relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes. but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear which bridles and guides the lover with awe—even though misplaced—of the beloved one's perfections; with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say, or do, or even think an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are—as they usually are—not merely formidable, but tender, likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded—both to themselves, and to those that worship them . ."

CHAPTER VII

1849.

AGED 30.

Illness—Winter in Devonshire—Decides on taking Pupils—Correspondence—Visit to London—Social Questions—Fever at Eversley—Renewed Illness—Returns to Devonshire—Cholera in England—Sanitary Work in London—Influence on Young Men

> Passion or "sensation" I am not afraid of the word, still less of the thing You have heard many cries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more The ennobling difference between one man and another—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, IT IS good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion
>
> RUSKIN.

DURING the autumn of 1848, his first prose work "Yeast" had been coming out monthly in *Fraser's Magazine.* It was written with his heart's blood After busy days in the parish he would sit down and work at it deep into the night. Brain and nerves were continually on the stretch; and one Sunday evening after his two Church services had been got through with difficulty, he broke down utterly. His medical man, alarmed at his weakness, ordered complete change and rest, and he left Eversley and moved with his family into Devonshire.

The winter of 1849 was spent at Ilfracombe, where Mr Maurice with other friends came to visit him, and all went away depressed at seeing the utter exhaustion, mental and

bodily, of one who had been the life and soul of their band of workers in 1848

"Not as of old, like Homeric Achilles κύδει γαίων,
Joyous knight errant of God, thirsting for labour and strife,
No more on magical steed borne free through the regions of ether,

. . . . .

Fruit-bearing autumn is gone; let the sad, quiet winter hang o'er me—

. . . .

Blossoms would fret me with beauty, my heart has no time to bepraise them,
Grey rock, bough, surge, cloud, waken no yearning within
Sing not, thou skylark above! .
Scream on, ye sea fowl! my heart echoes your desolate cry.
Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the shell and the sea-weed,
Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the pitiless tide"*

. . .

For months he could do nothing but wander on the sea-shore with his wife and babies collecting shells and zoophytes, while dreaming over "The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet," which in the autumn was to develop into "Alton Locke" His health obliged him to resign his Professorship at Queen's College, London, where he had given one course of lectures on Early English Literature. His resignation was received with deep regret. One of his audience who had a right to speak with authority said of his Introductory Lecture.† "I would give a great deal to have it in print, for a constant reminder to his class I never heard the sacred character of *utterance* so finely stated, unless in a passage or two of Milton's Prose Works To have young ladies called from the little niceties of style, to so broad and noble a view is to me the greatest privilege, and I truly thank God that I have lived to see women so taught." After resigning his post he writes to his successor.

"I left off before the Conquest My next lecture would have been on Edward the Confessor—the difference between a good man and a good king—like him and Louis XVI—the rotting of the Anglo-Saxon system .

"Go your own way; what do girls want with a 'course of literature?' Your business and that of all teachers is, not to cram them with things, but to teach them how to read for themselves A single half century known thoroughly, as you are teaching, will give them canons and inductive habits of thought, whereby to judge all future centuries We want to train—not cupboards full of 'information' (vile misnomer), but real informed women

* Elegiacs Poems, p 217

† This lecture is now reprinted in "Literary and General Essays"—(Macmillan.)

I read out some Cædmon—no Ælfric—I think some Beowulf—but I should counsel you to let that be (as I gave them the Athelstan Ballad, and some of Alfred's, &c) Give them a lecture on the rise of our Norse forefathers—give them something from the Voluspa and Edda. Show them the peculiar wild, mournful, gigantic, objective imagination of the men, and its marriage with the Saxon subjectivity (as I fancy) to produce a Ballad school Remember two things. The Norse are the great *creators*, all through—and all the ballads came from the North of England and Lowlands of Scotland, *i.e.*, from half Norse blood ."

The expenses of illness had now to be met, and he consulted his friends, about taking pupils. But so strong a prejudice had been created against him by his writings, that notwithstanding their efforts, no pupil was forthcoming till the following year, when Mr R. Martineau ventured to place his son with him. The following letter to Mr Alexander Scott shows the plan of teaching Mr Kingsley proposed

"Will you excuse another word about pupils? I am not going to talk of what I *can* teach But what I should try to teach, would be principally physical science, history, English literature, and modern languages. In my eyes the question is not what to teach, but how to educate, how to train not scholars, but men, bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous If I can succeed in doing that, I shall do what no salary can repay—and what is not generally done, or expected to be done, by private tutors . . "

To his father, who had provided for his duty at Eversley, he writes.

[ILFRACOMBE] *April Fool's Day*, 1849—"Many thanks for all your great kindness; I should be now like Batsy Bannett, 'the mazed woman teu Morte that picketh shalls,' if it had not been for all your care of my few sheep in the wilderness I now am better than I have been at all, I may say. A tremendous gale of wind has acted on me exactly like champagne and cathedral organs in one, and restored my (what you would call nervous) what I call magnetic tone. I am quite ashamed of amusing myself here while you are toiling for me; but being here, I will not do things by halves, and am leading a truly hoggish life—viz: 18 hours sleeping, 4 hours eating, 2 hours walking, 0 hours reading—24, which you will allow is a change in my dietetics. Mansfield and I go geologizing and shell-picking I went to Morte yesterday, and found, as indeed I do of all this country, that my old childish recollection had painted it, not as usual, larger and more striking than the actuality, but smaller I find that I was not, as a boy of ten, capable of taking in the grandeur of the scenery here, and that I had brought away only as much of it as I could hold Every hill (and this strikes me much), except perhaps little Capstone, is much higher and grander than I thought I feel the change from Hamp-

shire very much—the world seems turned upside down. I get a strange swimming in the wits now and then, at seeing farm-houses under my feet, and cows feeding like so many flies against a wall. It is the strange position of well-known objects, and not the height, which upsets me. I find my climbing head surer than ever, and can placidly look over the awful gulf of Hillsborough as if it were a six-foot wall We have had some glorious climbs already, which have put new life into me In fact, were I to return to work to-morrow, the journey would, so far, have cured me—the very sight of the hills round Barnstaple was enough. What a mysterious curse-blessing is this same 'Heimweh,' this intense love of one's own country, which makes it seem pleasanter to lie down here and die, than to live anywhere else on earth It is a righteous and a God given feeling, and one which, as Carlyle says, distinguishes man from the ape—that local attachment, root of all true patriotism, valour, civilization Woe to those who fancy it fine to turn cosmopolite, and by becoming 'citizens of the world,' lose the very idea of citizenship for the sake of doing what a navigator's dog or a gipsy's donkey can do a great deal better Pray tell me how to get shells, and pray don't say that 'Yeast' is written by me I shall be able to do better with it by remaining incog I have found the most wonderful beasts on the rocks you can imagine. Comatula rosea, bred between the star-fish, a coralline, and an encrinite,—animal, vegetable, and mineral, which start as stone-flowers, and then break off their stalk, and go about with legs and arms, and the beauty in shape and colour is wonderful. I enclose a drawing"

The spring was spent at Lynmouth, and during a few days' visit to his beloved Clovelly, he writes to his wife

"Only a few lines, for the post starts before breakfast. We got here all safe I cannot believe my eyes. the same place, the pavement, the same dear old smells, the dear old handsome loving faces again It is as if I was a little boy again, or the place had stood still while all the world had been rushing and rumbling on past it, and then I suddenly recollect your face, and those two darlings on the pier, and it is no dream, *this* is the dream, and I am your husband, what have I not to thank God for! I have been thanking Him, but where can I stop! We talk of sailing home again, as cheapest and pleasantest Kiss the children for me "

Before resuming work again at Eversley, he took up the old thread by attending some workmen's meetings in London, and he writes to his wife

" I have worlds to tell you. I breakfasted with Bunsen, such a divine-looking man, and so kind Met F Newman last night I had a long and interesting talk with Froude . . Went with Ludlow to Lincoln's-inn Chapel on Sunday afternoon—a noble sight Maurice's head looked like some great, awful

Giorgione portrait in the pulpit It was very pleasant, to have so many kind greetings there from old co-operative friends To-night for the meeting They expect to muster between one and two hundred I am just going to Deptford to put Mary T. (an Eversley girl) on board an emigrant ship Long and most interesting talk with Mons C, a complete Red Republican and Fourierist, who says nothing but Christianity can save France or the world. London is perfectly *horrible*. To you alone I look for help and advice—God and you—else I think at times I should cry myself to death . . . There is a great Tailor's meeting on Friday. The women shoe-makers are not set up yet. My Village sermons are being lent from man to man among the South London Chartists, at such a pace that C can't get them back again, the Manchester men stole his copy of the 'Saint's Tragedy' . . I have just been to see Carlyle . ."

June 12—"Last night will never be forgotten by many, many men Maurice was—I cannot describe it. Chartists told me this morning that many were affected even to tears The man was inspired—gigantic. No one commented on what he said He stunned us! I will tell you all when I can collect myself . This morning I breakfasted with Dr Guy, and went with him Tailor hunting, very satisfactory as yet. . . . Yesterday afternoon with Professor Owen at the College of Surgeons, where I saw unspeakable things I am afraid I must stay up till Thursday. I cannot get through my work else Kiss our babes for me "

He now settled at Eversley again, and threw himself into the full tide of parish work. The summer of 1849 was unhealthy, cholera was brooding over England, and a bad low fever broke out at Eversley, which gave him incessant work and anxiety. The parishioners got frightened, so that it was difficult to get nurses for the sick, and he was with them at all hours After sitting up a whole night by the bedside of a poor labourer's wife, and mother of a large family, that he might himself give the nourishment every half-hour on which her life depended, he once more broke down. London doctors advised a long sea voyage, but he went to Devonshire again, hoping that a month's quiet and idleness would restore him From thence he writes to his wife at Eversley:

APPLEDORE *August* 10—"Here I am A delicious passage down . . I feel myself already much better The rich, hot, balmy air, which comes in now through the open window, off Braunton Burrows, and the beautiful tide river, a mile wide, is like an 'Elixir of life' to me No night frosts here. It is as warm as day I expect a charming sail to-morrow, and to catch mackerel on the way. The coast down here looked more lovely than ever, the green fern and purple heather have enriched the colouring

since the spring; showers succeeded by gleams of sun, give a wonderful freshness and delicacy to all the tints Dear old Lynmouth and Ilfracombe, I loved them, because they seemed so full of recollections of you and the children "

CLOVELLY —" Safe settled at Mrs W 's lodgings I am going out fishing to-day in the bay, if there is wind , if not, butterfly hunting. I was in and out of all the houses last night, like a ferret in a rabbit burrow—all so kind I feel unjustifiably well, and often ask myself, What right have I to be here, while you are working at home? . My room is about 12 ft. square, on the first floor, a jessamine and a fuchsia running up the windows. In front, towers the wall of wood, oak, ash, and larch, as tender and green as if it were May and not August On the left, I see from my windows, piled below me, the tops of the nearest houses, and the narrow paved cranny of a street, vanishing downwards, stair below stair , and then above all, up in the sky it seems, from the great height at which I am, the glorious blue bay, with its red and purple cliffs,—the Sand-Bar, and Braunton, the hills towards Ilfracombe, and Exmoor like a great black wall above all The bay is now curling and writhing in white horses under a smoking south-wester, which promises a blessing, as it will drive the mackerel off the Welsh shore, where they now are in countless millions, into our bay , and then for fun and food for me and the poor fellows here.

" We had a charming trip yesterday to Lundy , started at six, and were five hours going over—the wind being very light , but we went along very pleasantly to a continued succession of Wesleyan hymns, sung in parts most sweetly (every one sings here, and sings in tune, and well) I saw the old Pirate Moresco's Castle on the cliff—the awful granite cliffs on the west, with their peaks and chasms lined with sea fowl—the colouring wonderful—pink grey granite, with bright yellow lichen spots, purple heather, and fern of a peculiar dark glowing green. You wanted no trees ; the beauty of their rich forms and simple green was quite replaced by the gorgeous brilliance of the hues And beyond and around all, the illimitable Atlantic—not green—but an intense sapphirine black-hue, such as it never is inshore ; and so clear, that every rock and patch of sea-weed showed plain four hundred feet below us, through the purple veil of water Then I went back to the landing cove, where shoals of mackerel were breaking up with a roar, like the voice of many waters , the cove like glass , and one huge seal rolling his black head and shoulders about in the deep water—a sight to remember for ever. Oh, that I had been a painter for that day at least ! And coming away, as the sun set behind the island, great flame-coloured sheets of rack flared up into the black sky from off the black line of the island top , and when the sun set the hymns began again, and we slipped on home, while every ripple of the cutter's bow fell down, and ran along the

surface in flakes and sparkles of emerald fire; and then the breeze died, and we crawled under our own huge cliffs, through a *fiery sea*, among the dusky herring boats, for whom and their nets we had to keep strict watch, and landed, still through fire, at half-past two in the morning We had to land on the boulder stones, which average a yard high, covered with slippery sea-weed at dead low water. How we got up I don't know yet. The rocks seemed endless . . . but I did not tire myself too much to write a line to you before I got to bed, and slept till 11 A M I send you a little bit of dwarf centaury off the cliff above the Seal Caves, as a token What am I to do with eight sketches of Hero and Leander, which I have been finishing very carefully? This place is perfect.—The air like a hot scented air-bath. But it all seems a dream, unreal as well as imperfect, without you . . Kiss the darling children for me How I long after them and their prattle. I delight in all the little ones in the street for their sake, and continually I start and fancy I hear their voices outside You do not know how I love them; nor did I hardly till I came here After all, absence quickens love into consciousness. . "

CLOVELLY: *August* 16—" If I tell you that I am happy outwardly, you must not suppose that I am not just as lonely as you at heart. . . . All the pleasure of perfect rest, and I am in perfect rest, and in a new-old and lovely place, does not take off the edge of my solitude Already I feel it—how much more a month hence! . . The weather has been too stormy for trawling, but I have got a few nice shells . And I sit on the window seat and watch the wonderful colouring of the bay spread like a map below me, and just think of nothing but—home To-day I am going out in one of the large herring boats; and the herrings and mackerel are coming in Tell Rose I will write her a letter, and thank her very much for hers . Saturday I start. I am quite in spirits at the notion of the Moor. It will give me continual excitement; it is quite new to me—and I am well enough now to walk in moderation I am doing you a set more drawings—still better I hope 'The Artist's Wife,' seven or eight sketches of Claude Mellot and Sabina, two of my most darling ideals, with a scrap of conversation annexed to each, just embodying my dreams about married love and its relation to art. . . "

August 17.—"I am doing nothing," he writes to Mr Ludlow, "but fish, sail, chat with old sailor and Wesleyan cronies, and read, by way of a nice mixture, Rabelais, Pierre Leroux on Christianity and Democracy, and Ruskin The second is indeed a blessed dawn The third, a noble, manful, godly book, a blessed dawn too; but I cannot talk about them; I am as stupid as a porpoise, and I lie in the window, and smoke and watch the glorious cloud-phantasmagoria, infinite in colour and form, crawling across the vast bay and deep woods below, and draw little sketches of figures, and do not even dream, much less think. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being

without the beloved being, whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar . Fools ! ."

[To his Wife.] "Here I am at Chagford in a beautiful old mullioned and gabled 'perpendicular' inn—granite and syenite everywhere—my windows looking out on the old churchyard, and beyond, a wilderness of lovely hills and woods—two miles from the Moor—fresh air and health everywhere. I went up into the Moor yesterday, and killed a dish of fish. Stay here for three days, and then move to Holne. Then home ! home ! home ! how I thirst for it"

September 4.—"Starting out to fish down to Drew's Teignton—the old Druids' sacred place, to see Logan stones and cromlechs. Yesterday was the most charming *solitary* day I ever spent in my life—scenery more lovely than tongue can tell. It brought out of me the following bit of poetry, with many happy tears.

"I cannot tell what ye say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

"I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

"I cannot tell what ye say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know in you too, a spirit doth live,
And a word in you this day.

"*The Word's Answer.*

"Oh, rose is the colour of love and youth,
And green is the colour of faith and truth,
And brown of the fruitful clay
The earth is fruitful, and faithful, and young,
And her bridal morn shall rise ere long
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams,
And the laughing green-woods say !"

Two Bridges.—"Got on the Teign about three miles up, and tracked it into the Moor. About two miles in the Moor I found myself to my delight in the ruins of an old British town, as yet, I fancy, unknown The circular town wall, circular gardens, circular granite huts, about twenty feet in diameter, all traceable. All round was peat-bog, indicating the site of ancient forests. For you must know that of old Dart Moor was a forest—its valleys filled with alder and hazel, its hill-sides clothed with birch, oak, and 'care,' mountain ash But these, like the Irish, were destroyed

to drive out the Cymry, and also dwindled of their own accord, having exhausted the soil; and, moreover, the scrub, furze, and heather which succeeded them, have been periodically burnt down for centuries, that grass for cattle may spring up. So that the hills now are covered with coarse pasture, on a peat soil, which wraps the hills round, and buries the granite rocks, and softens all the outlines till the Moor looks like an enormous alternation of chalk downs and peat bogs, only that the downs are strewn with huge granite stones and capped with 'tors,' which cannot be described—only seen. I sketched two or three this afternoon for you. Well, I got to Teign head—through a boggy glen. Out of the river banks, which were deep peat, I got a piece of fossil birch bark for you. Then I climbed a vast anticlinal ridge, and seeing a great tor close by, I could not resist the temptation, and went up. Oh! what a scene! a sea of mountains all round, and in the far east wooded glens, fertile meadows, twenty miles off—far—far below; and here and there through the rich country some spur of granite hill peeped up, each with its tor, like a huge ruined castle, on the top. Then, in the midst of a bog, on the top of the hill, I came on two splendid Druid circles, 'the grey wethers,' as I afterwards found out, five and thirty yards in diameter—stones about five feet above the bog—perhaps more still below it—evidently a sun temple in the heart of a great oak forest, now gone. I traced the bog round for miles, and the place was just one to be holy, being, I suppose, one of the loftiest woods in the Moor. After that, all was down, down, down, over the lawn and through deep gorges, to the East Dart. At Port Bridge, I meant to sleep, but found myself so lively that I walked on the four miles to this place—twenty miles about, of rough mountain, and got in as fresh as a bird. The day was burning bright, so I only killed a dozen or so of fish. Every valley has its beautiful clear stream, with myriad fish among great granite boulders. To-day I walked over to Cherry Brook, the best fishing on the moor. Then, I sallied to Wistmen's (Wisemen's) wood—the last remaining scrap of primeval forest. But I shall write all night to tell you all I saw and felt. I send you an oak leaf from the holy trees, and a bit of moss from them—as many mosses as leaves—poor old Britons! The grey moss is from the ruins of an old Cymry house near by—a Druid may have lived in it! The whortle berry is from the top of a wonderful rock three miles on, which I have sketched. Oh! such a place! I climbed to the top. I was alone with God and the hills—the Dart winding down a thousand feet below—I could only pray. And I felt impelled to kneel on the top of the rock—it seemed the only true state to be in in any place so primeval—so awful—which made one feel so indescribably little and puny. And I did pray—and the Lord's Prayer too—it seemed the only thing to express one's heart in. But I will tell you all at home! . . . It is an infinite relief and rest to me to have seen even some little of the Moor. I was always from a child longing for it, and now,

thank God, that is fulfilled To-morrow I walk to Holne by Cator's Beam, *i e*, over the highest mountain on the South Moor, from which all the South Devon streams rise Sunday I spend at Holne, and Thursday home! It seems—sometimes a day, sometimes a year since I saw you I shall bring you home several drawings and sketches, both of figures and of the Moor scenery. Kiss the darling babes for me. . ."

And now he returned home to fresh labours. He began a Sunday evening service in a cottage a mile from the church, which was crowded "Alton Locke" was gradually getting into shape His reviews in *Fraser's Magazine*, principally on modern Poetry and Novels, helped him to pay a curate. Cholera was in England, and Sanitary matters absorbed him more and more. He worked in London and the country in the crusade against dirt and bad drainage. The terrible revelations of the state of the Water Supply in London saddened and sickened him, and with indefatigable industry he got up statistics from Blue Books, Reports, and his own observations, for an article on the subject. "We doctors," said an eminent London physician, "all knew well your noble husband's labours in the cause of Public Health, when it was too little thought of by Statesmen *He* led the way . . ."

"It was this sense," said Dean Stanley in his funeral sermon, "that he was a thorough Englishmen, one of yourselves, working, toiling, feeling with you, that endeared him to you Artisans and working men of London, you know how he desired, with a passionate desire, that you should have pure air, pure water, habitable dwellings, that you should be able to share the courtesies, the refinements, the elevation of citizens, and of Englishmen"

[TO HIS WIFE] LONDON, *Oct* 24.—"I was yesterday with W and M over the cholera districts of Bermondsey, and, oh, God! what I saw! people having no water to drink—hundreds of them —but the water of the common sewer which stagnated full of . . dead fish, cats and dogs, under their windows At the time the cholera was raging, Walsh saw them throwing untold horrors into the ditch, and then dipping out the water and drinking it!! And mind, these are not dirty, debauched Irish, but honest hard working artizans It is most pathetic, as W says, it makes him literally cry—to see the poor souls' struggle for cleanliness, to see how they scrub and polish their little scrap of pavement, and then to go through the house and see '*society*' leaving at the back poisons and filth—such as would drive a lady mad, I think, with disgust in twenty-four hours Oh, that I had the tongue of St James, to plead for those poor fellows! to tell what I saw myself, to stir up

some rich men to go and rescue them from the tyranny of the small shopkeeping landlords, who get their rents out of the flesh and blood of these men. Talk of the horrors of 'the middle passage.' Oh, that one-tenth part of the money which has been spent in increasing, by mistaken benevolence, the cruelties of the slave-trade, had been spent in buying up these nests of typhus, consumption, and cholera, and rebuilding them into habitations fit—I do not say for civilized Englishmen—that would be too much, but for hogs even! . Twenty pounds sent to us, just to start a water-cart, and send it round at once—at once--for the people are still in these horrors, would pay itself. I can find men who will work the thing—who will go and serve out the water with their own hands, rather than let it go on Pray, pray, stir people up, and God will reward you. Kiss my darlings for me. . .

"P S—Do not let them wait for committee meetings and investigations. While they will be maundering about 'vested interests,' and such like, the people are dying I start to-morrow for Oxford to see the Bishop about these Bermondsey horrors"

OXFORD—" I saw the Bishop (Wilberforce) Most satisfactory interview. I am more struck with him than with any man, except Bunsen, I have seen for a long time. . How I long for your dear face and voice. . "

To J. M LUDLOW, Esq, EVERSLEY: *November.*—"My friends, why tarry the wheels of your water-carts, why are your stand pipes truly *stand still* pipes? Why are you so confoundedly merciful and tender-hearted? Do you actually fancy that you can talk those landlords into repentance? Will men repent for being told? are men capable of repentance who will go on doing what they have been doing? and is their interest changed by the fact of your wanting them to lay on water? and do you trust the water company? You see they are trying to restrict, not to extend. You must go to the higher powers 1st To the Chairman of Bermondsey Improvement Commission Now, what is this Commission? By what authority does it pretend to act? If it is one of the New Local Commissions under the Health of Towns Act it can serve nuisance notices, and make people obey them Therefore the chairman is a twaddler, if he only talks of wanting to do what he can do if he likes Therefore find out whether a majority of these Commissioners *will* serve nuisance notices, &c 2d. On whom. Whom does the ditch belong to? The Commissioners of Sewers or the Landlords? Find out that and tell me, and try for indicting the Commissioners of Sewers Next. Just tell me and I will write to Lord Carlisle and Lord John Russell, as the Bishop of Oxford told me, and ask for interviews I write to Helps to-night Lastly, have the pamphlets been sent round? People write that they will help when they know either what is the matter or how to mend it, but that no pamphlets have come to them When I know that, I will go to Farnham and see the Bishop of Winchester What has become of your public meeting plan? I

am ready. Or your placards? *I* am ready to write them. Now just give me an answer, dear boys. . . . I like M.'s notion of a Sanitary League It will act like a wedge. Papers and preachments are 'as a man beholding his natural face in a glass, &c.' Still, we'll try them; tell me my work, and I will do it with God's help. . . ."

December 30.—"I am shamed and sickened by the revelations in your article in *Fraser's*, they were new to me except about the tailors . . Put by my pamphlet and write one yourself; you would do it seven times as well I send you up the rest of the MSS.; but they are not worthy of the cause Perhaps you might make something of them by doctoring, I cannot speak about Association, it is our only hope, but I know nothing about it, or about anything else If I had not had the communion at church to-day, to tell me that Jesus does reign, I should have blasphemed in my heart, I think, and said the Devil is king! I have a wild longing to do *something* What—God only knows You say, 'He that believeth will not make haste,' but I think he that believeth *must* make haste But I will do anything that anybody likes. I have no confidence in myself, or in anything but God I am not great enough for such times, alas!"

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"*We* may choose," he says elsewhere, "to look at the masses in the gross, as subjects for statistics—and of course where possible, of profits There is One above who knows every thirst and ache, and sorrow, and temptation of each slattern, and gin-drinker, and street boy The day will come when He will require an account of these neglects of ours not in the gross"

"Yeast" had made a deep impression at the Universities, and from this time young men began to gather round him. Eversley Rectory soon became a centre to inquiring spirits, and remained so to the end

"His personal power of appeal to young men," said a young London artist, who saw much of him during the last years of his life, "was very great. though, as I think, in a somewhat different direction to the one usually imagined. It was of a far more tender, strict, and refining nature than I have found it was popularly supposed to be. . . In the first half-hour of my knowing him, I found him listening to me with as much attention and kindness as he would have given to one of his own age and attainments I felt that whilst and whenever I was with him he gave me his *best* If I asked him anything he would tell me the best he thought, knew, or felt Young men know how rare this is with men of Mr Kingsley's ability; and none know better than they how delightful also it is when it is met with. It commanded my love and admiration more than I could say. He always seemed content with the society he was in, because, I think, he loved

and educated himself to draw out the best of everyone, to touch on the stronger and not on the weaker points, and when I was with him I always felt as much at home as if I were with one of my own college friends . ."

Mr Kegan Paul thus recalls his first visit to Eversley in 1849:

". . The day after my arrival we dined at the Rectory. We went into the study afterwards while Kingsley smoked his pipe, and the evening is one of those that stand out in my memory with peculiar vividness I had never then, I have seldom since, heard a man talk so well. His conversational powers were very remarkable In the first place he had, as may be easily understood by the readers of his books, a rare command of racy and correct English, while he was so many-sided that he could take keen interest in almost any subject which attracted those about him He had read, and read much, not only in matters which everyone ought to know, but had gone deeply into many out-of-the-way and unexpected studies Old medicine, magic, the occult properties of plants, folk-lore, mesmerism, nooks and bye-ways of history, old legends, on all these he was at home On the habits and dispositions of animals he would talk as though he were that king in the Arabian Nights who understood the language of beasts The stammer, which in those days was so much more marked than in later years, and which was a serious discomfort to himself, was no drawback to the charm of his conversation. Rather the hesitation before some brilliant flash of words served to lend point to and intensify what he was saying; and when, as he sometimes did, he fell into a monologue, or recited a poem in his sonorous voice, the stammer left him wholly . When, however, I use the word monologue, it must not be supposed that he ever monopolized the talk. He had a courteous deference for the opinions of the most insignificant person in the circle, and was even too tolerant of a bore. With all his vast powers of conversation, and ready to talk on every or any subject, he was never superficial What he knew he knew well, and was always ready to admit the fact when he did not know. To those who, in the years of which we speak, were constant guests at Eversley, that happy home can never be forgotten Kingsley was in the vigour of his manhood and of his intellectual powers, was administering his parish with enthusiasm, was writing, reading, fishing, walking, preaching, talking, with a twenty-parson power, but was at the same time wholly unlike the ordinary and conventional parson His temperament was artistic and impulsive . His physical frame was powerful and wiry, his complexion dark, his eye bright and piercing Yet he often said he did not think that his would be a long life The picturesque bow-windowed Rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on certain hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-tree, the

garden—a gravel sweep before the drawing-room and dining-rooms, a grass-plat before the study, hedged off from the walk—and the tall, active figure of the Rector tramping up and down one or the other. His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupil, treated like his own son, was working in the dining-room; his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn, or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil; from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife, or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plat in thought and with long strides. He was a great smoker, and tobacco was to him a needful sedative. He always used a long and clean clay pipe, which lurked in all sorts of unexpected places. But none was ever smoked which was in any degree foul. When luncheon was over, and any arrears of the morning's work cleared up, a walk with Kingsley was an occasion of constant pleasure. . . I remember standing on the top of a hill with him when the autumn evening was fading, and one of the sun's latest rays struck a patch on the moor, bringing out a very peculiar mixture of red-brown colours. What were the precise plants which composed that patch? He hurriedly ran over the list of what he thought they were, and then set off over hedge and ditch, through bog and water-course, to verify the list he had already made. During his afternoon walks he would visit one or another of his very scattered hamlets or single cottages on the heaths. . . Nothing was ever more real than Kingsley's parish visiting. He believed absolutely in the message he bore to the poor, and the health his ministrations conveyed to their souls, but he was at the same time a zealous sanitary reformer, and cared for their bodies also. I was with him once when he visited a sick man suffering from fever. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bedroom was horrible, but before the Rector said a word he ran upstairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation. His reading in the sick-room and his words were wholly free from cant. The Psalms and the Prophets, with judicious omissions, seemed to gain new meaning as he read them, and his after-words were always cheerful and hopeful. Sickness, in his eyes, seemed always to sanctify and purify. He would say, with the utmost modesty, that the patient endurance of the poor taught him day by day lessons which he took back again as God's message to the bedside from which he had learnt them. . .

"One great element of success in his intercourse with his parishioners was his abounding humour and fun. What caused a hearty laugh was a real refreshment to him, and he had the

strongest belief that laughter and humour were elements in the nature of God Himself This abounding humour has with some its dangers. Not so with Kingsley. No man loved a good story better than he, but there was always in what he told or what he suffered himself to hear, a good and pure moral underlying what might be coarse in expression While he would laugh with the keenest sense of amusement at what might be simply broad, he had the most utter scorn and loathing for all that could debase and degrade And he was the most reverent of men, though he would say things which seemed daring, because people were unaccustomed to hear sacred things named without a pious snuffle. . "

" . . . Old and new friends came and went as he grew famous —not too strong a word for the feeling of those days—and the drawing-room evening conversations and readings, the tobacco parliaments later into the night, included many of the most remarkable persons of the day . . . I know that those evening talks kept more than one who shared in them from Rome, and weaned more than one from vice, while others had doubts to faith removed which had long paralyzed the energy of their lives. . . ."

CHAPTER VIII.

1850-51

AGED 31-32

Resigns the Office of Clerk in Orders at Chelsea—Pupil Life at Eversley —Publication of "Alton Locke"—Letters from Mr Carlyle—Writes for "Christian Socialist"—Troubled State of the Country—Burglaries — Heavy Correspondence — Letters on the Romish Question—Attack on "Alton Locke."

"A lynx-eyed fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him; more of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time A singular veracity one finds in him; not in his words alone, which, however, I like much for their fine rough naiveté; but in his actions, judgments, aims; in all that he thinks, and does, and says—which indeed I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first (and also the rarest) attribute of what we call GENIUS among men."

T. CARLYLE, on Sir Charles Napier.

THE year 1850 was spent at home, with new employment, for in addition to parish and writing, he had the work of teaching a private pupil Times were bad, rates were high, rate-payers discontented, and all classes felt the pressure. The Rector felt it also, but he met it by giving the farmers back ten per cent. on their tithe payments, and thus at once and for ever winning their confidence. He had, since his

marriage, held the office of Clerk in Orders in his father's parish of St Luke's, Chelsea, which added considerably to his income, and in those days non-residence was not an objection. but though his deputy was well paid, and he himself occasionally preached and lectured in Chelsea, he had long regarded the post as a sinecure, and decided to resign it. The loss of income must, however, be met, and this could only be done by his pen It was a heavy struggle just then, with Rector's Poor's Rates at £150 per annum, and the parish charities mainly dependent on him, but he set to work with indomitable industry, and by a gallant effort finished "Alton Locke" It was a busy winter, and in order that the literary work might not be allowed to interfere with the tutor's, or either with the parish, he got up at five every morning, and wrote till breakfast, after breakfast he worked with his pupil and at his sermons; the afternoons were devoted as usual to cottage visiting, the evenings to adult school, and superintending the fair copy of "Alton Locke" made by his wife for the press. This was the only book of which he ever had a fair copy made. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether for book or sermon, out in the open air, either in his garden, on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words, after which, except in the case of poetry which he polished and repolished, he seldom altered a word. For many years he dictated every composition to his wife, who wrote while he paced up and down the room

When "Alton Locke" was completed, the difficulty was to find a publisher Messrs Parker, who thought they had suffered in reputation by publishing "Yeast" in *Fraser's Magazine*, and "Politics for the People," refused the new book; and Mr Carlyle kindly gave him an introduction to Messrs Chapman & Hall, who, on his recommendation, undertook to bring it out.

"I have written to Chapman, and you shall have his answer on Sunday But without any answer, I believe I may already assure you of a respectful welcome, and the new novel of a careful and hopeful examination from the man of books. He is sworn to secrecy too This is all the needful to-day,—in such an unspeakable hurry as this present. And so, right glad myself to hear of a new explosion, or salvo of red-hot shot against the Devil's Dung-heap, from that particular battery. . . Yours always truly,

"T CARLYLE"

When "Alton Locke" came out it met with a scornful reception by the press. Working artisans, however, hailed it as a true picture of their class and circumstances, and many thoughtful men and women of the higher orders appreciated it as his "noblest and most characteristic book—at once (to use the words of a critic) his greatest poem, and his grandest sermon, though containing, as it may, more faults, sweeping accusations, hasty conclusions, than any of his writings."

"I am quite astonished," he said himself, some months later in writing to a friend, "at the steady-going, respectable people who approve more or less of 'Alton Locke' It was but the other night at the Speaker's (Lord Eversley), that Sir——, considered one of the safest Whig traditionists in England, gave in his adherence to the book in the kindest terms Both the Marshals have done the same—so has Lord Ashburton So have, strange to say, more than one ultra-respectable High-Tory Squire So goes the world If you do anything above party, the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with you And all I want to do is, to awaken the good men of all opinions to the necessity of shaking hands and laying their heads together, and to look for the day when the bad of all parties will get their deserts, which they will, very accurately, before Mr Carlyle's friends, 'The Powers' and 'The Destinies' have done with them . "

The following is Mr Carlyle's verdict on "Alton Locke":

CHELSEA, *October 31st*, 1850—"It is now a great many weeks that I have been your debtor for a book which in various senses was very welcome to me 'Alton Locke' arrived in Annandale, by post, from my wife, early in September, and was swiftly read by me, under the bright sunshine, by the sound of rushing brooks and other rural accompaniments I believe the book is still doing duty in those parts, for I had to leave it behind me on loan, to satisfy the public demand. Forgive me, that I have not, even by a word, thanked you for this favour Continual shifting and moving ever since, not under the best omens, has hindered me from writing almost on any subject or to any person

"Apart from your treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like and be grateful for in the book abundance, nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight, everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell. these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude*, by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper

your fire But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one! 'Saunders Mackaye,' my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect, indeed, I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him—his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravoura In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features, but neither of them is worked out into the 'Daughter of the Sun' she might have been, indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with 'Saunders,' and the impression is of a fervid creation still left half chaotic That is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white

"Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present any time within the next two centuries, it is like there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist, like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be I stipulate farther that you come and see me when you are at Chelsea, and that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamour of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory Yours with true wishes,

"T CARLYLE"

The writers for "Politics" about this time brought out a series of tracts, on "Christian Socialism" Among the most remarkable was "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty, by Parson Lot," exposing the sweating and slop-selling system, which was at the root of much of the distress in London and the great towns. The Tailors' Association was already formed, and a shop opened in London, to which the publication of this little tract took many customers

The circulation of Strauss's "Life of Christ," which had been recently translated into English by Miss Evans (George Eliot), and the spread of infidel opinions among the working classes, gave Mr Kingsley grave anxiety A new periodical was projected to stem the torrent, and he writes to Mr Ludlow:

"If you will join me in a speculation to get the thing started, I will run the chance of pecuniary loss, and work myself to the bone to resuscitate 'Politics for the People,' in a new form . . Oh! do not fancy that I am not perplexed—'cast down, yet not in despair. No, Christ reigns, as Luther used to say, Christ reigns—and therefore I will not fear, 'though the mountains be removed (and I with them) and cast into the midst of the sea.' . . But there is something which weighs awfully on my mind,—the first number of Cooper's Journal, which he sent me the other day. Here is a man of immense influence, openly preaching Straussism to the workmen, and in a fair, honest, manly way, which must tell. Who

will answer him? Who will answer Strauss? Who will denounce Strauss as a vile aristocrat, robbing the poor man of his Saviour—of the ground of all democracy, all freedom, all association—of the Charter itself? *Oh si mihi centum voces et ferrea lingua* Think about *that*—talk to Maurice about that To me it is awfully pressing If the priests of the Lord are wanting to the cause now?—woe to us! . . Don't fire at me about smoking I do it, because it does me good, and I could not (for I have tried again and again) do without it I smoke the very cheapest tobacco. In the meantime I am keeping no horse—a most real self-sacrifice to me But if I did, I should have so much the less to give to the poor God knows all about that, John Ludlow, and about other things too .

'. . Boyne-water day to-day!!! glorious day—and what Psalms this morning (13th)! *Omen accipio lubens!*"

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" . Your letter makes me very sad. I cannot abide the notion of Branch Churches or Free (Sect) Churches So help me God, unless my whole train of thought alters, I will resist the temptation as coming from the devil Where I am, I am doing God's work, and when the Church is ripe for more, the Head of the Church will put the means in our way You seem to fancy that we have a '*Deus quidam deceptor*' over us after all If I did, I'd go and blow my dirty brains out, and be rid of the whole thing at once, I would indeed If God, when people ask Him to teach and guide them, does not—if, when they confess themselves rogues and fools to Him, and beg Him to make them honest and wise, He does not, but darkens them and deludes them into bogs and pitfalls—is He a father? You fall back on Judaism, friend

"I shall write a Labour Conference Tract forthwith As for hot water with the tailors—tell Cooper, no hot water, no tea . . I had rather work in harness *You tell me* what you want weekly, and you shall have it; else I shall have twenty irons in the fire at once, and none of them hot. I tell you, you or some one must act as my commanding officer in this . . Either I *must be king* of this paper, which I can't and wouldn't be, or I must be an under-strapper, and set the example of obedience"

During the autumn of 1850 the future of England looked dark. In his own parish a general depression prevailed Work was slack, and as winter approached gangs of house-breakers wandered about the country. No house was secure. A neighbouring clergyman was murdered in his own garden by burglars, and the little Rectory at Eversley, which had scarcely a strong lock on its doors, was only just armed with bolts and bars, before it too was attacked by the same gang. The Rector slept with loaded pistols by his bed-side, and policemen watched in and about the quiet garden by night

"My dearest Master," he writes to Mr Maurice, "I hear you are come home If so, for God's sake come down and see me, if but for a day I have more doubts, perplexities, hopes, and fears to pour out to you than I could utter in a week, and to the rest of our friends I cannot open You comprehend me; you are bigger than I Come down and tell me what to think and do, and let Fanny, as well as me, have the delight of seeing your face again I would come to you, but I have two pupils, and business besides, and also don't know when and how to catch you The truth is, I feel we are all going on in the dark, toward something wonderful and awful, but whether to a precipice or a paradise, or neither, or both, I cannot tell. All my old roots are tearing up one by one, and though I keep a 'gallant front' before the Charlotte Street people (Council of Association), little they know of the struggles within me, the laziness, the terror Pray for me; I could lie down and cry at times—a poor fool of a fellow, and yet feeling thrust upon all sorts of great and unspeakable paths, instead of being left in peace to classify butterflies and catch trout If it were not for the Psalms and Prophets, and the Gospels, I should turn tail, and flee shamefully, giving up the whole question, and all others, as *ægri somnia*"

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"Jeremiah is my favourite book now. It has taught me more than tongue can tell But I am much disheartened, and am minded to speak no more words in this name (Parson Lot) Yet all these bullyings, teach one, correct one, warn one, show one that God is not leaving one to go one's own way. 'Christ reigns,' quoth Luther"

To J LEES, Esq *December* 4—" . We have commenced night schools, and a weekly lecture on English history, which I started last night with twenty hearers, on the Saxon Conquest, and I hope made the agricultural eyes open once or twice, by showing that they did not grow out of the earth originally, like beetles, but came from somewhere else, and might probably have to go somewhere else, and make room for their betters, if they continued so like beetles, human manure-carriers, and hole-grubbers, much longer The weather has been trying its hand at everything Frantic gales, frantic frosts, now frantic mists I go to Bramshill cottage lecture to-night, and expect to finish in a ditch—but this rain has made it soft lying, so that is of no consequence The dear *Times* is making strong play on the papal aggressions; and on the whole the fool-crop seems as good this year as last The *Christian Socialist* sells about 1500, and is spreading, but not having been yet cursed by any periodical, I fear it is doing no good You will see a letter of mine in last week's *Spectator*. 'Evidence against the Universities' Don't say who wrote it. I have quite enough dogs barking at me already . . I wish I was in bed, which, after all, is the only place of rest on earth for a parson. . ."

His correspondence increased year by year, as his books touched and stirred fresh hearts. Officers, both in the army and navy—all strangers to him—would write on delicate social points of conscience and conduct, which the writers would confide to no other clergyman; one to ask his opinion about duelling, others to beg him to write a suitable form of prayers for camp or hut, or to be used on board ship, and all to thank him for his books The sceptic dared tell him of his doubts; the profligate of his fall; young men brought up to go into Holy Orders, but filled with misgivings about the Articles, the Creeds, and, more than all, the question of endless punishment, would pour out all their difficulties to him, and many a noble spirit now working in the Church of England would never have remained there but for Charles Kingsley.

To this, Mr Boyle, now Dean of Salisbury, alludes, after speaking of "some inestimable letters on holy orders".

"Some years later," he adds, "I ventured to recall myself to him in a time of great perplexity, as to inspiration and the work of the ministry; and no casuist could ever have entered into the doubts and difficulties of one anxious to work and yet shrinking from unfaith, more lovingly than he did. It has always been to me a very deep regret that we met so seldom, for I felt what J C Hare says somewhere of Arnold, that to talk with him was like stepping out of the odours of an Italian Church to the air and breath of a heathery moor One sentence in one letter is graven on my mind 'You dislike the tone of officiality of the clergy now. When you have been eighteen years in orders you will detest it But is that a reason for skulking from the war which all men should wage, but which Christ's servants can do better than others? It is often a comfort to feel there is one little spot—the parish, to which one's thoughts and prayers are for ever turning'. "

In the religious world the Anglican question occupied one large section of the Church, and the tide set Romewards Clergymen wrote to ask his advice for saving members of their flock from Popery; mothers for help to rescue their daughters from the influence of Anglican confessors, while women hovering between the Church of England and Rome, between the "*sanctity*" of a nunnery and the monotonous duties of family life, laid their difficulties before the author of the "Saint's Tragedy," and he who shrank on principle from the office of father-confessor had the work thrust upon him by numbers whom he never met face to face in this world

Those only who saw the mass of letters on his study table knew what the weight of such a correspondence must be to a man of his powerful sympathies, who had in addition sermons to prepare, books to write, a parish to work, and a pupil to teach. But his iron energy enabled him to get through it. "One more thing done," he would say, "thank God, and now for the next?" as each letter was written, each chapter of a book or page of a sermon dictated to his wife.

The following extracts from some letters to a country rector, personally unknown to him, who wrote to consult him, on behalf of a friend, on the Romish question, are placed together, though written at intervals:—

January 26, 1851.—". . . I confess myself unable to cope with that school, so alluring is it to the minds of an effeminate and luxurious aristocracy, neither educated in all that should teach them to distinguish between bad and good taste, healthy and unhealthy philosophy or devotion. I never attempted but once to rescue a woman out of Pusey's hands, and then I failed utterly and completely. I could not pamper her fancies as he could; for I could not bid her be more than a woman, but only to be a woman. I could not promise a safe and easy royal road to 'lily crowns,' and 'palms of virginity,' and the especial coronet of saints. I have nothing especial to offer anyone, except especial sorrow and trouble, if they wish to try to do especial good. I wish for no reward, no blessing, no name, no grace, but what is equally the heritage of potboys and navvies, and which they can realize and enjoy just as deeply as I can, while they remain potboys and navvies, and right jolly ones too. Now this whole school (though there is very much noble and good in it, and they have re-called men's minds—I am sure they have mine—to a great deal of catholic and apostolic truth which we are now forgetting) is an aristocratic movement in the fullest sense. . . ."

"This road, then, as a fact, leads Romewards. Now do you wish me to say to your friend what I think? Do you wish me to ask her the questions I must ask, or speak no word to her?

'I want proof whether you really believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit? If you do not—if you only *believe in believing in them*, if you believe that they are present only in some Church or system; or ought to be present there, and may be put back again there, by art and man's device, by more rigid creeds, and formulæ, more church goings, more mediæval architecture, more outward ceremonies, or more private prayers, &c., &c., and religious acts of the members—if you believe that God used to guide the world, or one nation of it, in the Jews' time—if you believe that God takes care of Episcopal churches, and the devil has the rest of the world to himself—if

you believe that God takes care of souls, and not of bodies also; of Churches, and not of States also; of ecclesiastical events, and not of political and scientific ones also; of saints, and not of sinners also; of spiritual matters, and not of crops and trades and handicrafts also—then I cannot, cannot say that you believe in the creeds or the sacraments, or those of whose Eternal being, presence and power they witness Madam,' I would say, 'if you really believe the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the Sacraments, and the witness of the Priesthood: if you really believe that you have a Father in heaven, in any real sense of that king of words, *Father*. if you believe that He who died on the Cross for you, and for your children, and for the whole earth, is really now King and Lord of the universe, King and Lord of England, and of your property, and of your body and mind and spirit. if you really believe that the Holy Spirit proceeds from Him as well as from His Father and your Father, and that He and your Father are ONE —why should you go to Rome? Did God make Rome and not England? He has chosen to teach Rome one way and England another He has chosen to make you an English woman, a member of the Church of England, English in education, character, brain, feelings, duties you cannot unmake yourself You are already a member of that spiritual One body, called the English nation· you cannot make yourself anything else. A child cannot choose its own mother· the fact of your being born in a certain faith and certain circumstances, ought to be to you a plain proof, if you believe in a Living Father at all, that that faith and those circumstances are the ones by which He means to teach you, in which you are to work You may answer, What if I find the faith is wrong? I answer, Prove first that you know what the faith is! You must exhaust the meaning of the Church of England, before you have any right to prefer any other church to it For there is always an *a priori* probability that you are right where you are, because God has put you where you are But I am not going to rest the question on probabilities I only ask you to pause for their sake, while you consider whether you know what the Church of England is, what God's education of England has been, and whether the one or the other are consistent with each other. I say they are I say that the Church of England is wonderfully and mysteriously fitted for the souls of a free Norse-Saxon race, for men whose ancestors fought by the side of Odin, over whom a descendant of Odin now rules. And I say that the element which you have partially introduced, and to drown yourself in which you must go to Rome, is a foreign element, unsuited to Englishmen, and to God's purposes with England How far it may be the best for the Italian or Spanish spirit I cannot judge I can only believe that if they had been capable of anything higher, God would have given them something higher And if you ask me, why I think we are capable of something higher, I say, because the highest idea of man is to

know his Father, and look his Father in the face, in full assurance of faith and love, and that out of that springs all manful energy, all self-respect, all self-restraint, all that the true Englishman has, and the Greek and Spaniard have not. And I say this is what St James means when he speaks of 'the perfect law of liberty.' I say that this Protestant faith, which teaches every man to look God in the face for himself, has contributed more than anything else to develop family life, industry, freedom in England, Scotland, and Sweden, and that if any one wishes to benefit the poor whom God has committed to their charge, they must do anything and everything rather than go to Rome—to a creed which by substituting the Confessor for God, begins by enslaving the landlord's soul, and will infallibly teach him to enslave the souls of his tenants, make them more incapable than they are now, of independence, self-respect, self-restraint, make association and co-operation impossible to them, by substituting a Virgin Mary, who is to *nurse* them like infants, for a Father in whom they are men and brothers, and end by bringing them down to the level of the Irish or Neapolitan savage.

"This I would say, and then I would say, 'If you are dissatisfied with the present state of the Church of England, so am I. Stay in it, then, and try to mend it. But let your emendations be consistent with the idea of the part which is yet pure. To Romanize the Church is not to reform it. To unprotestantize is not to reform it. Therefore take care that the very parts in the Prayer Book which you would alter, be not just the really Catholic and Apostolic parts, that you would give, without intending it, exactly the same Sectarian and Manichæan tone to its present true catholicity which the Puritan party would, if they were allowed to tamper with the Baptismal or Ordination Service.' This I would say, if God gave me utterance and courage."

. . . .

[TO THE SAME.] *February* 5.—" . . I am convinced of one thing more and more, by experience, that the whole question is an anthropological one. 'Define a human being,' ought to be the first query. It is thence that the point of departure, perhaps unconsciously, takes place. Perhaps I shall not bore you, if I speak a little on this point. I do not speak from book, for I have no great faith in controversial books—they never go to the hearts of the doctrines or of those who hold them. 'Measure for Measure' taught me more than oceans of anti-men polemics could have done, or pro-men either. But, to tell you the truth in private, I have been through that terrible question of 'Celibacy versus Marriage' once already in my life. And from what I have felt about it in myself, and seen others feel, I am convinced that it is *the* cardinal point. If you leave that fortress untaken, your other batteries are wasted. It is to religion, what the Malthusian doctrine is to political economy—the *crux in limine*, your views of which must logically influence your views of everything afterwards

"Now, there are two great views of men. One as a spirit embodied in flesh and blood, with certain relations, namely, those of father, child, husband, wife, brother, as necessary properties of his existence No one denies that the relations of father and child are necessary, seeing that man is the son of man About the necessity of the others there is a question with some; but not with the class of whom I speak, viz., the many, Christian as well as heathen, in all ages and countries To them, practically, at least, *all* the relations are considered as standing on the same basis, viz, the actual constitution which God has given man, and the necessity of continuing his race

"Those of them who are spiritually enlightened, have learnt to believe that these relations to man are the symbols of relations to God. That God is our Father. That Christ is the husband of the one collective and corporate person, called the Church That we are brothers and sisters, in as far as we are children of the same Heavenly Father And, finally, that these human relations are given us to teach us their divine antitypes; and therefore that it is only in proportion as we appreciate and understand the types that we can understand the antitypes They deny that these relations are carnal, *i e.*, animal, in essence They say that they are peculiar to the human race That being human, they are spiritual, because man *quâ* man is not an animal, but a spirit embodied in an animal Therefore they more or less clearly believe these relations to be everlasting, because man is immortal, and therefore all which pertains to his spirit (as these do) is immortal also How these relations are to be embodied practically in the future state, they do not know; for they do not know how they themselves are to be embodied But seeing that these relations are in this life the teachers of the highest truths, and intimately and deeply connected with their deepest and holiest feelings and acts, they believe that they will in the next life teach them still more, be still more connected with their inmost spirits, and therefore have a more perfect development and fulfilment, and be the forms of a still more intimate union with the beloved objects, whom they now feel and know to be absolutely parts of themselves This I hold to be the Creed of the Bible, both of the Old Testament and the New. And if any passages in the New Testament seem to militate against it, I think that they only do so from our reading our popular manichæism or gnosticism into them, or from our not seeing that the Old Testament doctrine of the absolute and everlasting humanity, and therefore sanctity, of these relations is to be taken for granted in the New Testament as an acknowledged substratum to all further teaching.

"The second class, who have been found in large numbers, principally among the upper classes, both among Christians and heathens at various eras of the world, hold an entirely different anthropology. In their eyes man is not a spirit necessarily embodied in, and expressed by an animal; but a spirit acci-

dentally connected with, and burdened by an animal. The animal part of them only is supposed to be human, the spiritual, angelic or diabolic, as the case may be. The relations of life are supposed to be properties only of the animal part, or rather adjuncts of them. Their ideal of man, therefore, is to deny, not himself, but the animal part which is not himself, and to strive after a non-human or angelic state. And this angelic state is supposed, of course, to be single and self-sustained, without relations, except to God alone; a theory grounded first on the belief of the Easterns and Alexandrians, and next, on the supposed meaning of an expression of our Lord's in Mark xii. 25. Now this may be a true anthropology, but I object to it, *in limine*, that it denies its own ground. If, as all will allow, we can only know our relations to God through our relations to each other, the more we abjure and despise those latter relations, the less we shall know of the former, the less ground we shall have for believing that they are our relations to God; and, therefore, in practice, the less we shall believe that they are. It has been said that to be alone only means to have nothing between us and heaven. It may mean that, but it will also mean to ignore God as our Father, men as our brothers, Christ as the Bridegroom of the Church.

"That this is the case is evident from history; and history is a fair test. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' A fair test of doctrines, though not of individuals. Every man is better and worse than his creed. Even the most heretical are happily inconsistent (as I believe, because the light which lighteth every man, the eternal idea of pure humanity, which is the image of the Lord God, is too strong for them, and makes their acts more right—because more human—than their theories). But we may judge of the truth of a doctrine both from its fruits in the general faith and practice of an age, and from its manifestations in those stronger souls who dare carry things consistently out wherever they may lead them.

"Now this anthropology was held and carried out by the Neo-Platonists, by Plotinus, Libanius, Hypatia, Isidore, Proclus, and others, and we know whither it led them. To aristocratic exclusiveness; to absolute hatred of anything which looked like a gospel for the merely human masses; to the worship of the pure and absolute intellect, and the confusion of it with the understanding; to the grossest polytheism and image worship, as a means of supplying that void which they themselves had made, by trying to have nothing between themselves and heaven! To theurgy, and all such sorts of spasmodic attempts at miracle-working, in order to give themselves, when they had thrown away the evidence and teaching which they thought gross and material, some sort of evidence and teaching, any mere signs and wonders to assure their exhausted faculties, tired of fluttering in the vacuum of 'pure devotion,' that the whole was not a dream; and finally—utter scepticism. I appeal to history whether my account is not correct. And I appeal also to history whether exactly the same phases, in

exactly the same order, but with far more fearful power, did not develop themselves in the mediæval Church, between the eleventh and sixteenth century, ending in the lie of lies—the formulised and organised scepticism of Jesuitry. And I do assert, that the cause of that development was the same in both—the peculiar anthropologic theory which made an angel the ideal of a man, and therefore celibacy his highest state. I only ask you to read carefully the life of St Francis of Assisi, in old Surius, and you will, as I do, love, reverence, and all but adore the man; but you will see that all which made him unmanly, superstitious, and everything which we abhor, sprang evidently, and in his case (being a genius) consciously, from his notion of what a man was, and what he ought to be. And from these grounds I venture a prediction or two. God knows I have seen enough of all this to see somewhat at least where it leads. For several years of my life it was the question which I felt I must either conquer utterly or turn papist and monk. If I give you some little light, I can assure you I bought it dear. I, too, have held, one by one, every doctrine of the extreme High Church party, and faced their consequences.

"It does seem to me, then, that if that party persist in their adoption of the Romish and Neo-Platonist anthropology, they must, at least the most noble spirits of them, follow it out to the same conclusions. There will be a lessening sense of God as a Father—or of that word Father meaning anything real—till we shall see, as we do in Romish books of devotion, and in Romish practice, the Fatherhood of God utterly forgotten, and the prayer which declares it, turned into a parrot-like charm—as if for the very purpose of *not* recollecting its blessed news. And in proportion as their own feelings towards their children become less sacred in their eyes, they will be less inclined to impute such feelings in God towards them, they will not be able to conceive forgiveness, forbearance, tender patience and care on His part, and will receive the spirit of bondage again unto fear. In proportion as they think their relation to their own children is not an absolute and eternal one, they will find a difficulty in conceiving their relation to God to be so. They will conceive it possible to lose the blessing even of the name of God's children. They will resort to prayers and terrors to recover a lost relationship to God, which, if their own children employed towards them, they would consider absurd in reason, and insulting to parental love. Do I say they will? Alas! may I not say they do so already?

"Then there will be an increasing confusion about our Blessed Lord. They will, thanks be to His Spirit, and the grace of the sacraments, which are never in vain, still regard Him as the ideal of humanity. But they will only see as much of that ideal as their sense of the term humanity allows them. It will be, therefore, those passages of our Lord's life, those features of His temporary stay on earth, which seem most *angelic*, or non-human, which will be most prized. In all in which He approaches the Romish saint, they will apprehend and appreciate Him. But they will not ap-

preciate Him as the Word who said to Adam and Eve, 'Increase and multiply and replenish the earth;' as the tutelary God of the patriarchs, with their rich animal life; as the Lord of the marrying, farming, fighting Jews, with their intense perception of the sanctity of family, hereditary and national ties, and the dependence of those on the very essence of the Lord; as the Lord of Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar, the Lord of all the nations of the earth—Who is the example and the sanction, the ideal fulfiller, not merely of the devotee, but of every phase of humanity. They will less and less appreciate the gospel of 'Husbands love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.' Not that they will not hold the doctrine of the Blessed One being the Bridegroom But having forgotten what a bridegroom means, they will not shrink with horror from calling him the 'Bridegroom of each individual soul'—an unscriptural and illogical doctrine (I will not use the words which I might about it, for the sake of His name which it involves)—common to mystics, both Romish and Puritan, the last phase of which may be seen in Frank Newman's Unitarian book, 'The soul, *her* sorrows and aspirations!' You are as well aware as I, that the soul is talked of as a bride—as feminine by nature, whatever be the sex of its possessor. This is indeed only another form of the desire to be an angel For if you analyse the common conception of an angel, what is it, as the pictures consistently enough represent it, but a woman, unsexed?

"But in the mean time, there will be revulsions from the passionate, amatory language which mystics apply to our Lord, as irreverent, if not worse There will be recollections that He is Lord and God The distance between His angelic, and therefore incomprehensible humanity, and the poor, simple, struggling, earth-bound soul of the worshipper, already painful enough, will widen more and more, till He becomes the tremendous Judge of Michael Angelo's picture—not a God-man, but a God-angel—terrible thought—'Who shall propitiate Him—the saintly, the spotless, the impassable? He would feel for us if He could comprehend us, for He loved us to the death; but how can He comprehend us poor mean creatures? How dare we tell Him the meannesses we hardly dare confess to ourselves? Oh! for some tender ear, into which we should not be ashamed to pour our tale. One like us in all things—of like passions with ourselves. It must be a woman We so weak and woman-like—we who call our souls 'she,' we dare not tell man—at least till he is unsexed by celibacy; for even the priest is cold, is uncertain, is sinful like ourselves. Oh! for a Virgin Mother, in whose face we should never see anything but a pitying smile!'

"'Go to the Blessed Virgin,' said a Romish priest to a lady whom I love well 'She, you know, is a woman, and can understand all a woman's feelings' Ah! thought I, if your head had once rested on a lover's bosom, and your heart known the mighty stay of a man's affection, you would have learned to go now in your sore need, not to the Mother but to the Son—not to the

indulgent Virgin, but to the strong *man*, Christ Jesus—stern because loving—who does not shrink from punishing, and yet does it as a man would do it, '*mighty* to save.'

"My dear sir, there is the course which that party must run—to Mariolatry; and the noblest and tenderest hearts of them will plunge most deeply, passionately, and idolatrously into it. Not that they will find it sufficient. They, too, will have to eke out the *human* mediation which the soul of man requires, by saints, and their relics. They, too, will find accesses of blank doubt! . . . 'Nothing between them and heaven' True; but heaven will in that case look far far off at times. There must be 'signs,' 'evidences,' 'palpable proofs' of something invisible and spiritual. If their children, their parents, their country are none—perhaps images may be, or still better, miracles, if one would but appear! 'The course of nature does not testify of God' Then something supernatural may. 'The laws of nature are not the pure eternal children of the pure eternal Father.' 'Oh! for something to break them—to show that there is something besides ourselves, and our own handiwork, in the universe.' 'Oh! for an ecstatica, a weeping image, a bleeding picture!' . . . God help them—and us! . . .".

In the autumn of this year, Mr Kingsley withdrew his name from the Committee of Queen's College, in consequence of a bitter attack on his books in the *Record* newspaper, warning all parents who had daughters at Queen's College against the dangerous influences to young and susceptible minds of such teaching. The personal attacks on him in the *Record* had been too frequent and unimportant for him to take notice of; but when by false and careless statements they appeared likely to injure Queen's College, he thought it his duty to reply to his anonymous accuser in the following letter to the editor of the *Record*:

"SIR,—An anonymous person, signing himself 'Presbyter E,' has lately, through your columns, increased the publicity of certain works of mine. I beg to be allowed to make a few remarks on his letter

"If you will examine the title-page of 'Alton Locke,' a book whose authorship I hereby frankly avow, you will find, I doubt not, to your great astonishment, that your correspondent does not seem even to have looked at it. He states, *in italics*, its title to be 'Alton Locke; or, the Autobiography of a Chartist,' and then complains that 'so morbid and dangerous' a work should have 'gone forth under a title so calculated to ensure a large and rapid circulation."' It will seem, I doubt not, absolutely incredible to you after this, that the words in the title which he considers so objectionably alluring, are purely of his own invention and insertion, and that the title stands simply, 'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet, an Autobiography' Such a misrepresentation

must be the result of gross carelessness, or of wilful dishonesty, either of which renders his opinion, as to the book in question, utterly worthless

"I must also beg leave to inform you, that whosoever says that I 'ignore the fall of man, and the corruption of human nature,' simply states a falsehood; for I firmly believe both That whosoever says that I overlook the 'necessity of being utterly and radically converted, and becoming as a little child,' in the strictest and fullest Evangelical sense, also states a falsehood; for it is a constant subject of my preaching That whosoever says that I 'confound the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit with the extraordinary ones worked by Him on the hearts of true believers,' also states a falsehood, for I deeply feel and constantly preach the absolutely *infinite* difference between them And that, whosoever says, in the words of the review in the *Christian Observer* of last August, to which 'Presbyter E' commits himself, that I assert it to be 'a nobler thing to form these conceptions of citizenship, or any conceptions of anything whatsoever, than to seek a personal interest in Christ,' also states a falsehood, and that a most wanton and wilful one, seeing that, in this case, and, I humbly submit, in the others also, not only the general tenor, but the direct words of those very printed sermons set forth, that without a personal interest in Christ in the strict and simple Evangelical sense of that term, which I most fully accept and approve of, it is impossible to form right conceptions of anything relating to mankind, either in this world, or the world to come, that the only man who is not 'in darkness, ignorant of whither he goeth,' is the converted and consistent Christian man

"The passage about Camille Desmoulins, your correspondent has grossly, I will hope, not wilfully, perverted My words are *not* that Camille's saying 'is an almighty truth,' for it is not that, or even a truth at all, but, that 'it is *the distortion of* an almighty truth;' an expression, which I doubt not, will appear to you and to every person of common sense, as different from that which has been palmed upon me, as a madman is different from one in his senses, or a broken limb from one which is sound.

"As for the awful epithet 'blasphemous,' which your correspondent so lightly, and with so little apparent sense of the responsibility of such a charge, applies, or rather seems to wish others to apply to me, I can only answer, God be judge between me and him. I know that that epithet has been applied to the holiest and the purest I know that it is written, 'Whosoever calls his brother fool is in danger of hell fire.' I know also that it is written, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light, and thy just dealing as the noonday' And I do trust that the latter words at least will be fulfilled in this matter Again I say, God be judge between me and him

"I beg distinctly to state that I mean hereby no apology or

palliation whatsoever for any opinion *really expressed by me as my own*, either in 'Alton Locke' or my 'Village Sermons,' because I believe that both of them will be found to accord strictly with scriptural and evangelical truth, and to have for their object the preservation of all that is most time-honoured both in Church and State. Other reviewers of every shade of religion and political opinion have, thank God, more or less acknowledged this fact; and the very passages which 'Presbyter E' calls blasphemous have elicited especial approbation from men who have just as great a detestation as either he or I have, of the least taint of Neology or Pantheism, and just as great pride as he or I have in the names of conservative, orthodox, and evangelical.

"It only remains for me to inform the public, through your columns, that I have just withdrawn my name from the Committee of Queen's College, in the proceedings or lectures of which I have been unable to take any part whatsoever in the last two years I have done this because I do not wish my name to be used as a handle against an establishment which I have every reason to respect, and in reprobating which I believe you will ultimately find yourself to have been mistaken, though I do not doubt that you have done so from the most conscientious motives.

"I must apologize for the length of this letter, and shall feel deeply indebted for your insertion of it in full —I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY, Junior."

"Eversley Rectory, Winchfield, Hants,
"*Nov.* 2, 1850"

CHAPTER IX.

1851.

AGED 32

Correspondence—Attacks on all sides—Hypatia—Opening of the Great Exhibition—Influence of "Yeast"—Visit to Germany—Letter from Mr John Martineau

> "He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain
> Can touch him not, and torture not again;
> He is secure! and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.
>
> SHELLEY.

> "We should be wary what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books: since we see a kind of homicide may be committed, sometimes a martyrdom"
>
> MILTON.

THE year of the Great Exhibition, which began with distress and discontent in England, and ended with a Revolution in

Paris, was a notable one in the life of Charles Kingsley. His usual parochial work was varied by the addition of new plans of draining his parish at the points where low fever had prevailed. He occasionally attended the Conferences of the Promoters of Association in London. He crossed the Channel for the first time His friendship and correspondence with Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, and with Miss Mitford, date from this year. "Yeast, a Problem," was reprinted and came out in a volume anonymously. "Hypatia" was begun as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine.* "Santa Maura" and several shorter poems were written He contributed to the *Christian Socialist* eight papers on "Bible Politics, or God justified to the People," four on the "Frimley Murder," three entitled "The Long Game," a few ballads and sonnets, and the story of "The Nun's Pool," which had been rejected in 1848 by the publishers of "Politics" He preached two sermons in London, one of which made him notorious. He carried on a correspondence in the *Spectator*, on the state of the Universities, urging the necessity of a Commission, &c, &c., which made him many enemies, and plunged him into a fresh sea of private letters

"As to the temper and tone of what I wrote," he writes, to a Fellow of Trinity, "whereon folks are fierce, I have nothing to say, but that, if half my theory was true, it would excuse my writing passionately . . I expected to be reviled. . . . Only I believe an old superstition, that things are either right or wrong, and that right means what God commands, and loves, and blesses; and wrong what He forbids and hates, and makes a curse and a road of ruin to those who follow it; and therefore no language is too strong to warn men from the road to ruin, because you cannot tell into what fearful 'descensus Averni' it may lead them. . . ."

[TO REV F. D MAURICE] EVERSLEY · *January* 16, 1851.—"A thousand thanks for all your advice and information, which encourages me to say more I don't know how far I shall be able to write much for the *Christian Socialist.* Don't fancy that I am either lazy or afraid But, if I do not use my pen to the uttermost in earning my daily bread, I shall not get through this year. I am paying off the loans which I got to meet the expenses of repairing and furnishing, but, with an income reduced this year by more than £200, having given up, thank God, that sinecure clerkship, and having had to return ten per cent of my tithes, owing to the agricultural distress, I have also this year, for the first time, the opportunity, and therefore the necessity, of supporting a good school My available income, therefore, is less than £400 I cannot reduce my charities, and I am driven either to

give up my curate, or to write; and either of these alternatives, with the increased parish work, for I have got either lectures or night school every night in the week, and three services on Sunday, will demand my whole time What to do unless I get pupils I know not. Martineau leaves me in June. My present notion is to write a historical romance of the beginning of the fifth century, which has been breeding in my head these two years. But how to find time I know not And if there is a storm brewing, of course I shall have to help to fight the Philistines Would that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest! I have written this selfish and egotistical letter to ask for your counsel My idea in the romance is to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed, and philosophy, above all, spiritualism, as the most exclusively aristocratic creed. Such has been my opinion for a long time, and what I have been reading lately confirms it more and more. Even Synesius, 'the philosophic' bishop, is an aristocrat by the side of Cyril. It seems to me that such a book might do good just now, while the Scribes and Pharisees, Christian and heathen, are saying, 'This people, which knoweth not the law, is accursed!' Of English subjects I can write no more just now. I have exhausted both my stock and my brain, and really require to rest it, by turning it to some new field, in which there is richer and more picturesque life, and the elements are less confused, or rather, may be handled more in the mass than English ones now. I have long wished to do something antique, and get out my thoughts about the connection of the old world and the new, Schiller's 'Gods of Greece' expresses, I think, a tone of feeling very common, and which finds its vent in modern Neo-Platonism—Anythingarianism But if you think I ought not, I will not I will obey *your* order, other men's I will not . "

The "Christian Socialist" movement had been severely attacked in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, in both articles Communism and Socialism were spoken of as identical, and the author of "Alton Locke" was branded as their apostle He writes to Mr Brimley, of Trinity.

"The article [in the *Quarterly*] I have not seen, and don't intend to There is no use for a hot-tempered and foul-mouthed man like myself praying not to be led into temptation, and then reading, voluntarily, attacks on himself from the firm of Wagg, Wenham, & Co . . . Hypatia grows, little darling, and I am getting very fond of her; but the period is very dark, folks having been given to lying then, as well as now, besides being so blind as not to see the meaning of their own time (perhaps, though, we don't of ours), and so put down, not what we should like to know, but what they liked to remember Nevertheless there are materials for a grand book And if I fail in it, I may as well give up writing—perhaps the best thing for me ."

"Though" (says Mr Hughes), "Charles Kingsley faced his adversaries bravely, it must not be inferred that he did not feel the attacks and misrepresentations very keenly. In many respects, though housed in a strong and vigorous body, his spirit was an exceedingly tender and sensitive one. I have often thought that at this time his very sensitiveness drove him to say things more broadly and incisively, because he was speaking, as it were, somewhat against the grain, and knew that the line he was taking would be misunderstood, and would displease and alarm those with whom he had most sympathy. For he was by nature and education an aristocrat in the best sense of the word, believed that a landed aristocracy was a blessing to the country, and that no country would gain the highest liberty without such a class, holding its own position firmly, but in sympathy with the people. He liked their habits and ways, and keenly enjoyed their society. Again, he was full of reverence for science and scientific men, and specially for political economy and economists, and desired eagerly to stand well with them. And it was a most bitter trial to him to find himself not only in sharp antagonism with traders and employers of labour, which he looked for, but with these classes also. On the other hand, many of the views and habits of those with whom he found himself associated were very distasteful to him. . . . But in spite of all that was distasteful to him in some of its surroundings, the Co-operative movement entirely approved itself to his conscience and judgment, and mastered him so that he was ready to risk whatever had to be risked in fighting its battle. Often in those days, seeing how loath Charles Kingsley was to take in hand much of the work which Parson Lot had to do, and how fearlessly and thoroughly he did it after all, one was reminded of the old Jewish prophets, such as Amos the herdsman of Tekoa,—'I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.' . . ."

[TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.] ". . . And if I had £100,000, I'd have, and should have, staked and lost it all in 1848-50. I should, Tom, for my heart was and is in it, and you'll see it will beat yet. Still, some somedever, it's in the fates, that Association is the pure caseine, and must be eaten by the human race if it would save its soul alive. . . . I have had a sorter kinder sample day. Up at five to see a dying man; ought to have been up at two, but Ben King, the rat-catcher, who came to call me, was taken nervous ! ! ! and didn't make row enough; from 5.30 to 6.30 was with the most dreadful case of agony—insensible to me, but not to his pain. Came home, got a wash and a pipe, and again to him at eight. Found him insensible to his own pain, with dilated pupils, dying of pressure of the brain—going any moment. Prayed the commendatory prayers over him, and started for the river with W. Fished all the morning in a roaring N.E. gale, with the dreadful

agonised face between me and the river, pondering on *The mystery* Killed eight on 'March brown,' and 'governor,' by drowning the flies, and taking 'em out gently to see if aught was there, which is the only dodge in a north-easter. 'Cause why? The water is warmer than the air—*ergo*, fishes don't like to put their noses out o' doors, and feeds at home down stairs It is the only wrinkle, Tom The Captain fished a-top, and caught but three all day. They weren't going to catch a cold in their heads to please him or any man. Clouds burn up at 1 P M. I put on a minnow, and kill three more; I should have had lots, but for the image of the dirty hickory stick, which would 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' just ahead of my minnow. Mem. never fish with the sun in your back; it's bad enough with a fly, but with a minnow its strychnine and prussic acid My eleven weighed together four and a-half pounds, three to the pound; not good, considering I had passed many a two-pound fish, I know Corollary—Brass minnow don't suit the water Where is your wonderful minnow? Send me one down, or else a horn one, which I believes in desperate One pounder I caught to-day on the 'March brown,' womited his wittles, which was rude, but instructive; and among worms was a gudgeon three inches long and more Blow minnows—gudgeon is the thing. Came off the water at three Found my man alive, and, thank God, quiet. Sat with him, and thought him going once or twice What a mystery that long, insensible death-struggle is! . . . Then had to go to Hartley Row for an Archdeacon's Sunday-school meeting—three hours speechifying. Got back at 10 30, and sit writing to you. So goes one's day All manner of incongruous things to do, and the very incongruity keeps one beany and jolly. Your letter was delightful I read part of it to W, who says you are the best fellow on earth, to which I agree So no more from your sleepy and tired "C. KINGSLEY."

[TO HIS WIFE] EVERSLEY RECTORY. *Whit Monday.*—"A most successful Club Day. Weather glorious—roasting hot. Preached them a sermon on the 2d Lesson (1 Cor. xii.), the Church and the World. World as the selfish competitive isolating form of society—Church as the uniting one . . Spoke of the Millennium and the realization of the Kingdom of God—showed the intimate connection of the whole with Whitsuntide, and especially the Whit Monday services, and was greeted after church by the band striking up 'The good time coming.' I know nothing which has pleased me so much for a long time The singing was excellent, and altogether all went charmingly. We dine with them by request. . .

"*Whit Tuesday.* I have been planting vigorously. This glorious heat makes me lively and happy in the body in spite of myself, but if a chill whiff of a cloud comes, I feel all alone at once—a crab without his shell, a cock without his tail, a dog fish with a nail through his nose—all are nothing in want and help-

". . If these forefathers of ours could rise from their graves this day they would be inclined to see in our hospitals, in our railroads, in the achievements of our physical science, confirmation of that old superstition of theirs, proofs of the kingdom of God, realizations of the gifts which Christ received for men, vaster than any of which they had dreamed . . . And they would say sadly to us, 'Sons, you ought to be so near to God. He seems to have given you so much, and to have worked among you as He never worked for any nation under heaven How is it that you give the glory to yourselves and not to Him?' "

Early this year he republished "Yeast," with the addition of an Epilogue. It was a bold stroke, but he had counted the cost.

"Whatever obloquy," he said, "it may bring upon me, I shall think that a light price to pay, if by it I shall have helped, even in a single case, to turn the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come—as come it surely will, if we persist much longer in substituting denunciation for sympathy, instruction for education, and Pharisaism for the Good News of the Kingdom of God."

Soon after its publication it was reviewed anonymously in the *Guardian* by a well-known Oxford graduate, a strong partizan of the Anglican party, who brought very grave charges against the book and its writer—of "heresy,"—of "encouraging profligacy, of despising doctrines consecrated by the faith of ages. . . ." &c., &c. The article was skilfully worded so as to leave a general impression on the reader's mind that "Yeast" inculcated the vilest principles, and most pernicious doctrines.

These misrepresentations, absurd as they may seem now, assuming as they did the want of *moral* sense in himself, and his encouragement of immorality in others, touched Mr Kingsley on his tenderest point, and contrary to his usual rule, he wrote an indignant denial to these foul charges But when the first feeling and expression of righteous indignation was over, he had a wonderful power of putting his reviewers and their hard words out of his mind, and going on his way bearing no malice. "Life is too short and too full of hard work," he would say, "to give one time to hate and argue with people." These facts, however, are recalled to show those who know the results of his work, and the different tone since taken towards him even by the religious press, what insults he had to stand, what sore battles to fight, while labouring in the cause of purity and godliness. The best answer to this

On the 28th of May, his controversy about "Yeast" scarcely over, he had to deliver one of a series of lectures on behalf of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, on The Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture. He gave it, as he said, with the greatest diffidence; and its effect on those who heard it is described by a London barrister:

"I was engaged till so late yesterday condensing your husband's lecture for the *Christian Socialist* that I was not able to write to you as I intended I can only say that I feel what everybody else feels whom I have spoken with on the subject, that no other man in England could have done what he did ; I say *man* emphatically, because if I were to seek a word to express my opinion of it, I would say it was the *manliest* thing I had ever heard Such a right bold honest way of turning from side to side, looking everything straight in the face, and speaking out all the good and all the ill that could be said of it, in the plainest way, was surely never seen before; and certainly never was audience kept for nearly two hours and a half so attentive, by the mere weight of the subject, and the force with which it was wielded . . I can call the thing but by one name—a triumph"

In the summer he was asked to help in a course of sermons specially addressed to the working men who came up to London to see the Great Exhibition. His subject was—The message of the Church to labouring men

The sermon was listened to with profound attention by a large congregation But at its close, just as he was about to give the blessing, the incumbent rose in the reading-desk and declared, that while he agreed with much that had been said, it was his painful duty to add that he believed much to be dangerous and untrue. The excitement of the congregation was intense: the working men could with difficulty be kept quiet, and to a man of Mr Kingsley's vehement temperament it required a great effort to make no reply. He only bowed his head, and with deepened solemnity gave the blessing, came down from the pulpit, and passing straight through the crowd that thronged him with outstretched hands, and an eager "God bless you, sir," on their lips, went into the vestry, where his friends gathered round him to express their sympathy, and to take the sermon to be printed at once as it stood.

He returned to Eversley exhausted and depressed, and in the meantime the storm burst. A leading morning paper began the attack with an article full of inaccuracies, which made the intended impression on those who were already

strongly prejudiced against the "Apostle of Socialism." This was followed by a letter from Bishop Blomfield, who, hearing of the disturbance, wrote to Mr Kingsley to forbid him to preach in London Mr Kingsley in answer respectfully requested the Bishop to suspend his judgment till he had read the sermon When the occurrence became known generally, letters of sympathy poured in from all quarters, from both clergy and laity, and from numbers of working men There was a meeting of working men on Kennington Common, to give a public expression of their allegiance to him, and to propose to him to start a free church independent of episcopal rule, with the promise of a large following It is needless to say he did not entertain this proposal for a moment

In the meantime the obnoxious sermon was printed, and read by the Bishop, who wrote at once to ask Mr Kingsley to come up to see him, and after the interview gave him full permission to preach in the diocese of London again.

He was now so much worn with the work and the controversies of the last eight months, that his parents, seeing the importance of his having thorough change, persuaded him to leave his parish in the care of a curate and go abroad with them It was the first time he had crossed the water, and he writes to his wife from Ems

August 1, 1851 —"Actually at Ems at last As for what I have seen and felt I cannot tell you My comfort is that you have seen it already, though, alas! you have not seen that glass by Kaulbach at Coln, which is most magnificent Grand pictures in painted glass, with far distances, which let the eye *out* of the building, instead of confining and crushing it inwards, as painted glass generally does I cried like a child at the head of the Virgin in Koloff's great triptych of the Adoration, that head is the most wonderful female head I ever saw yet from the hand of man Then I had my first sight of the Rhine and vineyards—such a strange new feeling—and the Drachenfels, which is fine; but I was not overpowered as I was by Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth, *and that story*;—it seemed quite awful to find oneself in presence of it. Ehrenbreitstein disappointed me But it is all beautiful—beautiful That vast rushing silent river, those yellow vine slopes, and azure hills behind, with the thunder clouds lowering over their heads—beautiful; and the air! I have felt new nerves, as well as new eyes, ever since Cologne; the wonderful freshness and transparency of the colouring, and the bracing balminess of the atmosphere, make me understand now at once why people prefer this to England, there is no denying it It is a more charming country, and that is the best of reasons one has for

thanking God that one has not the means of escaping to it from *work*. . . How strange that my favourite Psalm about 'the hills of the robbers' should have come the very day I went up the Rhine. . . . The other day we walked over the hills and caught unspeakable butterflies, and found—conceive my delight—some twenty-five species of plants, new to me! I cannot tell you the enjoyment of it The scenery is certainly most lovely in every direction; and it is so delightful to think that you know it all! That thought recurs to me continually Tell the darling children that I will bring them each home something pretty, and that the woods are full of great orange slugs, and greater green lizards, and great long snakes which bite nobody, and that I will bring them home some red and blue locusts out of the vineyards . Another dear letter, and with such good news too! (about the Needlewoman's and other associations) I am so lifted up, and thankful for it! I am sure the cause is spreading, and as the Psalms for this morning say—Those who fear God will be turned to us, let the proud lie as they will

"I have worlds to tell you I have been to Bingen. We walked down the right bank to St Goar, and back again . . I scrambled up the face of the Lurlei to the Nymph's own seat, and picked you a little bouquet . . You told me I should be disappointed It is past all telling—beautiful—wonderful. Three things above all—Oberwesel—the Sonneck Schloss, worth (as a beau ideal of the robber's nest) all the other castles put together—and the opening out of the Rhine at Bingen into infinite unknown distances, and calm, and glory, and wealth. I never shall, or hope I never shall, forget that one thing as long as I live As for new plants, I should think I passed fifty new species in that one day. Keeping them was no good, so I just picked specimens, and looked at them till I knew them thoroughly, and went on regretful. On Monday H and I start for the Eifel I have been writing a good deal of poetry, you shall have it all when I get home; and that getting home is really too delicious to think of Tell the dear children I am getting lots of stories for them. The Eifel tramp will set me up, with God's blessing, utterly. . .

". . I take a knapsack and plaid, a change of garments, paper to write to you twice a week, my pipe, fishing-tackle, German Testament, word-book, note-book, and map of the Eifel. And so we start, and in a fortnight appear at Bonn I get better and better, and have written lots more poetry. Here is a sonnet for you:

"The Baby sings not at its mother's breast"*

. . . .

The other poems which he sent home to his wife, were: "The Ugly Princess;" "Ask if I love thee? oh, smiles

* See Poems

cannot tell," "The world goes up and the world goes down;" "The Eagle," and another sonnet.

MENDERSCHEID. *August* 7.—"I write from the loveliest place you can imagine, only how we got here I know not, having lost our way. We found ourselves about 8 P.M. last night at the top of a cliff 500 feet high, with a roaring river at the bottom, and *no* path. So down the cliff-face we had to come in the dark, or sleep in the forest to be eaten by wild boars and wolves, of which latter, one was seen on our route yesterday, 'as high as the table.' Down we came, knapsacks, fishing-rods, and all. I have seen such wonders, I don't know where to begin. Craters filled sometimes with ghastly blue lakes, with shores of volcanic dust, and sometimes, quaintly enough, by rye-fields and reapers. The roads are mended with lava; the whole country the strangest jumble, alternations of Cambridgeshire ugliness (only lifted up 1200 feet high) with all the beauties of Devonshire. The bed of the Issbach, from the baths of Bertrich, up which we came yesterday, was the most ravishingly beautiful glen scenery I ever saw; such rocks—such baths—such mountains covered with huge timber—not mere scrub, like the Rhine forests. Such strips of lawn here and there between the stream and the wood. All this, of course, you get on a grander scale on the Moselle, which was perfectly exquisite; yet there is a monotony in its luscious richness and softness, and I was right glad to find myself on my legs at Alf. Weather glorious. I have just had my first sight of the basalt opposite the Kurhaus of all Kurhauses—so lovely, one longs to kiss it. At two or three points one felt only inclined to worship. Bertrich is just as beautiful as everything else, too. Tell Rose I have got her some volcano-dust from the crater of the Pulver-Maar. To-day we go to a great Maar with cones of slag round it, and then a-fishing for trout. I am exceedingly well and strong, though we did dine yesterday off raw ham. My knapsack and plaid weigh about two stone, which is very heavy, but I go well enough under it, having got a pair of elastic cross-straps . . ."

GEROLSTEIN. *August* 10.—"During the last three days I have been stunned with wonders. Mountains fallen in, and making great lakes in the midst of corn-land; hills blown up with the wildest perpendicular crags, and roasted into dust; craters with the lips so perfect, that the fire might have been blazing in them twelve months ago; heaps of slag and cinder 2500 feet above the sea, on which nothing will grow, so burnt are they; lava streams pouring down into the valley, meeting with brooks drying them up, and in the fight foaming up into cliffs, and hurling huge masses of trachyte far into the dells; mysterious mineral springs boiling up, full of carbonic acid, by the roadside—all, as Beatrice says, 'wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, past all whooping!' When I shall get to Treves and your letter I know not, for there is so much to see here that I cannot tell when we move. This is the most memorable thing I have ever seen, and

when one adds, too, all the flowers and the castles, and the vales —why it will take me three months to tell you all. Kiss my darlings, and tell Rose I have got for her all sorts of curious lava-stones from the volcanoes, and shall carry them 200 miles on my back before she gets them. What fun we shall have arranging and classifying them when I get home God be thanked that I ever came here to see so much"

BIRREBORN: *August* 13—"The quaintest place, with a mineral spring which kills dogs and birds; and a landlady who talks good French and bad German, and a husband who is a dirty pothouse-keeper, with a casting net over his arm; and yet, speaking of Kaulbach's stained glass at Cologne, gives it as his opinion (in these very words), that 'they say that Art (die Kunst) is decayed, but my opinion is, that it widens and deepens every day.' (!!!) I cannot tell you what moral good this whole journey has done me I am learning hourly so much, that I do not know how much I have learnt Exceedingly well and strong, as lean as a lath, as any one would be who carried two stone of baggage (daily increasing in weight from the minerals and fossils I find) on his back through broiling suns We are both worse than the 'hollow, pampered jades of Asia, that cannot go but thirty miles a-day,' for with our knapsacks we can only make fifteen, and then a sight-seeing walk in the evening Yesterday we had indeed a day. We walked from Hillesheim past the Dreiser Weiher—and among the volcanic dust-mountains we found such minerals—olivine, augite, and glassy felspar One could have filled a cart—as it was I could only fill a pair of socks Then we went from Daun up to the Schalcken Maaren, which, being past all words beautiful and wonderful and awful, I will say no more Every night I dream of you and the children, and everywhere I go I pick you flowers fur denkmaler . "

TREVES. *August* 17—"Here we are at Treves I need not tell you all I have felt here and at Fleissem At first the feeling that one is standing over the skeleton of the giant iniquity —Old Rome—is overpowering. And as I stood last night in that amphitheatre, amid the wild beasts' dens, and thought of the Christian martyrdoms and the Frank prisoners, and all the hellish scenes of agony and cruelty that place had witnessed, I seemed to hear the very voice of the Archangel whom St John heard in Patmos, crying, 'Babylon the Great is fallen,'—no more like the sound of a trumpet, but only in the still whisper of the night breeze, and through the sleeping vineyards, and the great still smile of God out of the broad blue heaven Ah! and you were not there to feel it with me! I am so longing to be home! . "

Before going abroad, he had parted with the pupil who was dear to him and his wife as a son. Mr John Martineau's graphic and tender words give a true picture of the home life at Eversley:

"I first knew him in January 1850 I entered his house as his pupil, and was for nearly a year and a half his constant companion He was then in his thirty-first year, in the fulness of his strength; I a raw receptive school-boy of fifteen; so that his mind and character left their impression upon mine as a seal does upon wax He was then, above all things and before all things else, a parish clergyman His parish work was not indeed so laborious and absorbing as it had been six years before, when he was first made Rector The efforts of these six years had told, the seed was bearing fruit, and Eversley would never again be as it had been He had now a curate to help him, and give him the leisure which he needed for writing Still, even so, with a large and straggling though not very populous parish, with his share of three services on Sunday and cottage lectures on two week-day evenings in winter, there was much for him to do, throwing himself into it, as he did, with all his intensity and keen sense of responsibility. These were the days when farm-labourers in Hampshire got from eight to ten shillings a week, and bread was dear, or had not long ceased to be so The cholera of 1849 had just swept through the country, and though it had not reached Eversley, a severe kind of low fever had, and there had been a season of much illness and many deaths, during which he had, by his constant, anxious, tender care of the sick poor, won their confidence more than ever before The poor will not go to the relieving officer if they can get their needs supplied elsewhere, and the Eversley poor used to go for relief, and something more than relief, to the Rectory There were few mornings, at that time, that did not bring some one in distress, some feeble woman, or ailing child, or a summons to a sick-bed Up to that time he had allowed no man or woman in his parish to become an inmate of the work-house through infirmity or old age, except in a few cases where want had been the direct consequence of indolence or crime At times, too, other poor besides those of his parish might be seen at his door. Gipsies were attracted to him from all the country round. He married and christened many of them, to whom such rites were things almost unknown I cannot give any description of his daily life, his parish work, which will not sound commonplace . . But there never was a man with whom life was less monotonous, with whom it was more full to overflowing, of variety, and freshness Nothing could be so exquisitely delightful as a walk with him about his parish Earth, air, and water, as well as farm-house and cottage, seemed full of his familiar friends By day and by night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in Nature It seemed as if no bird, or beast, or insect, scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed. He caught and noted every breath, every sound, every sign With every person he met he instinctively struck some point of contact, found something to appreciate—often, it might be, some informa-

tion to ask for—which left the other cheered, self-respecting, raised for the moment above himself; and whatever the passing word might be, it was given to high or low, gentle or simple, with an appropriateness, a force, and a genial courtesy, in the case of all women, a *deferential* courtesy, which threw its spell over all alike, a spell which few could resist

"So many-sided was he that he seemed to unite in himself more types and varieties of mind and character, types differing as widely as the poet from the man of science, or the mystic from the soldier, to be filled with more thoughts, hopes, fears, interests, aspirations, temptations than could co-exist in any one man, all subdued or clenched into union and harmony by the force of one iron will, which had learnt to rule after many a fierce and bitter struggle His senses were acute to an almost painful degree. The sight of suffering, the foul scent of a sick-room—well used as he was to both—would haunt him for hours For with all his man's strength there was a deep vein of *woman* in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy, which made him suffer when others suffered; a tender, delicate, soothing touch, which gave him power to understand and reach the heart, to call out, sometimes almost at first sight (what he of all men least sought), the inmost confidences of men and women alike in all classes of life And he had sympathy with all moods from deepest grief to lightest humour—for no man had a keener, quicker perception of the humorous side of anything—a love and ready word of praise for whatever was good or beautiful, from the greatest to the least, from the heroism of the martyr to the shape of a good horse, or the folds of a graceful dress And this wide-reaching hearty appreciation made a word of praise from him sweeter, to those who knew him well, than volumes of commendation from all the world besides

"His every thought and word was penetrated with the belief, the full assurance, that the world—the world of the soldier or the sportsman, as well as the world of the student or the theologian—was God's world, and that everything which He had made was good 'Humani nihil a me alienum puto,' he said, taught by his wide human sympathies, and encouraged by his faith in the Incarnation. And so he rejected, as Pharisaic and unchristian, most of what is generally implied in the use of such words as 'carnal,' 'unconverted,' 'worldly,' and thereby embraced in his sympathy, and won to faith and hope, many a struggling soul, many a bruised reed, whom the narrow and exclusive ignorance of schools and religionists had rejected

"No human being but was sure of a patient, interested hearer in him I have seen him seat himself, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him, as they sate, in his keen kindly way with question and look With as great a horror of pauperism and almsgiving as any professed political economist, it was in practice

very hard to him to refuse anyone The sight of unmistakable misery, however caused, covered, to him, the multitude of sins I recollect his passing backwards and forwards again and again—the strong impulsive will for once irresolute—between the breakfast-room and a miserable crying woman outside, and I cannot forget, though twenty-five years have passed since, the unutterable look of pain and disgust with which, when he had decided to refuse the request, he said, 'Look there!' as he pointed to his own well-furnished table Nothing roused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the door-step, turned up the whites of his eyes and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, even to remonstrate. He had at that time great physical strength and activity, and an impetuous, restless, nervous energy, which I have never seen equalled. All his strength, physical, mental, and moral, seemed to find expression in his keen grey eyes, which gazed with the look of an eagle, from under massive brows, divided from each other by two deep perpendicular furrows—at that time, together with the two equally deep lines from nostril to mouth, very marked features in his face One day, in a neighbour's yard, a large savage dog flew out at him, straining at its chain. He walked up to it, scolding it, and by mere force of eye, voice, and gesture, drove it into its kennel, close to which he stopped, keeping his eye on the cowed animal, as it growled, and moved uneasily from side to side He had done the same thing often before, and even pulled an infuriated dog out of its kennel by its chain, after having driven it in

"By boyish habits and tastes a keen sportsman, the only sport he ever enjoyed at this time was an occasional day's trout or pike fishing, or throwing a fly for an hour or two during his afternoon's walk over the little stream that bounded his parish Hunting he had none And in later years, when he did hunt occasionally, it was generally a matter of two or three hours on an old horse, taken as a relaxation in the midst of work, not, as with most other men, as a day's work in itself Fond as he was of horses, he never in his life had one worth fifty pounds, so little self-indulgent was he.

"Though exercising intense self-control, he was very restless and excitable Constant movement was a relief and almost a necessity to him. His study opened by a door of its own upon the garden, and most of his sermons and books were thought out and composed as he paced up and down there, at all hours and in all weathers, his hands behind his back, generally smoking a long clay pipe; for tobacco had, as he found by experience—having once tried a year's total abstinence from it—an especially soothing

beneficial effect upon him. He ate hurriedly, and it was an effort to him to sit still through a meal

"Of society he had then very little, and it was rarely and unwillingly that he passed an evening away from home He did not seek it, and it had not yet begun to seek him Indeed, at no time was general society a congenial element to him; and those who knew him only thus, did not know him at his best. A few intimate friends, and now and then a stranger, seeking his advice on some matter, would come for a night or a Sunday. Amongst the former, and honoured above all, was Mr Maurice One of his visits happened at a time when we had been startled by a burglary and murder at a parsonage a few miles off, and had armed ourselves and barricaded the rambling old Rectory in case of an attack. In the middle of the night an attempt was made to force open the back door, which roused us all, and we rushed down stairs with pistols, guns, and blunderbuss, to expel the thieves, who, however, had taken alarm and made off. Mr Maurice, the only unarmed and the coolest man amongst us, was quietly going out alone, in the pitch darkness, into the garden in pursuit of them, when Mr Kingsley fortunately came upon him and stopped him; and the two passed the rest of the night together talking over the study-fire till morning came.

"Many a one has cause to remember that Study, its lattice window (in later years altered to a bay), its great heavy door, studded with large projecting nails, opening upon the garden; its brick floor covered with matting; its shelves of heavy old folios, with a fishing-rod, or landing-net, or insect-net leaning against them. on the table, books, writing-materials, sermons, manuscript, proofs, letters, reels, feathers, fishing-flies, clay-pipes, tobacco On the mat, perhaps—the brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and gently-agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion —a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont Scotch terrier, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race. When the rest of the household went to bed, he would ask his guest in ostensibly to smoke The swing-door would be flung open and slam heavily after him, as it always did, for he would never stop to catch and close it. And then in the quiet of night, when no fresh face could come, no interruption occur to distract him, he would give himself wholly to his guest, taking up whatever topic the latter might suggest. whatever question he might ask, and pouring out from the full stores of his knowledge, his quick intuitive sagacity, his ready sympathy Then it was, far more than in the excitement and distraction of many voices and many faces, that he was himself, that the true man appeared; and it was at times such as these that he came to be known and trusted and loved, as few men ever have been, as no man has been whom I ever knew

"He had to a wonderful degree the power of abstraction and concentration, which enabled him to arrange and elaborate a

whole sermon, or a chapter of a book, while walking, riding, or even fly-fishing, without making a note, so as to be able on his return to write or dictate it in clear terse language as fast as pen could move He would read a book and grasp its essential part thoroughly in a time so short that it seemed impossible that his eyes could have traversed its pages Compared with other men who have written or thought much, he worked for few hours in the day, and without much system or regularity, but his application was so intense that the strain upon his vital powers was very great. Nor when he ceased could his brain rest Except during sleep,—and even that was characteristic, so profound was it,—repose seemed impossible to him for body or mind So that he seemed to live three days, as it were, while other men were living one, and already foresaw that there would be for him no great length of years

"Connected with this rapid living was a certain impatience of trifles, an inaccuracy about details, a haste in drawing conclusions, a forgetfulness of times and seasons, and of words lightly spoken or written, and withal an impulsive and almost reckless generosity, and fear of giving pain, which sometimes placed him at an unfair disadvantage, and put him formally in the wrong when substantially he was in the right It led him, too, to take too hastily a favourable estimate of almost every one with whom he came personally into contact, so that he was liable to suffer from misplaced confidence: while in the petty matters of daily life it made him a bad guardian of his own interests, and but for the wise and tender assistance that was ever at his side would almost have overwhelmed him with anxieties

"In the pulpit, and even at his week-day cottage-lectures, where, from the population of his parish being so scattered, he had sometimes scarcely a dozen hearers, he was at that time eloquent beyond any man I ever heard For he had the two essential constituents of eloquence, a strong man's intensity and clearness of conviction, and a command of words, not easy or rapid, but sure and unhesitating, an unfailing instinct for the one word, the most concrete and pictorial, the strongest and the simplest, which expressed his thought exactly Many have since then become familiar with his preaching, many more with his published sermons, but few comparatively can know what it was to hear him, Sunday after Sunday, in his own church and among his own people, not preach only, but read, or rather pray, the prayers of the Church-service So completely was he in harmony with these prayers, so fully did they satisfy him, that with all his exuberance of thought and imagination, it seemed as if for him there was nothing to be asked for beyond what they asked for So that in his cottage-lectures, as in his own household worship, where he was absolutely free to use any words he chose, I scarcely ever heard him use a word of prayer other than the words of the Prayer-book

"In conversation he had a painful hesitation in his speech, but in preaching, and in speaking with a set purpose, he was wholly free from it. He used to say that he could speak for God but not for himself, and took the trial—and to his keenly sensitive nature it was no small one—patiently and even thankfully, as having by God's mercy saved him from many a temptation to mere brilliancy and self-seeking. The successful effort to overcome this difficulty increased instead of diminishing the impressiveness of his voice, for to it was partly due the strange, rich, high-pitched, musical monotone in which he prayed and preached, the echo of which, as it filled his church, or came borne on the air through the open window of a sick room, seems to travel over the long past years and kindle his words afresh, as I read them in the cold, dead page.

"And as it was an unspeakable blessing to Eversley to have him for its Rector, so also it was an inestimable benefit to him to have had so early in life a definite work to do which gave to his generous sympathetic impulses abundant objects and responsibilities and a clear purpose and direction Conscious, too, as he could not but be, of great powers, and impatient of dictation or control, the repose and isolation of a country parish afforded him the best and healthiest opportunities of development, and full liberty of thought and speech, with sufficient leisure for reading and study

"Great as was his love of natural science, in so many of its branches, his genius was essentially that of a poet Often a time of trouble and sadness—and there was in him a strong undercurrent of sadness at all times—would result in the birth of a lyrical poem or song, on a subject wholly unconnected with that which occupied him, the production of which gave him evident relief, as though in some mysterious way his mind was thereby disburdened and set free for the reception of new thoughts and impressions In June 1851, he preached a powerful sermon to working men in a London church, which was denounced by the incumbent It was a painful scene, which narrowly escaped ending in a riot, and he felt keenly—not the insult to himself—but the discredit and scandal to the Church, the estrangement that it would be likely to increase between the clergy and the working men. He came home the day after, wearied and worn out. That same evening he brought in a song that he had written, the 'Three Fishers,' as though it were the outcome of it all; and then he seemed able to put the matter aside, and the current of his daily life flowed as before Not that he at this time—or indeed at any time—wrote *much* verse. Considering that what the world needed was not verse, however good, so much as sound knowledge, sound reasoning, sound faith, and above all, as the fruit and evidence of the last, sound morality, he did not give free rein to his poetical faculty, but sought to make it his servant, not his master, to use it to illuminate and fix the eyes of men on the truths of science, of

social relationship, of theology, of morality. The letters which he received in countless numbers, often from utter strangers who knew nothing of him but from his books, seeking counsel on the most delicate and important matters of life, testify how great a gift it was, how truly and tellingly it was used In reading all his writings, on whatever subject, it must not be forgotten that he was a poet,—that he could not help thinking, feeling, and writing as a poet. Patience, industry he had, even logical and inductive power of a certain intuitive intermittent kind, not sustained, indeed, or always reliable, for his was not a logical mind, and surface inconsistencies are not hard to find in his writings; but as a poet, even if he saw all sides, he could not express them all at once. The very keenness of his sympathy, the intensity with which he realized all that was passing around him, made it impossible for him to maintain the calm unruffled judgment of men of a less fiery temperament, or to abstract and devote himself to the pursuit of any one branch of study without being constantly distracted from it, and urged in some new direction by the joys and sorrows of the surging world around, to seek if by any means he might find a medicine to heal its sickness Hence it may, perhaps, be that another generation will not fully realize the wide-spread influence, the great power, he exercised through his writings For, in a sense, it may be said that, as to some of them, not their least merit is that in part they will *not* live, except as the seed lives in the corn which grows, or water in the plant which it has revived For their power often lay mainly in the direction of their aim at the special need of the hour, the memory of which has passed, or will pass, away As his 'Master,' as he affectionately and humbly called Mr Maurice, was a theologian, and, in its original sense, a 'Prophet,' so Mr Kingsley, as Priest and Poet, gloried in interpreting, expanding, applying him 'I think this will explain a good deal of Maurice,' was the single remark I heard him make when he had completed 'Yeast.'

"In later years, as his experience widened, his judgment ripened, his conclusions were more calmly formed But his genius was essentially of a kind that comes to maturity early, when the imagination is still vivid, the pulses of life beat fastest, and the sympathies and affections are most passionately intense . . With the great outside world, with the world of politicians and the press, and still more with the religious world, so called, as represented by the religious newspapers, he was in those years at open war. Popular as he afterwards became, it is difficult now to realize how great was the suspicion, how bitter the attacks, especially from the religious newspapers, which his books and sermons drew down upon him Not that he in general cared much for praise or blame from the newspaper press, so venal and unprincipled did he—not without reason—consider most of it, Whig, Tory, Radical, and religious At that time he did not take in any daily paper

"It was then about two years after the events of 1848, and for him the one all-important and absorbing question of Politics was the condition, physical and mental, of the working classes and the poor in town and country. On that question he considered that all the leading parties of the legislature had alike shown themselves indifferent and incapable This conviction, and a deep sympathy with the suffering poor, had made him a Radical . .

"Looking back upon his daily life and conversation at that time, I believe he was democratic in his opinions rather than in his instincts, more by force of conviction than by natural inclination. A doctrinaire, or a lover of change for the sake of change, he never was, and when he advocated democratic measures, it was more as a means to an end than because he altogether liked the means From the pulpit, and with his pen, he claimed brotherhood with all men. No man in his daily intercourse respected with more scrupulous courtesy the rights, the dignity of the humblest. But he instinctively disliked a 'beggar on horseback.' *Noblesse oblige*, the true principle of feudalism, is a precept which shines out conspicuously in all his books, in all his teaching, at this period of his life as at all others.

"In later years his convictions became more in accord with this natural tendency of his mind, and he gradually modified or abandoned his democratic opinions, thereby, of course, drawing down upon himself the reproach of inconsistency from those who considered that he had deserted them To me, looking back at what he was when he wrote 'Yeast,' and 'Alton Locke,' the change seems rather the natural development of his mind and character under more or less altered circumstances, partly because he saw the world about him really improving, partly because by experience he found society and other existing institutions more full of healthy life, more available as instruments of good, more willing to be taught, than he had formerly thought. But, at that time, in his books and pamphlets, and often in his daily familiar speech, he was pouring out the whole force of his eager, passionate heart, in wrath and indignation, against starvation wages, stifling workshops, reeking alleys, careless landlords, roofless and crowded cottages, hard and canting religion. His 'Poacher's Widow' is a piercing, heart-rending cry to heaven for vengeance against the oppressor 'There is a righteous God,' is its burthen, 'and such things cannot, and shall not, remain to deface the world which He has made. Laws, constitutions, churches, are none of His if they tolerate such; they are accursed, and they must perish—destroy what they may in their fall. Nay, they *will* perish in their own corruption'

"One day, as he was reading with me, something led him to tell me of the Bristol Riots of 1832. He was in that year a schoolboy of thirteen, at Bristol, and had slipped away, fascinated by the tumult and the horror, into the midst of it. He described —rapidly pacing up and down the room, and, with glowing,

saddened face, as though the sight were still before his eyes—the brave, patient soldiers sitting hour after hour motionless on their horses, the blood streaming from wounds on their heads and faces, waiting for the order which the miserable, terrified mayor had not courage to give; the savage, brutal, hideous mob of inhuman wretches plundering, destroying, burning; casks of spirits broken open and set flowing in the streets, the wretched creatures drinking it on their knees from the gutter, till the flame from a burning house caught the stream, ran down it with a horrible rushing sound, and, in one dreadful moment, the prostrate drunkards had become a row of blackened corpses. Lastly, he spoke of the shamelessness and the impunity of the guilty, the persecution and the suicide of the innocent. 'That sight,' he said, suddenly turning to me, 'made me a Radical.' 'Whose fault is it,' I ventured to ask, 'that such things can be?' 'Mine,' he said, 'and yours.' I understood partly then, I have understood better since, what his Radicalism was.

"From his home life I scarcely dare, even for a moment, try to lift the veil. I will only say that having had the priceless blessing of admission to it, the daily sight of him in the closest of his home relations has left me a deeper debt of gratitude, and more precious memories, created higher hopes and a higher ideal, than all other manifestations combined of his character and intellect. To his marriage—so he never shrunk from affirming in deep and humble thankfulness—he owed the whole tenor of his life, all that he had worth living for. It was true. And his every word and look, and gesture of chivalrous devotion for more than thirty years, seemed to show that the sense of boundless gratitude had become part of his nature, was never out of the undercurrent of his thoughts. Little thinking that he was to be taken first, and with the prospect of a long agony of loneliness imminent from hour to hour, the last flash of genius, his breaking heart was to gather into three simple, pregnant words as a last offering to her, the whole story of his life, of the Faith he preached and lived in, of his marriage, blessed, and yet to be blessed. He was spared that agony. Over *his* grave first are written his words

'Amavimus, amamus, amabimus.'"

CHAPTER X.

1852.

AGED 33

Letters on Political Parties—On Prayer—On Doubts—Parson Lot's last Words—Andromeda—Greek Myth—The Hawk—Hexameters—Ballads—Poetry of a Run—The Sabbath—The Jews

> "I do not like to decline bearing my share of the odium, thinking that what many men call 'caution' in such matters, is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will I am quite sure that I would never gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it; and the love of ease . is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety or the pleasure of argument."
>
> DR ARNOLD

THE short holiday of the past year had so far invigorated him that he worked without a curate for a time. The varied work was hampered by the heavy correspondence, principally with strangers, who little knew what labour each letter cost him: but to whom he said, "Never apologize for writing This is my business, and I learn from the many such letters I have, far more than I teach. I consider myself indebted most deeply to any man who will honestly tell me the workings of his own mind How can a physician learn pathology without studying cases?" His literary work consisted of "Hypatia," "Phaeton," and magazine articles In the summer he amused himself by trying his hand at hexameters, and began his poem "Andromeda." His parish work prevented his helping personally in the Co-operative Movement in London; but he was consulted from time to time by the Council of Promoters

A few months later, having heard that a Bill for legalizing Industrial Associations was about to be introduced into the House of Commons, by a cabinet minister, he writes to Mr Hughes:

"Let him be assured that he will by such a move do more to carry out true Conservatism, and to reconcile the workmen with the real aristocracy, than any politician for the last twenty years has done The truth is, we are in a critical situation, here in England Not in one of danger—which is the vulgar material notion of a crisis, but at the crucial point, the point of departure of principles and parties which will hereafter become great and powerful Old Whiggery is dead, old true blue Toryism of the Robert Inglis school is dead too—and in my eyes a great loss

But as live dogs are better than dead lions, let us see what the live dogs are

"1.—The Peelites, who will ultimately, be sure, absorb into themselves all the remains of Whiggery, and a very large proportion of the Conservative party. In an effete unbelieving age, like this, the Sadducee and the Herodian will be the most captivating philosopher. A scientific laziness, lukewarmness, and compromise, is a cheery theory for the young men of the day, and they will take to it *con amore*. I don't complain of Peel himself. He was a great man, but his method of compromise, though useful enough in particular cases when employed by a great man, becomes a most dastardly '*schema mundi*' when taken up by a school of little men. Therefore, the only help which we can hope for from the Peelites is, that they will serve as ballast and cooling pump to both parties. .

"2.—Next you have the Manchester School, from whom Heaven defend us. . To pretend to be the workmen's friends, by keeping down the price of bread, when all they want thereby is to keep down wages, and increase profits, and in the meantime to widen the gulf between the working man and all that is time-honoured, refined and chivalrous in English society, that they may make the men their divided slaves, that is—perhaps half unconsciously, for there are excellent men amongst them—the game of the Manchester School.

" I have never swerved from my one idea of the last seven years, that the real battle of the time is—if England is to be saved from anarchy and unbelief, and utter exhaustion caused by the competitive enslavement of the masses—not Radical or Whig against Peelite or Tory (let the dead bury their dead), but the Church, the gentleman, and the workman, against the shopkeepers and the Manchester School. The battle could not have been fought forty years ago, because, on one side, the Church was an idle phantasm, the gentleman too ignorant, the workman too merely animal, while on the other, the Manchester cotton-spinners were all Tories, and the shopkeepers were a distinct class interest from theirs. But now these two latter have united, now we know our true enemies, and soon the working men will know them also. But if the present Ministry will not see the possibility of a coalition between them and the workmen, I see no alternative but just what we have been straining every nerve to keep off—a competitive United States, a democracy before which the work of ages will go down in a few years. A true democracy, such as you and I should wish to see, is impossible without a Church and a Queen, and, as I believe, without a gentry. On the conduct of statesmen it will depend whether we are gradually and harmoniously to develop England on her ancient foundations, or whether we are to have fresh paralytic governments succeeding each other in doing nothing, while the workmen and the Manchester School fight out the real questions of the day in ignorance and fury, till 'cultbute géné-

rale' comes, and gentlemen of ancient family betake themselves to Canada, to escape, not the Amalgamated Engineers, but their 'masters,' and the slop-working savages whom their masters' system has created, and will by that time have multiplied tenfold. . ."

[To LORD ——] *April* 25, 1852 —"I am answering your letter, only just received, I fear, at a disadvantage, for first, you seem to fancy me an older man than I am. I am only two-and-thirty; and shall not be surprised if you or any other person consider me on further enquiry too young to advise them.

"Next, I have not knowledge enough of you to give such advice as would be best for you. I have no nostrum for curing self-will and self-seeking, I am aware of none. It is a battle, I suspect, a life-long battle, which each man must fight for himself, and each in his own way, and against his own private house-fiend—for in each man the evil of self-seeking takes a different form It must do so, if you consider what it is Self is not evil, because self is you, whom God made, and each man's self is different from his neighbour's Now God does not make evil things, therefore He has not made self evil or wrong; but you, or self, are only wrong in proportion as you try to be something in and for yourself, and not the child of a father, the servant of a lord, the soldier of a general. So it seems to me. The fault of each man who thinks and studies as you seem to have done, in the confession with which you have honoured me, is the old fault of Lucifer. The planet is not contented with being a planet, it must be a sun; and forthwith it falls from heaven. I have no nostrum for keeping the planet in its orbit It must keep there itself and obey the law which was given it, and do the work which it was set to do, and then all will be well. Else it will surely find by losing the very brightness in which it gloried, that that brightness was not its own but a given and reflected one, which is not withdrawn from it as an arbitrary punishment for its self-seeking, but is lost by it necessarily, and *ipso facto*, when it deflects from the orbit in which alone the sun's rays can strike full on it You will say, this is a pretty myth or otherwise . . You have said boldly, in words which pleased me much, though I differ from them—that I ought not to ask you to try to cure self-seeking by idle prayer—as if a man by taking thought could add one cubit to his stature. I was pleased with the words, because they show me that you have found that there is a sort of prayer which is idle prayer, and that you had sooner not pray at all than in that way. Now of idle prayer I think there are two kinds · one of fetish prayer, when by praying we seek to alter the will of God concerning us This is, and has been, and will be common enough and idle enough For if the will of Him concerning us be good, why should we alter it? If bad, what use praying to such a Being at all? Prometheus does not pray to Zeus, but curses and endures. Another, of praying to oneself to change oneself, by which I mean the common method of trying by prayer to excite oneself into a state,

a frame, an experience This too is common enough among protestants and papists, as well as among unitarians and rationalists Indeed, some folks tell us that the great use of prayer is 'its reflex' action on ourselves, and inform us that we can thus by taking thought add certain cubits to our stature. God knows the temptation to believe it is great I feel it deeply. Nevertheless I am not of that belief; nor, I think, are you But if there were a third kind of prayer—the kind which is set forth to us in the Lord's Prayer as the only one worth anything—a prayer, not that God's will concerning us or anyone else may be altered, but that it may be done; that we may be kept out of all evil and delivered from all temptation which may prevent our doing it, that we may have the ἄρτον ἐπιούσιον given to us in body, soul, spirit, and circumstance, which will just enable us to do it and no more; that the name of Him to whom we pray may be hallowed, felt to be as noble and sacred as it is, and acted on accordingly. And if that name were the simple name of Father, does it not seem that prayer of that kind—the prayer not of a puling child, but of a full-grown or growing son, to his father; a prayer to be taught duty, to be disciplined into obedience, to be given strength of will, noble purpose, carelessness of self, delight in the will and the purpose of his father—would be the very sort of prayer which—supposing always, as I do from ten years' experience, that Father to exist, and to hear, and to love, and to have prepared good works for us to walk in—to each man his own work, and his own education for that work—does it not seem to you, I say, granting the hypothesis, that that would be a sort of prayer which would mightily help a man striving to get rid of his self-seeking, and to recover his God-appointed place in the order of the universe, and use, in that place, the attainments which his Father has given him to be used? It seems to me that such a man might look up to God and feel himself most strong when he was confessing his own weakness, and then look down at himself and all his learning, and see that he was most weak when he was priding himself on his own strength—that such a man would be certain of having his prayers for light, strength, unselfishness, answered, because then, indeed, his will would be working with God's will He would be claiming to be a fellow-worker with God, to be a son going about his father's business—in deep shame and sorrow, no doubt, for having stolen God's tools, to use for his own aggrandisement for so long, but with no papist (or rather jesuit) notion of making a sacrifice to God—giving a present to Him who has already given to us what we pretend to make a merit of giving Him And such a man, it seems to me, would have no difficulty in finding out what God intended him to do, for if he really believed himself a son, under a Father's education, he would believe everything which happened to be a part of that education—every opportunity of doing good, trivial as well as grand, a duty set him by his father to do He would not be

tempted to rush forth fanatically from the place where God had put him, to try some mighty act of self-sacrifice If the thing which lay nearest him was the draining of a bog, or the giving employment to a pauper, or the reclaiming of a poacher, he would stay where God had put him and try to do it; and believe that God had given him his nobility, or his learning, or his gentleman's culture, just that he might be able the better to do that part of his father's business there and then and no other He would consider over what he knew, what he could do, and would determine to make all his studies, all his self-training bear upon the peculiar situation in which God had put him; not fanatically reprobating, but still considering as of less importance whatsoever did not bear on that situation. In all things, in short, he would do the duty which lay nearest him, believing that *God* had put it nearest him.

"And such a man, I believe, so praying, and so working, keeping before him as his lode-star—'Our Father, hallowed by Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!' and asking for his daily bread for that purpose, and no other, would find, unless I am much mistaken, selfishness and self-seeking die out of him, and active benevolence grow up in him. He would find trains of thought and subjects of inquiry which he had pursued for his private pleasure, not to mention past sorrows and falls, turned unexpectedly to practical use for others' good; and so discover to his delight, that his Father had been educating him, while he fancied that he was educating himself. And while he was so working, and so praying, he would have neither leisure nor need to torment himself about the motives of his actions, but simply whatever his hand found to do, would do it with all his might . "

To ——, Esq *—"Sad as your letter was, it gave me much pleasure: it is always a pleasure to see life springing out of death—health returning after disease, though, as doctors know, the recovery from asphyxia or drowning is always as painful as the temporary death itself was painless . Faith is born of doubt.

'It is not life but death where nothing stirs'

I take all these struggles of yours as simply so many signs that your Father in heaven is treating you as a father, that He has not forsaken you, is not offended with you, but is teaching you in the way best suited to your own idiosyncrasy, the great lesson of lessons 'Empty thy self, and God will fill thee.' I am not a man of a mystical or romantic turn of mind, but I do say and know, both from reason and experience, that we must be taught, even though it be by being allowed for a while to make beasts of ourselves, that we are of ourselves, and in ourselves, nothing better than—as you see in the savage—a sort of magnified beast of prey, all the more terrible

* A young man of nineteen, brought up as a Unitarian

for its wondrous faculties; that neither intellect nor strength of will can save us from degradation; that they may be just as powerful for evil as for good, and that what we want to make us true *men*, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God-given instinct, motive, and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only see the right, and the true, and the noble, but love it, and give up our wills and hearts to it, and find in the confession of our own weakness a strength, in the subjection of our own will a freedom, in the utter carelessness about self a self-respect, such as we have never known before Do not—do not fancy that any confession of yours to me can lower you in my eyes My dear young man, I went through the same devil's sewer, with a thousand times the teaching and advantages which you have had Who am I, of all men, to throw stones at you? But take your sorrows, not to me, but to your Father in heaven If that name, Father, mean anything, it must mean that He will not turn away from His wandering child, in a way in which you would be ashamed to turn away from yours If there be pity, lasting affection, patience in man, they must have come from Him They, above all things, must be His likeness. Believe that He possesses them a million times more fully than any human being St Paul knew well, at least, the state of mind in which you are He said that he had found a panacea for it; and his words, to judge from the way in which they have taken root, and spread, and conquered, must have some depth and life in them Why not try them? Just read the first nine chapters of St Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and write me your heart about them But never mind what anybody, Unitarian or Trinitarian, may say they mean Read them as you would a Greek play—taking for granted that they mean the simplest and most obvious sense which can be put upon them Let me hear more—I long for another letter. I need not say that I consider your confidence an honour, and shall keep it sacred"

The *Christian Socialist* came to an end this year, and "Parson Lot" spoke his "last words":

" . Let us say little and work the more We shall be the more respected, and the more feared too for it People will begin to believe that we really know what we want, and really do intend to get it, and really believe in its righteousness And the spectacle of silent working faith is one at once so rare and so noble, that it tells more, even on opponents, than ten thousand platform pyrotechnics In the meantime it will be no bad thing for us if we are beaten sometimes Success at first is dangerous, and defeat an excellent medicine for testing people's honesty—for setting them earnestly to work to see what they want, and what are the best methods of attaining it Our sound thrashings as a nation in the first French war were the making of our armies, and it is good for an idea, as well as for a man, to 'bear the yoke in his youth'

The return match will come off, and many, who are now our foes, will then be our friends; and in the meantime,

> 'The proper impulse has been given,
> Wait a little longer'
>
> "PARSON LOT."

His youngest daughter, Mary St Leger, was born in June, and the day following he resumes his letters to Mr Ludlow, from which the following extracts are made:

"In three weeks' time we shall be delighted to see you. My beloved roses will be just in glory, the fish will be just in season; thanks to the late spring. My old hunter [a horse which a friend had lately lent him] will be up from grass, and proud to carry you and me—per gig—to see the best of men, John Paine, saint and hop-grower, of Farnham, Surrey. Also we will talk of all matters in heaven and earth. That is, unless I am so deeply unthankful, as indeed I am, for all my blessings that the Giver finds it necessary, against His will, to send some bitter among my paradise of sweets . . What you say about my 'ergon' being poetry is quite true. I could not write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I can write poetry . there is no denying it. I do feel a different being when I get into metre—I feel like an otter in the water, instead of an otter ashore. He can run fast enough ashore, and keep the hounds at a tearing gallop, as my legs found this spring in Snowdonia, but when he takes water, then indeed he becomes beautiful, full of divine grace and freedom, and exuberance of power. Go and look at him in the Zoological Gardens, and you'll see what I mean When I have done 'Hypatia' I will write no more novels I will write poetry—not as a profession—but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do something that will live. I feel my strong faculty is that sense of *form*, which, till I took to poetry, always came out in drawing · but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one"

. . . .

". . . I wonder what makes me so chatty this morning—mere idleness, I do believe; never mind. I can't settle again for a few days, and I can't work hard, because I can't play hard, on account of this mighty rain, and unless I get frantic exercise of body, my mind won't work I should like to have a 'Nicor' to slay every afternoon, wouldn't I write eight hours a day then! As it is, my only nicor to-day has been a rabbit about as long as this sheet of paper, which I, my man, and my dog valiantly captured half-an-hour ago in the middle of the flower-beds! 'But slew him not; awe kept our souls from that,' as is remarked in a certain novel

> 'Therefore we took him by the silver ears,
> And made for him a hutch with iron hoops,
> And put him in the tool-house; and around
> The children of the baby-nursing dame,
> The imps who haunt the garden, danced and yelled.'

"What do you think of that for a parody? F. remains very, very well, and so does the infant"

. . . . .

"I send you more Andromeda * . . . You will see at once the difference in style between this opening and the latter part—right or wrong, it was instinctive I felt myself on old mythic idolatrous ground, and went slowly and artificially, feeling it unreal, and wishing to make readers feel it such. Then when I get into real *human* Greek life, I can burst out and rollick along in the joy of existence .

"You know that Andromeda myth is a very deep one It happened at Joppa, and she must have been a Canaanite; and I cannot help fancying that it is some remnant of old human sacrifices to the dark powers of nature, which died out throughout Greece before the higher, sunnier faith in *human* gods; and that I shall just bring out, or bring in, enough to make it felt without hurting the classicality, by contrasting her tone about the gods with that of Perseus, whom she is ready to worship as a being of a higher race, with his golden hair and blue eyes. Oh, my dear man, the beauty of that whole myth is unfathomable; I love it, and revel in it more and more the longer I look at it If I conceive a thought (objective, that is, of course), I almost always begin by drawing it again and again, and then the incompleteness of the pencil (for paint I can't) drives me to words to give it colour and chiaroscuro

"When you come to me I have a poem (Santa Maura) * to show you I can hardly bear to read it myself; but it is the deepest and clearest thing I have yet done I send a scrap more rough copy Perseus rushing on the Orc—

'As when an osprey, aloft, dark eyebrowed, royally crested . . .
* * * * * *
Stunning with terrible heel the life of the brain in the hind head.'

Mind the 'terrible *heel*' That is right, a hawk strikes with his heel, and afterwards grips with his whole foot. A fish or duck killed by a hawk is always scored up the neck and hind head; sometimes ripped up right along the back If you'll consider; striking his prey at immense speed from behind, he couldn't drive his front claws in. The dark eyebrowed is Homer's 'melanophrus,' and is the thing which struck me as most magnificent in a large osprey which I came upon ten yards from me in the Issthal. For the same reason, doubt not, 'the wind rattling in his pinions' A falcon does not, as the herd think, rush silently down head foremost, but drives himself noiselessly down heels foremost by a succession of preternatural flaps, the philosophy of which I could never make out A gull does the same, though he strikes with his beak when he wants to force himself under water; anything a top he takes as an owl does, by sliding down—or not quite—for an owl's

* *Vide* "Collected Poems" (Macmillan.)

silent fall is more mysterious still. He catches with his beak, and then takes the mouse out of his mouth with his hand, like a Christian But there's enough natural history for the nonce There's a hawk 'stooping' (sketch enclosed)

"I don't agree with you about not polishing too much. If you are a verse maker, you will, of course, rub off the edges and the silvering; but if you are a poet, and have an idea and one key-note running through the whole, which you can't for the life define to yourself, but which is there out of the abysses, defining you,—then every polishing is a bringing the thing nearer to that idea, and there is no more reason in not polishing, than there is for walking about with a spot on your trousers, a thing which drives me mad. If I have a hole or a spot on my clothes, I am conscious of nothing else the whole day long, and just as conscious of it in the heart of Bramshill Common, as if I were going down Piccadilly . . Dear man, did you ever ride a lame horse, and wish that the earth would open, and swallow you, though there wasn't a soul within miles? Or did you ever sit and look at a handsome or well-made man, and thank God from your heart for having allowed you such a privilege and lesson? Oh, there was a butcher's nephew playing cricket in Bramshill last week, whom I would have walked ten miles to see, in spite of the hideous English dress. One looked forward with delight to what he would be 'in the resurrection . . .'

" . . I wish you would show this Prologue to Maurice It is as deep a thing—though not very smooth—as I have said yet .

'Linger no more, my beloved, by abbey and cell and cathedral;
Mourn not for holy ones mourning of old—them who knew not the Father,
Weeping with fast and scourge, when the bridegroom was taken from them.
Drop back awhile through the years, to the warm rich youth of the nations,
Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike in passion and pleasure,
Childlike still, and still near to their God, while the day-spring of Eden
Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of Ionian mountains.
Down to the mothers, as Faust went, I go, to the roots of our manhood.
Mothers of us in our cradles; of us once more in our glory.
Newborn, body and soul, in the great pure world which shall be
In the renewing of all things, when man shall return to his Eden
Conquering evil, and death, and shame, and the slander of conscience,
Free in the sunshine of Godhead, and fearlessly smile on his Father
Down to the mothers I go—yet with thee still!—be with me, thou purest!
Lead me, thy hand in my hand, and the dayspring of God go before us"

"P S—What I have said of ballads is this that they must be objective, dealing with facts and not feelings—or with feelings as manifested in actions. The union of the objective ballad or epic (for they only differ in size) with the subjective ode, elegiac and

satire, makes the drama. The present age writes subjective ballads, and fails of course.

"Your best specimens are 'Johnnie of Breadislee,' 'Sir Patric Spens,' Lady Maistry, perfectly awful.—One or two Danish ballads; Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad,' 'Wee Croodledoo,' 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Lord Willoughby' in Percy's Reliques; 'Hosier's Ghost,' 'When in Porto-bello lying,' a noble speech; 'Would you hear a Spanish Lady?', Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' Uhland's 'Drei Burschen,' Goethe's 'Beggarman' and 'Erl-King.' But the Germans have hundreds . . ."

To T. Hughes, Esq.—" . . . I had just done my work, and dinner was coming on the table yesterday—just four o'clock—when the bow-wows appeared on the top of the Mount, trying my patch of gorse, so I jumped up, left the cook shrieking, and off. He wasn't there, but I knew where he was, for I keep a pretty good register of foxes (ain't they my parishioners, and parts of my flock?); and, as the poor fellows had had a blank day, they were very thankful to find themselves in five minutes going like mad. We had an hour and a half of it—scent breast-high as the dew began to rise (bleak north-easter—always good weather), and if we had not crossed a second fox, should have killed him in the open; as it was we lost him after sunset, after the fiercest grind I have had this nine years, and I went back to my dinner. The old horse behaved beautifully; he is not fast, but in the enclosed woodlands he can live up to any one, and earned great honour by leaping in and out of the Loddon; only four more doing it, and one receiving a mucker. I feel three years younger to-day. . . . The whip tells me there were three in the river together, rolling over horse and man! What a sight to have lost even by being a-head. . . . Have you seen the story of the run, when Mr. Woodburne's hounds found at Blackholme, at the bottom of Windermere, and ended beyond Helvellyn, more than fifty miles of mountain? After Applethwaite Crag (where the field lost them) they had a ring on High Street (2700 feet) of an hour unseen by mortal eye; and after that were seen by shepherds in Patterdale, Brotker Water, top of Fairfield (2900) Dunnaid Gap; and then over the top of Helvellyn (3050), and then to ground on Birkside Screes—I cannot find it on the maps. But what a poetic thing! Helvellyn was deep in frost and snow. Oh, that I could write a ballad thereanent. The thing has taken possession of me; but I can't find words. There was never such a run since *we* were born; and think of hounds doing the last thirty miles *alone*!"

A proposal was made this year to open the Crystal Palace on Sundays, as a step towards stemming the tide of Sunday drunkenness, and he wrote to Mr. George Grove:

October 28.—"I am in sad perplexity about your letter. I have been talking it over with Maurice. . . . The Church of England knows nothing of that definition of the Sabbath as a fast, which

the Puritans borrowed from the Pharisees and Rabbins of the most fallen and hideous period of Judaism, and which the Lord denounced again and again as contrary to, and destructive of, the very idea and meaning of the Sabbath The Church of England calls Sunday a feast-day, and not a fast, and it is neither contrary to her ritual letter, nor to her spirit, to invite on that day every Englishman to refresh himself with the sight of the wonders of God's earth, or with the wonders of men's art, which she considers as the results of God's teaching and inspiration . ."

In 1856, he writes on this topic to Mr Maurice

"I have read through your pamphlet forthwith, and I agree with every word I feel with you that *the only ground on which Sunday amusements can be really defended, is as a carrying out of the divineness of the Sabbath, and not as a relaxation of it* I have often fancied I should like to see the great useless naves and aisles of our cathedrals turned into museums and winter gardens, where people might take their Sunday walks, and yet attend service; but such a plan could only grow up of itself, round a different service than ours, or at least round a service interpreted and commented on by very different preaching, and till the Tartarus and Elysium superstition, which lies as really at the bottom of this question as at the bottom of all, is settled, I see no hope for that You have made me see more than I ever did, the dignity of work and rest, and their analogy with God's—so justifying all that Parker, Emerson, or Carlyle have said about it, by putting it on a ground which they deny Yet if the problem of human existence be to escape the impending torture—*cui bono?* Who need care for rest, or work either, save to keep the body alive till the soul is saved? Till that doctrine vanishes, no one will feel any real analogy between his life and God's life, and will be as selfish and covetous in his work, and as epicurean in his rest, as men are now. It was their ignorance of this superstition, I suppose, which enabled the *old* Jews to keep their Sabbath (as they seem to have done from the few hints we have) as a day of 'rejoicing before the Lord,' in attempts more or less successful to consecrate to Him the simple enjoyments of life—in feasting, singing, and dancing 'In the midst go the damsels playing with the timbrels' But this would be absurd *here*, and therefore I suppose it is, that the all-wise Book keeps the practical details so in the background, leaving each future nation to actualise the Sabbath according to its own genius I think what you have said on that quite admirable Nevertheless, we (after we are dead and alive for evermore) shall see *that* conception carried out on earth .

" Men drink, and women too, remember, not merely to supply exhaustion, not merely to drive away care, but often simply to drive away dulness. . The publican knows too well where thousands of the lower classes, simply for want of any other place

to be in, save their own sordid dwellings, spend as much as they are permitted of the Sabbath day. . . . Let us put down 'Sunday drinking' by all means. And let us see—in the name of Him who said He had made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath—if we cannot do something to prevent the townsman's Sabbath being, not a day of rest, but a day of mere idleness; the day of most temptation, because of most dulness in the whole seven. . . ."*

[TO ADOLPH SAPHIR, Esq. (then a Student in Edinburgh).] *November* 1, 1852.—"If I am surprised at your writing to me, it is the surprise of delight at finding that my writings have been of use to any man, and above all to a Jew. For your nation I have a very deep love, first because so many intimate friends of mine—and in one case a near connexion—are Jews, and next, because I believe as firmly as any modern interpreter of prophecy, that you are still '*The Nation*,' and that you have a glorious, as I think a culminating part to play in the history of the race. Moreover, I owe all I have ever said or thought about Christianity as the idea which is to redeem and leaven all human life, 'secular' as well as 'religious,' to the study of the Old Testament, without which the New is to me unintelligible; and I cannot love the Hebrew books without loving the men who wrote them. My reason and heart revolt at that magical theory of inspiration which we have borrowed from the Latin Rabbis (the very men whom we call fools on every other subject), which sinks the personality of the inspired writer, and makes him a mere puppet and mouthpiece; and therefore I love your David, and Jeremiah, and Isaiah, as men of like passions with myself—men who struggled, and doubted, and suffered, that we might learn from them; and loving them, how can I but love their children, and yearn over them with unspeakable pity?

"You seem to be about to become a Christian minister. In that capacity your double education, both as a German and as a Hebrew, ought to enable you to do for us what we sadly need having done—I mean to teach us the real meaning of the Old Testament and its absolute unity with the New. For this we want not mere 'Hebrew scholars,' but Hebrew spirits—Hebrew men; and this must be done, and done soon, if we are to retain our Old Testament, and therefore our New. For if we once lose our faith in the Old Testament, our faith in the New will soon dwindle to the impersonal 'spiritualism' of Frank Newman, and the German philosophasters. Now the founder of German unbelief in the Old Testament was a Jew. Benedict Spinoza wrote a little book which convulsed the spiritual world, and will go on convulsing it for centuries, unless a Jew undoes what a Jew has done. Spinoza beat down the whole method of rabbinical inter-

* *Vide* "The Tree of Knowledge." Sanatory and Social Essays. (Macmillan.)

pretation—the whole theory of rabbinical inspiration; but he had nothing, as I believe, to put in their place. The true method of interpretion—the true theory of inspiration is yet sadly to seek. At least such a method and such a theory as shall coincide with history and with science. It is my belief that the Christian Jew is the man who can give us the key to both—who can interpret the New and the Old Testaments both, because he alone can place himself in the position of the men who wrote them, as far as national sympathies, sorrows, and hopes are concerned—not to mention the amount of merely antiquarian light which he can throw on dark passages for us, if he chooses to read as a Jew and not as a Rabbinist.

"I would therefore entreat you, and every other converted Jew, not to sink your nationality, because you have become a member of the Universal Church, but to believe with the old converts of Jerusalem, that you are a true Jew because you are a Christian; that as a Jew you have your special office in the perfecting of the faith and practice of the Church, which no Englishman or other Gentile can perform for you: neither to Germanize or Scotticise, but try to see all heaven and earth with the eyes of Abraham, David, and St Paul."

CHAPTER XI.

1853.

AGED 34

The Rector in his Church—"Hypatia"—Letter from Chevalier Bunsen—Mr Maurice's Theological Essays—Letters to Thomas Cooper—Strauss—The Incarnation—Endless Torment—The Trinity.

> "My heart and hope is with thee—Thou wilt be
> A latter Luther, and a soldier priest,
> To scare church-harpies from the Master's feet;
> Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
> Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
> Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily;
> But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy,
> To embattail and to wall about thy cause
> With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
> The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone,
> Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
> Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne,
> Mounted in heaven will shoot into the dark
> Arrows of lightning. I will stand and mark."
>
> TENNYSON (Early Sonnets)

HIS books, which brought him so many correspondents, now began to attract strangers to Eversley Church on Sundays

Officers from Sandhurst would constantly walk over, and occasionally a stray clergyman would be seen in the free sittings. "Twenty-five Village Sermons" had been published in 1849, and reviewed in the *Times*, and "Sermons on National Subjects," perhaps the most remarkable of all his volumes of sermons, had just been brought out. His preaching was becoming a great power. It was the speech of a live man to living beings

"Yes, my friends," he would say, "these are real thoughts They are what come into people's minds every day, and I am here to talk to you about what is really going on in your soul and mine, not to repeat to you doctrines at second hand out of a book, and say, 'There, that is what you have to believe and do, and if you do not, you will go to hell,' but to speak to you as men of like passions with myself, as sinning, sorrowing, doubting, struggling human beings, to talk to you of what is in my own heart, and will be in your hearts too, some day, if it has not been already '

After he had given out his text, the poor men in the free sittings under the pulpit would turn towards him, and settle themselves into an attitude of fixed attention In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain all gesticulation; and when, in spite of himself, his hands escaped, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement, of which he was quite unconscious; his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame vibrated It was riveting to see as well as hear him, as his eagle glance penetrated every corner of the church Whether there were few or many there, it was enough for him that those who were present were human beings standing between two worlds, and that it was his terrible responsibility as well as high privilege, to deliver a message to each and all The great festivals of the Church seemed to inspire him, and his words then rose into melody At Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and especially on Trinity Sunday, his sermon was a song of triumph, during Advent, a note of solemn warning. On Good Friday, and through the Passion week evening services, it would be a low and mournful chant, uttered in a deep, plaintive tone, which hushed his congregation into a silence that might be felt. These Passion services were given at an hour to suit the labouring men on their way home from work, when a few

would drop into church His hearers, sometimes only fifteen to twenty besides his own family, will never forget the dimly-lighted church in the spring evening's twilight, with its little sprinkling of worshippers, and the silence as of death and the grave, while with a look which he never seemed to have at any other season, he followed his Master through the events of the Holy Week, to the foot of the Cross. And when "the worst was over," with what a gasp of relief was Easter Even, with its rest and quietness, reached; and with significant words about that Intermediate state, which was so important an Article of his own faith, he would lead our thoughts from the peaceful sepulchre in the garden to the mysterious gate of Paradise!

On Easter day he would burst forth into a song of praise once more, for the Blessed Resurrection not only of Christ the Lord, but of man, and of the dear earth he loved so well—spring after winter, birth after death. Every gnat that danced in the sunshine on the blessed Easter morn; every blade of grass in the old churchyard spoke to him of hope and joy and a living God. And as he paced up and down the narrow gravel path before service, the sight of the graves decked out with bright flowers would add to his gladness.

His sermons owed much to the time he gave himself for preparation, and while they exhausted him physically, yet each one had the effect of winding his spirit up to higher flights. Thus often late on Sunday evening he would talk over with his wife the subject and text for the following week On Monday, he generally took a rest, but on Tuesday the sermon was sketched, and the first half carefully thought out before it was put on paper: then laid by for a day or two, that it might simmer in his brain, and be finished on Friday. None who read his sermons now can tell what it was to hear them, or to see him, and the look of inspiration on his face, as he preached: but to those his nearest and dearest, who looked forward with an everfresh intensity of interest to the Eversley Church services week after week, year after year, each sermon came with double emphasis from the fact that his week-day life was no contradiction, but a noble carrying out of his Sunday teaching

"The Eversley Sunday," said his friend and curate, Mr Harrison, "was very characteristic of Mr Kingsley. It was not to him far above the level of every other day, but then his every other day was far above the ordinarily accepted level One thing was

specially observable about it, the absence of all artificial solemnity of manner, and exceptional restraints of speech and conduct. Whatever the day might be he was emphatically always the same. He would chat with his people in the churchyard before service as freely and as humorously as he would have done in field or cottage. The same vivid untiring interest in nature which has made his rambles by the chalk streams of England, and through the high woods of Trinidad, a source of perpetual enjoyment to his readers, would flash out from him the very moment he left church, if anything unusual or beautiful attracted his attention. Yet during service his manner was always impressive; and at times, as during the celebration of the Holy Communion—until the recent judgment he always consecrated in the eastward position—it rose into a reverence that was most striking and remarkable. It was not the reverence of a school. It was evidently the impulse of the moment, and being so, was not precise and systematic. Indeed, his individuality came out involuntarily at unexpected moments, in a way that occasionally was startling to those who did not know him, and amusing to those who did. One Sunday morning, for instance, in passing from the altar to the pulpit he disappeared, and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found was carried to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him. 'He prayeth best who loveth best all creatures great and small.' Many a heart will cherish through life dear memories of the Eversley sermons. It was well that Chester and Westminster should grow familiar with the tones of his voice before they were silenced for ever. It was well that men and women, among whom his name had been a household word, should be able, Sunday after Sunday, to come in crowds to listen to his burning words, in a place befitting his genius, and his message to them. But to my mind he was never heard to greater advantage than in his own village pulpit. I have sometimes been so moved by what he then said, that I could scarcely restrain myself from calling out, as he poured forth words now exquisitely sad and tender, now grand and heroic; with an insight into character, a knowledge of the world, and a sustained eloquence which, each in its own way, was matchless."

"I never did," said Bishop Benson of Truro, "and I believe I never shall, see anything that spoke so loud for the Church of England as never to be put away, as did the morning service in Eversley Church, whether he read or whether he preached."

This year was one of much anxiety and incessant labour. Unable to get a pupil, he was therefore unable to keep a curate. The Church work, night schools, and cottage lectures,

were done single-handed. Constant sickness in the parish and serious illness in his own household gave him great anxiety. But the year had its lights as well as shadows, he had the comfort of seeing the first good National school built and opened in his parish. Friends, new and old, came and went. His intimacy with Dean Stanley, Bishop Wilberforce, Chevalier Bunsen, Bishop M'Dougall of Labuan, Mr Alfred Tennyson, and Miss Mitford deepened; and he made the personal acquaintance of several of his unknown correspondents.

"Hypatia," which was perhaps his highest work of art, now came out as a whole. It cost him more labour and research than any of his books

> "I was struck," said a friend, "not only with his power of work, but with the extraordinary pains he took to be accurate in detail. We spent one whole day in searching the four folio volumes of Synesius for a fact he thought was there, and which was found there at last The hard reading he had undergone for that book alone would furnish an answer to some who thought him superficial."

"Hypatia" has been translated into German, into Dutch, and into modern Greek. In one section of the English Church it made him bitter enemies, more bitter, perhaps, than were stirred up by either "Yeast" or the "Saint's Tragedy." It certainly lost him his D.C L degree at Oxford in 1863.

> "Read," says Dean Stanley, speaking of 'Hypatia,' "if you would learn some of the most impressive lessons of Ecclesiastical history—read and inwardly digest those pages, perhaps the most powerful he ever wrote which close that wonderful story discriminating the destinies which awaited each of its characters as they passed, one after another, 'each to his own place'"
>
> "I want," wrote Chevalier Bunsen, "to wish you joy for the wonderful picture of the inward and outward life of Hypatia's age, and of the creation of such characters as hers and Raphael's, and the other protogonists . You have succeeded in epicizing, poetically and philosophically, one of the most interesting and eventful epochs of the world, clothing the spirits of that age in the most attractive fable; you resuscitate the real history of the time and its leading characters so poetically that we forget that instruction is conferred upon us in every page. . . You have performed a great and lasting work, but it is a bold undertaking You fire over the heads of the public, οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι, as Nestor says, the pigmies of the circulating library. . . "

Mr Maurice's volume of "Theological Essays" appeared this year containing one on Eternal Life and Death, which was the cause of his dismissal from King's College. The per-

secution of his honoured teacher roused all Mr Kingsley's chivalry.

"'The Time and Eternity Question,'" he writes to a friend, "is coming before the public just now in a way which may seriously affect our friend Maurice, unless all who love him make good fight. Maurice's essays will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them, she will rot and die, as the Alexandrian did before her If she accepts them—not as a 'code complete,' but as hints towards a new method of thought, she may save herself still "

" Well, dearest master," he writes to Mr Maurice, "I shall not condole with you You are above that but only remind you of this day's Psalms (30th), which have been to me, strangely enough, the Psalms for the day in all great crises of my life . . You know what I feel for you But your cause is mine We swim in the same boat, and stand or fall henceforth together. I am the mouse helping the lion—with this difference, that the mouse was *out*-side the net when she gnawed it, while I *am inside* For if you are condemned for these 'opinions' I shall and must *therefore* avow them . I was utterly astonished at finding in page after page things which I had thought, and hardly dared to confess to myself, much less to preach However, you have said them now; and I, gaining courage, have begun to speak more and more boldly, thanks to your blessed example, in a set of sermons on the Catechism, accompanying your angel's trump on my private penny-whistle I was struck the other day by the pleasure which a sermon of mine gave not only to my clods, but to the best of my high church gentry, in which sermon I had just copied your Essay on Eternal Life and Death—of course stating the thing more coarsely, and therefore more dangerously than your wisdom would have let you do . . I am too unhappy about you to say much I always expected it, but yet, when it comes one cannot face it a bit the better Nevertheless, it is but a passing storm of dust"

The following are extracts from a correspondence of several years with Mr Thomas Cooper, Chartist, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides" When Mr Kingsley first knew Thomas Cooper he was a freethinker, lecturing on Strauss's Life of Jesus, to working men, but after a long struggle his religious doubts were solved, and he became a preacher of Christianity.

February 15, 1850—"Many thanks for your paper. On Theological points I will say nothing We must have a good long stand-up fight some day, when we have wind and time In the meantime, I will just say, that I believe as devoutly as you, Goethe, or Strauss, that God never does—if one dare use the word, never *can*—break the Laws of Nature, which are His Laws, manifestations of the eternal ideas of His Spirit and Word—but that Christ's Miracles seem to me the highest realizations of those very laws

'How?' you will ask—to which I answer. 'You must let me tell you by-and-bye.' Your thinkings from Carlyle are well chosen. There is much in Carlyle's 'Chartism' and the 'French Revolution,' and also in a paper called 'Characteristics,' among the Miscellanies, which is 'good doctrine and profitable for this age.' I cannot say what *I* personally owe to that man's writings

"But you are right, a thousand times right, in saying that the [co-operative] movement is a more important move than any Parliamentary one. It is to get room and power for such works, and not merely for any abstract notions of political right that I fight for the suffrage I am hard at work—harder, the doctors say, than is wise. But 'the days are evil, and we must redeem the time,'—our one chance for all the Eternities, to do a little work in for God and the people, for whom, as I believe, He gave His well-beloved Son. That is the spring of my work, Thomas Cooper; it will be yours; consciously or unconsciously it is now, for aught I know, if you be the man I take you for. . . ."

EVERSLEY *November* 2, 1853—"Your friend is a very noble fellow. As for 'converting' either you or him,—what I want to do, is to make people believe in the Incarnation, as the one solution of all one's doubts and fears for all heaven and earth; wherefore I should say boldly, that, even if Strauss were right, the thing *must* either have happened somewhere else, or will happen somewhere some day, so utterly does both my reason and conscience, and, as I think, judging from history, the reason and conscience of the many in *all* ages and climes, demand an Incarnation As for Strauss, I have read a great deal of him, and his preface, carefully Of the latter, I must say that it is utterly illogical, founded on a gross *petitio principii* As for the mass of the book, I would undertake, by the same fallacious process, to disprove the existence of Strauss himself, or any other phenomenon in heaven or earth. But all this is a long story. As long as you do see in Jesus the perfect ideal of man, you are in the right *path*, you are going *toward* the light, whether or not you may yet be allowed to see certain consequences which, as I believe, logically follow from the fact of His being the ideal Poor * * * *'s denial (for so I am told) of Jesus being the ideal of a good man, is a more serious evil far And yet Jesus Himself said, that, if any one spoke a word against the Son of Man (*i e*, against Him as the perfect man) it should be forgiven Him; but the man who could not be forgiven either in this world or that to come, was the man who spoke against the Holy Spirit, *i e*, who had lost his moral sense and did not know what was righteous when he saw it—a sin into which we parsons are as likely to fall as any men, much more likely than the publicans and sinners As long as your friend, or any other man loves the good, and does it, and hates the evil and flees from it, my Catholic creeds tell me that the Spirit of Jesus, 'the Word,' is teaching that man; and gives me hope that either here or hereafter, if he be faithful over a few things, he shall be taught much.

You see, this is quite a different view from either the Dissenters or Evangelicals, or even the High-Church parsons. But it *is* the view of those old 'Fathers' whom they think they honour, and whom they will find one day, in spite of many errors and superstitions, to be far more liberal, humane, and philosophical than our modern religionists . . ."

TORQUAY: 1854.—"I am now very busy at two things—working at the sea-animals of Torbay, and thundering in behalf of Sanitary reform. Those who fancy me a 'sentimentalist' and a 'fanatic,' little know how thoroughly my own bent is for physical science, how I have been trained in it from earliest boyhood; how I am happier now in classifying a new polype, or solving a geognostic problem of strata, or any other bit of hard Baconian induction, than in writing all the novels in the world; or how, again, my theological creed has grown slowly and naturally out of my physical one, till I have seen, and do believe more and more utterly, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity (as they are in the Bible, not as some preachers represent them from the pulpit) coincide with the loftiest and severest Science. This blessed belief did not come to me at once, and therefore I complain of no man who arrives at it slowly, either from the scientific or religious side; nor have I yet spoken out all that is in me, much less all that I see coming; but I feel that I am on a right path, and please God, I will hold it to the end. I see by-the-bye that you have given out two 'Orations against taking away human life.' I should be curious to hear what a man like you says on the point, for I am sure you are free from any effeminate sentimentalism, and by your countenance, would make a terrible and good fighter, in a good cause. It is a painful and difficult subject. After much thought, I have come to the conclusion that you cannot take away *human* life—that *animal* life is all you take away; and that very often the best thing you can do for a poor creature is to put him out of this world, saying, 'You are evidently unable to get on here. We render you back into God's hands that He may judge you, and set you to work again somewhere else, giving you a fresh chance as you have spoilt this one.' But I speak really in doubt and awe. . . When I have read your opinions I will tell you why I think the judicial taking away *animal* life to be the strongest assertion of the dignity and divineness of *human* life, and the taking away life in wars the strongest assertion of the dignity and divineness of National life . . ."

1855.—"* * * * sent me some time ago a letter of yours, in which you express dissatisfaction with the 'soft indulgence' which I and Maurice attribute to God. . . . My belief is, that God will punish (and has punished already somewhat) every wrong thing I ever did, unless I *repent*—that is, change my behaviour therein, and that His lightest blow is hard enough to break bone and marrow. But as for saying of any human being whom I ever saw on earth that there is no hope for them; that even if, under the

bitter smart of just punishment, they opened their eyes to their folly, and altered their minds, even then God would not forgive them; as for saying that, I will not for all the world, and the rulers thereof I never saw a man in whom there was not some good, and I believe that God sees that good far more clearly, and loves it far more deeply, than I can, because He Himself put it there, and, therefore, it is reasonable to believe that He will educate and strengthen that good, and chastise and scourge the holder of it till he obeys it, and loves it, and gives up himself to it; and that the said holder will find such chastisement terrible enough, if he is unruly and stubborn, I doubt not, and so much the better for him. Beyond this I cannot say; but I like your revulsion into stern puritan vengeance—it is a lunge too far the opposite way, like Carlyle's, but anything better than the belief that our Lord Jesus Christ was sent into the world to enable any man to be infinitely rewarded without doing anything worth rewarding—anything, oh! God of mercy as well as justice, than a creed which strengthens the heart of the wicked by promising him life, and makes *** **** believe that though a man is damned here his soul is saved hereafter. Write to me. Your letters do me good."

1856.—"You have an awful and glorious work before you, and you do seem to be going about it in the right spirit—namely, in a spirit of self-humiliation Don't be down-hearted if outward humiliation, failure, insult, apparent loss of influence, come out of it at first If God be indeed our Father in any real sense, then, whom He loveth, He chasteneth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth And 'Till thou art emptied of thyself, God cannot fill thee,' though it be a saw of the old mystics, is true and practical common sense

"I am very anxious to hear your definition of a *person*. I have not been able yet to get one, or a proof of personal existence which does not spring from *a priori* subjective consciousness, and which is, in fact, Fichte's 'I am I.' I know it. Take away my 'organisation,' cast my body to the crows or the devil, logically or physically, strip me of all which makes me palpable to you, and to the universe, still I have the unconquerable knowledge that 'I am I,' and must and shall be so for ever. How I get this idea I know not but it is the most precious of all convictions, as it is the first, and I can only suppose it is a revelation from God, whose image it is in me, and the first proof of my being His child. My spirit is a person, and the child of the Absolute Person, the Absolute Spirit And so is yours, and yours, and yours In saying that, I go on 'Analogy,' which is Butler's word for fair Baconian Induction I find that I am absolutely I, an individual and indissoluble person; therefore I am bound to believe at first sight that you, and you, and you are such also . . This is all I seem to know about it as yet.

"But how utterly right you are in beginning to teach the real

meaning of words, which people now (parsons as well as atheists) use in the loosest way . Be of good cheer. WHEN the wicked man turneth from his wickedness (then, there and then), he shall save his soul *alive*—as you seem to be consciously doing, and all his sin and his iniquity shall not be mentioned unto him. What your 'measure' of guilt (if there can be a measure of the incommensurable spiritual) is I know not But this I know, that as long as you keep the sense of guilt alive in your own mind, you will remain justified in God's mind; as long as you set your sins before your face, He will set them behind His back. Do you ask how I know that? I will not quote 'texts,' though there are dozens I will not quote my own spiritual experience, though I could honestly I will only say, that such a moral law is implied in the very idea of 'Our Father in Heaven' "

". You must come and see me . An evening's smoke and chat in my den, and a morning's walk on our heather moors, would bring our hearts miles nearer each other, and our heads too. As for the political move, I can give you no advice save, say little, and do less I am ready for all extensions of the franchise, *if we have a government system of education therewith* till then I am merely stupidly acquiescent More poor and ignorant voters? Very well—more bribees—more bribers—more pettyfogging attorneys in Parliament—more local interests preferred to national ones—more substitution of the delegate system for the representative one "

June 14, 1856.—" May not our Heavenly Father just be bringing you through this seemingly degrading work [copying at the Board of Health] to give you—what it cost me bitter sorrow to learn—the power of working in harness, and so actually drawing something, and being of real use? Be sure, if you can once learn that lesson, in addition to the rest you have learnt, you will rise to something worthy of you yet It has seemed to me, in watching you and your books, and your life, that just what you wanted was self-control I don't mean that you could not starve, die piece-meal, for what you thought right; for you are a brave man, and if you had not been, you would not have been alive now But it did seem to me, that what you wanted was the quiet, stern, cheerfulness, which sees that things are wrong, and sets to to right them, but does it trying to make the best of them all the while, and to see the bright side, and even if, as often happens, there be no bright side to see, still 'possesses his soul in patience' . "

"Don't be angry with me and turn round and say, 'You, sir, who never knew what it was to want a meal in your life, who belong to the successful class who *have*—What do you mean by preaching these cold platitudes to me?' For, Thomas Cooper, I have known what it was to want things more precious to you, as well as to me, than a full stomach and I learnt—or rather I am learning a little—to wait for them till God sees good. And the man who wrote 'Alton Locke' must know a little of what a man like

you *could* feel to a man like me, if the devil entered into him. And yet I tell you, Thomas Cooper, that there was a period in my life—and one not of months, but of years, in which I would have gladly exchanged your circumstantia, yea, yourself, as it is now, for my circumstantia, and myself, as they were then. And yet I had the best of parents and a home, if not luxurious, still as good as any man's need be. You are a far happier man now, I firmly believe, than I was for years of my life. The dark cloud has passed with me now. Be but brave and patient, and (I *will* swear now), by God, sir! it will pass with you."

June, 1856.—"Your sense of sin is not fanaticism; it is, I suppose, simple consciousness of fact. As for helping you to Christ, I do not believe I can one inch. I see no hope but in prayer, in going to Him yourself, and saying: 'Lord if Thou art there, if Thou art at all, if this be not all a lie, fulfil Thy reputed promises, and give me peace and the sense of forgiveness, and the feeling that, bad as I may be, Thou lovest me still, seeing all, understanding all, and therefore making allowances for all!' I have had to do that in past days; to challenge Him through outer darkness and the silence of night, till I almost expected that He would vindicate His own honour by appearing visibly as He did to St Paul and St John; but He answered in the still small voice only; yet that was enough. . . .

" . . . Read the Book by all means; but the book will not reveal Him. He is not in the book; He is in the Heaven which is as near you and me as the air we breathe, and out of that He must reveal Himself,—neither priests nor books can conjure Him up, Cooper. Your Wesleyan teachers taught you, perhaps, to look for Him in the book, as Papists would have in the bread; and when you found He was not in the book, you thought Him nowhere; but He is bringing you out of your first mistaken idolatry, ay, *through* it, and through all wild wanderings since, to know Him Himself, and speak face to face with Him as a man speaks with his friend. Have patience with Him. Has He not had patience with you? And therefore have patience with all men and things; and then you will rise again in His good time the stouter for your long battle. . . .

". . . My dear friend, the secret of life for you and for me, is to lay our purposes and characters continually before Him who made them, and cry, 'Do *Thou* purge me, and so alone I shall be clean. Thou requirest truth in the inward parts. Thou wilt make me to understand wisdom secretly.' What more rational belief? For surely if there be any God, and if He made us at first, He who makes can also mend His own work if it get out of gear. What more miraculous in the doctrines of regeneration and renewal, than in the mere fact of creation at all?"

April 3, 1857.—"Go on and prosper. Let me entreat you, in broaching Christianity, to consider carefully the one great Missionary sermon on record, viz., St Paul's at Athens. There the Atone-

ment, in its sense of a death to avert God's anger, is never mentioned Christ's Kingship is his Theme, the Resurrection, not the Death, the great fact. Oh, begin by insisting, on the Incarnation as morally necessary, to prove the goodness of the Supreme Being Insist on its being the Incarnation of Him who had been in the world all along . Do bear in mind that you have to tell your hearers of The Father—*Their* Father—of Christ, as manifesting that Father, and all will go well. On the question of future punishment, I should have a good deal to say to you I believe that it is *the crux* to most hearts"

May 9, 1857—"About *endless torment* . . You may say,—1. Historically, that, *a* The doctrine occurs nowhere in the Old Testament, or any hint of it The expression, in the end of Isaiah, about the fire unquenched, and the worm not dying, is plainly of the dead corpses of men upon the physical earth, in the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, where the offal of Jerusalem was burned perpetually Enlarge on this, as it is the passage which our Lord quotes, and by it the meaning of His words must be primarily determined—*b* The doctrine of endless torment was, as a historical fact, brought back from Babylon by the Rabbis It was a very ancient primary doctrine of the Magi, an appendage of their fire-kingdom of Ahriman, and may be found in the old Zends, long prior to Christianity—*c.* St Paul accepts nothing of it as far as we can tell, never making the least allusion to the doctrine—*d* The Apocalypse simply repeats the imagery of Isaiah, and of our Lord, but asserts, distinctly, the non-endlessness of torture, declaring that in the consummation not only death, but Hell, shall be cast into the Lake of Fire—*e* The Christian Church has never really held it exclusively till now It remained quite an open question till the age of Justinian, 530, and significantly enough, as soon as 200 years before that, endless torment for the heathen became a popular theory, purgatory sprang up synchronously by the side of it, as a relief for the conscience and reason of the Church—*f.* Since the Reformation, it has been an open question in the English Church, and the philosophical Platonists, of the 16th and 17th centuries, always considered it as such.—*g* The Church of England, by the deliberate expunging of the 42nd Article which affirmed endless punishment, has declared it authoritatively to be open—*h* It is so, in fact Exegetically, you may say, I think that the meanings of the word *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος* have little or nothing to do with it, even if *αἰών* be derived from *ἀεὶ* always, which I greatly doubt. The word never is used in Scripture anywhere else, in the sense of endlessness (vulgarly called eternity). It always meant, both in Scripture and out, a period of time Else, how could it have a plural—how could you talk of *the* æons, and æons of æons, as the Scripture does? Nay, more, how talk of *οὗτος ὁ αἰών*, which the translators, with laudable inconsistency, have translated 'this world,' *i e*, this present state of things, 'Age' 'dispensation,' or epoch—*αἰώνιος*, therefore, means, and

must mean, belonging to an epoch, or the epoch, αἰώνιος κόλασις is the punishment allotted to that epoch. Always bear in mind,—that our Lord, and the Apostles, always speak of being in the end of an age or æon, not as ushering in a new one.

"I think you may say, that our Lord took the popular doctrine because He found it, and tried to correct and purify it, and put it on a really moral ground. You may quote the parable of Dives and Lazarus (which was the emancipation from the Tartarus theory) as the one instance in which our Lord professedly opens the secrets of the next world—that He there represents Dives as still Abraham's child, under no despair, not cut off from Abraham's sympathy, and under a direct moral training, of which you see the fruit He is gradually weaned from the selfish desire of indulgence for himself, to love and care for his brethren, a divine step forward in his life, which of itself proves him not to be lost. The impossibility of Lazarus getting to him, or *vice versâ*, expresses plainly the great truth, that each being where he ought to be at that time, interchange of place (*i.e.*, of spiritual state), is impossible. But it says nothing against Dives rising out of his torment, when he has learnt the lesson of it, and going where he ought to go The common interpretation is merely arguing in a circle, assuming that there are but two states of the dead, 'Heaven' and 'Hell,' and then trying at once to interpret the parable by the assumption, and to prove the assumption from the parable.

"Next, you may say that the English 'damnation,' like the Greek κατάκρισις, simply means 'condemnation.' You may say that Fire and Worms, whether physical or spiritual, must in all logical fairness be supposed to do what fire and worms do do, viz., destroy decayed and dead matter, and set free its elements to enter into new organisms; that, as they are beneficent and purifying agents in this life, they must be supposed to be such in the future life, and that the conception of fire as an engine of torture, is an unnatural use of that agent, and not to be attributed to God without blasphemy, unless you suppose that the suffering (like all which He inflicts) is intended to teach man something which he cannot learn elsewhere.

"Finally, you may call on them to rejoice that there is a fire of God the Father whose name is Love, burning for ever unquenchably, to destroy out of every man's heart and out of the hearts of all nations, and off the physical and moral world, all which offends and makes a lie. That into that fire the Lord will surely cast all shams, lies, hypocrisies, tyrannies pedantries, false doctrines, yea, and the men who love them too well to give them up, that the smoke of their βασανισμός (*i.e.*, the torture which makes men confess the truth, for *that* is the real meaning of it; βασανισμός means the *touch*-stone by which gold was tested) may ascend perpetually, for a warning and a beacon to all nations Oh, Cooper—Is it not good news that *that* fire is unquenchable; that *that* worm will not die? . . . God grant that we here in England—we parsons (dis-

senting and church) may take warning. The fire may be kindled for us. The worm may seize our hearts. God grant that in that day we may have courage to let the fire and the worm do their work—to say to Christ, These too are Thine, and out of Thine infinite love they have come. Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and I will thank Thee for any means, however bitter, which Thou usest to make me true. I want to be an honest man, and a right man! And, oh joy, *Thou* wantest me to be so also. Oh joy, that though I long cowardly to quench Thy fire, I cannot do it. Purge us, therefore, oh Lord, though it be with fire. Burn up the chaff of vanity and self-indulgence, of hasty prejudices, second-hand dogmas,—husks which do not fill my soul, with which I cannot be content, of which I feel ashamed daily—and if there be any grains of wheat in me, any word or thought or power of action which may be of use as seed for my nation after me, gather it, oh Lord, into Thy garner.

"Yes, Thomas Cooper. Because I believe in a God of Absolute and Unbounded Love, therefore I believe in a Loving Anger of His, which will and must devour and destroy all which is decayed, monstrous, abortive in His universe, till all enemies shall be put under His feet, to be pardoned surely, if they confess themselves in the wrong, and open their eyes to the truth. '*And God shall be All in All.*' Those last are wide words. It is he who limits them, not I who accept them in their fulness, who denies the verbal inspiration of Scripture . . .

. . . .

"But my heart demands the Trinity, as much as my reason. I want to be sure that *God* cares for us, that *God* is our Father, that *God* has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not merely want to love Christ—*a* Christ, some creation or emanation of God's—whose will and character, for aught I know, may be different from God's. I want to love and honour the absolute, abysmal God Himself, and none other will satisfy me; and in the doctrine of Christ being co-equal and co-eternal, sent by, sacrificed by, His Father, that He might do His Father's will, I find it—and no puzzling texts, like those you quote, shall rob me of that rest for my heart, that Christ is the exact counterpart of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. The texts are few; on them I wait for light, as I do on many more: meanwhile, I say boldly, if the doctrine be not in the Bible, it ought to be, for the whole spiritual nature of man cries out for it . . ."

CHAPTER XII.

1854.

AGED 35.

Torquay—Seaside Studies—Lectures in Edinburgh—Sanitary Work—North Devon—Letter on Sisterhoods—Crimean War—"Westward Ho!"

> "Beyond the shadow of the ship,
> I watched the water snakes;
> They moved in tracks of shining white,
> And when they rear'd, the elfish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes.
> * * * * * *
> Oh happy living things! no tongue
> Their beauty might declare:
> A spring of love gushed from my heart,
> And I bless'd them unaware"
>
> COLERIDGE'S "Ancient Mariner"

THE winter and spring of 1854 were passed at Torquay, on account of his wife's health. The place had its own peculiar charm for him, not only from its rich fauna and flora, but from its historical associations Torbay gave him his first inspiration for "Westward Ho!"

This was the first rest he had enjoyed for very long, from sermon writing and parish work, and the quiet peaceful Sundays were most congenial to him. For at this time, and for some years to come, all parties in the Church stood aloof from him as a suspected person, and the attacks of the religious press, perhaps happily for him, had so alarmed the clergy of Torquay, High Church and Evangelical, that all pulpit doors were closed against the author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia." Settled at Livermead, he and his children spent bright hours together daily on the shore, of which he thus speaks:

"Wanderings among rock and pool, mixed up with holies passages of friendship and of love, and the intercommunion of equal minds and sympathetic hearts, and of the laugh of children drinking in health from every breeze and instruction in every step, running ever and anon with proud delight to add their little treasure to their father's stock, and happy evenings spent over the microscope and the vase, in examining, arranging, preserving, and noting down in the diary the wonders and the labours of the happy busy day. . .

a grave, empty of you and the children 'Deutsche Theologia' is doing me much good. Curious it is, that *that*, much as I differ from its view of man, is the only kind of religious reading which I love, or which has even any real meaning for my heart."

* * * * * * * *

" . . . I had an opportunity of telling Lord Palmerston a great deal which I trust may save many lives. Remember, it is now a question of blood-guiltiness—that is all" . . .

" The Reform Bill is shelved . . excellent as it is, it does not matter much at this minute The Board of Health are now triumphant and omnipotent God grant that they may use their victory well, and not spoil it by pedantry and idealism! Baines brings in three clauses, which will re-form the whole poor-law, and strike at the root of cottage destruction . . . The *Times* has taken up the cause of soldiers' wives and families, and a great cause it is I feel that after all England's heart is sound: and if it be, what matter whether I am at Eversley or Torquay? And yet I long to be there I have got Hawley's secretary dining here with a lot of blue-books, he and I being about a joint pamphlet, 'The Cholera *versus* the Present Slavery of Union Medical Officers.'"

In June, on his wife's account, he took a house at Bideford for a year, where he wrote "Westward Ho!" The anxieties and expenses of illness were very heavy just now, but he always met them with a brave heart .

"I cannot help looking forward," he writes to his wife, "to our twelve months at Northdown as a blessed time . . We never have really wanted yet, all we have had to do has been—best of all trainings—to live by faith, and to exert ourselves. Oh! let us be content We do not know what is good for us, and God does . And—these very money difficulties against which you rebel. Has it not been fulfilled in them, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be?' Have we ever been in any debt by our own sin? Have we ever really *wanted* anything we needed? Have we not had friends, credit, windfalls—in all things, with the temptation, a way to escape? Have they not been God's sending? God's way of preventing the cup of bliss being oversweet (and I thank him heartily it has *not* been), and, consider, have they not been blessed lessons? But do not think that I am content to endure them any more than the race horse, because he loves running, is content to stop in the middle of the course To pay our way, I have thought, I have written, I have won for us a name which, please God, may last . So out of evil God brings good, or rather, out of necessity He brings strength—and, believe me, the highest spiritual training is contained in the most paltry physical accidents, and the meanest actual want may be the means of calling into actual life the possible but sleeping embryo of the very noblest faculties. This is a great mystery but we are animals, in time and space, and by time and space and our animal natures are we educated.

Therefore let us be only patient, patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson, His own way. Let us try to learn it well, and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell, and send us to play before our lesson is learnt.

"Therefore 'rejoice in your youth, ere the days come when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' But make to yourself no ghosts. And remember that he who says, 'I will be happy some day,' never will be happy at all. If we cannot be happy now with ten times the blessings which nine-tenths of God's creatures have, we shall never be happy though we lived a thousand years. Let us lay this solemnly to heart, and take no thought for the morrow."

To a lady who consulted him about Sisterhoods he writes:

BIDEFORD, *July* 24, 1854.—"MADAM,—Though I make a rule of never answering any letter from a lady whom I have not the honour of knowing, yet I dare not refuse to answer yours. First, because you, as it were, challenge me on the ground of my books; and next, because you tell me that if I cannot satisfy you, you will do that, to prevent which, above all things, my books are written, namely, flee from the world, instead of staying in it and trying to mend it.

"Be sure that I can sympathise with you most deeply in your dissatisfaction with all things as they are. That feeling grows on me, as I trust in God (strange to say) it may grow on you, day by day. I, too, have had my dreams of new Societies, Brotherhoods, and so forth, which were to regenerate the world. I, too, have had my admirations for old Societies and Brotherhoods like those of Loyola and Wesley, which intended to do the same thing. But I have discovered, Madam, that we can never really see how much evil there is around us, till we see how much good there is around us, just as it is light which makes us, by contrast, most aware of darkness. And I have discovered also, that the world is already regenerated by the Lord Jesus Christ, and that all efforts of our own to regenerate it are denials of Him and of the perfect regeneration which He accomplished when He sat down on the right hand of God, having all power given to Him in heaven and in earth, that He might rule the earth in righteousness for ever. And I have discovered also, that all societies and brotherhoods which may form, and which ever have been formed, are denials of the One Catholic Church of faithful and righteous men which He has established on earth, and said that hell shall not prevail against it. And when I look back upon history, as I have done pretty carefully, I find that all such attempts have been total failures, just because, with the purest and best intentions, they were doing this, and thereby interfering with the Lord Jesus Christ's way of governing the world, and trying to introduce some new nostrum and panacea of their own, narrow and paltry, compared with His great ways in the deep.

"Therefore, though Fox was a most holy man, Quakerism in general, as a means of regenerating the world, has been a disastrous failure And so has good John Wesley's Methodist attempt. Both were trying to lay a new foundation for human society, and forgetting that one which was already laid, which is Christ, who surely has not been managing the earth altogether wrongly, Madam, for 1800 years, or even before that? So, again, with that truly holy and angelic man, St Vincent de Paul—has he succeeded? What has become of education, and of the poor, in the very land where he laboured? . The moment the personal influence of his virtue was withdrawn, down tumbled all that he had done. *He* (may God bless him all the same) had no panacea for the world's ills He was not a husband or a father—how could he teach men to be good husbands and fathers? You point to what he and his did I know what they did in South America, and beautiful it was, but, alas! I know, too, that they could give no life to their converts, they could not regenerate society among the savages of Paraguay; and the moment the Jesuit's gentle despotism was withdrawn, down fell the reductions again into savagery, having lost even the one savage virtue of courage The Jesuits were shut out, by their vows, from political and family life How could they teach their pupils the virtues which belong to those states? But all Europe knows what the Jesuits did in a country where they had every chance; where for a century they were the real rulers, in court and camp, as well as in schools and cloisters, I mean in France They tried their very best (and tried, I am bound to believe, earnestly and with good intent) to regenerate France And they caused the Revolution. Madam, the horrors of 1793 were the natural fruit of the teaching of the very men who not only would have died sooner than bring about these horrors, but died too many of them, alas! by them And how was this? By trying to set up a system of society and morals of their own, they uprooted in the French every element of faith in, and reverence for, the daily duties and relations of human life, without knowing it—without meaning it May God keep you from the same snare, of fancying, as all 'Orders,' Societies, and Sects do, that they invent a better system of society than the old one, wherein God created man in His own image, viz., of father and son, husband and wife, brother and sister, master and servant, king and subject Madam, these are more divine and godlike words than all the Brotherhoods, 'Societies of Friends,' 'Associations of the Sacred Heart,' or whatsoever bonds good and loving men and women have from time to time invented to keep themselves in that sacred unity from which they felt they were falling. I can well believe that you feel it difficult to keep in it now God knows that I do, but never will I (and I trust you never will) yield to that temptation which the Devil put before our Lord, 'Cast Thyself down from hence, for it is written He shall give His angels charge over Thee,' &c Madam, whenever we leave the station where God has placed us, be it for never so seemingly self-

sacrificing and chivalrous and saintly an end, we are tempting the Lord our God, we are yielding most utterly to that very self-will which we are pretending to abjure. As long as you have a parent, a sister, a servant, to whom you can do good in those simple every-day relations and duties of life, which are most divine, because they are most human, so long will the entering a cloister be tempting the Lord your God . . . My object has been and is, and I trust in God ever will be, to make people see that they need not, as St Paul says, go up into heaven, or go down to the deep, to find Christ, because He, the Word whom we preach, is very near them, in their hearts and on their lips, if they would but believe it; and ready, not to set them afloat on new untried oceans of schemes and projects, but ready to inspire them to do their duty humbly and simply where He has put them Believe me, Madam, the only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain *chose* where it should fall, God's showers would not fall, as they do now, on the evil and on the good alike I know from the experience of my own heart, how galling this doctrine is—how, like Naaman, one goes away in a rage, because the Prophet has not bid us do some great thing, but only to go and wash in the nearest brook, and be clean. But, Madam, be sure that he who is not faithful in a little will never be fit to be ruler over much He who cannot rule his own household will never (as St Paul says) rule the Church of God; and he who cannot keep his temper, or be self-sacrificing, cheerful, tender, attentive at home, will never be of any *real* and permanent use to God's poor abroad

"Wherefore, Madam, if, as you say, you feel what St Francis de Sales calls 'a dryness of soul' about good works and charity, consider well within yourself, whether the simple reason, and (no shame on you!) be not only because God does not wish you just yet to labour among the poor; because He has not yet finished educating you for that good work, and therefore will not let you handle tools before you know how to use them. Begin with small things, Madam—you cannot enter the presence of another human being without finding there more to do than you or I, or any soul, will ever learn to do perfectly before we die. Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says, 'give me something huge to fight,—and I should enjoy that—but why make me sweep the dust?' Finally, Madam, be sure of one thing, that the Lord Jesus Christ is King of this earth, and all therein, and that if you will do faithfully what He has set you to already, and thereby using the order of a deaconess well, gain to yourself a good foundation in your soul's training, He will give you more to do in His good time, and of His good kind . .

"I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

"C. KINGSLEY"

[To Rev. F. MAURICE.] *Oct.* 19.—"We think of nothing but the War . . . But all will go well, please God; and 'the ancient spirit is not dead,' as the heights of the Alma prove. The novel is more than half done, and a most ruthless bloodthirsty book it is (just what the times want, I think). I am afraid I have a little of the wolf-vein in me, in spite of fifteen centuries of civilization; and so, I sometimes suspect, have you, and if you had not you would not be as tender and loving as you are. Sooner one caress from a mastiff than twenty from a spaniel. I wish you were here, I want to ask you a thousand things. I am sometimes very sad; always very puzzled. . . . This war would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there; but God knows best, and I suppose I am not fit for such brave work; but only like Camille Desmoulins, 'une pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers.' But I can fight with my pen still (I don't mean in controversy—I am sick of that—but) in writing books which will make others fight. This one is to be called 'Westward Ho!' . . . The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books, among such grand, beautiful, silent men, that I am learning to be sure of what I all along suspected, that I am a poor queasy, hysterical half-baked sort of a fellow, and so am inclined to sing small, and am by no means hopeful about my book, which seems to me only half as good as I could have written, and only one-hundredth as good as ought to be written on the matter. But at least God bless you."

Dec. 31.—"I see my way through politics, as through everything else, less and less . . . Who ever saw far in a storm? which, by the very nature of it, clouds and narrows the whole horizon with boundless ugly possibilities . . ."

[To T. HUGHES, Esq.] BIDEFORD: *December* 18, 1854.—". . . As to the War, I am getting more of a Government man every day. As for a ballad—oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except 'God save the Queen and them.' I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme with diddle about it—or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson . . . Every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for nothing better. . . . Tummas! Have you read the story of Abou Zennab, his horse, in Stanley's 'Sinai,' p. 67? What a myth! What a poem old Wordsworth would have writ thereon! If I didn't cry like a baby over it. What a brick of a horse he must have been, and what a brick of an old head-splitter Abou Zennab must have been, to have his commandments keeped unto this day concerning of his horse; and no one to know who he was, nor when, nor how, nor nothing. I wonder if anybody 'll keep *our* commandments after we be gone, much less say, 'Eat, eat, oh horse of Abou Kingsley!'"

[To J. SIMON, Esq., M.D.] *December* 28.—"I have just read,

with intense pleasure, your City Cholera Report, in the columns of the *Times*. Verily the days are coming (they have not been of late years) when, as the Prophet says, 'a man shall be more precious than fine gold;' when the lives and manhood of the citizens will be found more valuable to a nation, after all, than the wealth of a few, or even than the mere brute physical employment of vast numbers. And if we are to furnish many more levies of men who will equal the heroes of Inkerman, we must open our eyes, and first keep them alive when they are infants, and next, give them such an atmosphere to grow up in, that they shall become men and not rickety monkeys, and your labours are helping towards this good end. It is a sad thing that 'food for powder' requires to be of the best quality, but so it is, and unless the physical deterioration of the lower classes is stopt by bold sanitary reform, such as you have been working out, we shall soon have rifles, but no men to shoulder them; at least to use the butts of them when required . . ."

CHAPTER XIII.

1855.

AGED 36.

Crimean War—Fate of the Many—The Unpardonable Sin—Bigotry—"Westward Ho!"—Drawing, and Drawing Class for Mechanics at Bideford—Return to Eversley—The "Heroes"—Letter on Fame.

"Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels appear,
Radiant with ardour divine
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van; at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the out-worn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return
Eyes re-kindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the city of God"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE Crimean winter, bitter alike to the brave men before Sebastopol and to the hearts of all Englishmen and women at

home, weighed heavily on Charles Kingsley, to whom the War was a dreadful nightmare, which haunted him by day as well as night. It inspired him, however, on the receipt of a letter telling him of the numbers of tracts sent out to the soldiers which they never read, but looked upon as so much waste paper, and urging him to write something which would go home to them in their misery—to dash off on the spur of the moment, and despatch the same day to London a tract "Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors."* Several thousand copies were sent out to the Crimea, and the stirring words touched many a noble soul. It was published anonymously to avoid the prejudice which was attached to his name in all sections of the religious world and press at that period.

[To T. HUGHES, Esq.] 1855.—"You may have fancied me a bit of a renegade and a hanger-back of late. 'Still in our ashes live their wonted fires.' And if I have held back from the Social Movement, it has been because I have seen that the world was not going to be set right in any such rose-pink way, excellent as it is, and that there are heavy arrears of *destruction* to be made up, before *construction* can even begin. I wanted to see what those arrears were. And I do see a little. At least I see that the old phœnix must *burn*, before the new one can rise out of its ashes. Next, as to our army. I quite agree with you about that—if it existed to agree about. But the remnant that comes home, like gold tried in the fire, may be the seed of such an army as the world never saw. Perhaps we may help it to germinate. But please don't compare the dear fellows to Cromwell's Ironsides. There is a great deal of 'personal' religion in the army, no doubt and personal religion may help men to endure, and complete the bull-dog form of *courage*; but the soldier wants more. He wants a faith that he is fighting on God's faith; he wants military and corporate and national religion, and that is what I fear he has yet to get, and what I tried to give in my tract. That is what Cromwell's Ironsides had, and by it they conquered. That is what the Elizabethans had up to the Armada, and by it they conquered . . ."

On the death of Captain Hedley Vicars, who was killed in a sortie before Sebastopol, he writes to Miss Marsh:

May 9, 1855.—". . These things are most bitter, and the only comfort which I can see in them is, that they are bringing us all face to face with the realities of human life, as it has been in all ages, and giving us sterner and yet more loving, more human, and more divine thoughts about ourselves, and our business here, and the fate of those who are gone, and awakening us out of the

* Now republished in "True Words" (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

luxurious, frivolous, unreal dream (full nevertheless of hard judgments, and dealings forth of damnation), in which we have been living so long—to trust in a Living Father who is really and practically governing this world and all worlds, and who willeth that none should perish—and therefore has not forgotten, or suddenly begun to hate or torment, one single poor soul which is past out of this life into some other, on that accursed Crimean soil. All are in our Father's hands; and as David says, Though they go down into Hell, *He is there.* Oh! blessed thought—more blessed to me at this moment (who think more of the many than of the few) than the other thought, that though they ascend into heaven with your poor lost hero, He is there also. ."

[To —— ——, Esq]—BIDEFORD, *May* 1855.—"I was pained enough at the receipt of your letter this morning; but I can only entreat you not to despair where there is no need to do so. And as for the 'sin against the Holy Ghost,' let neither man nor devil torment you with that old worn-out lie, and slander of God's eternal love and long suffering. In the first place, all sins whatsoever are sins against the Holy Spirit, whether conscious or unconscious; but who is mad enough to say that therefore they are without forgiveness? But the passage which seems to torment you, and has tormented many, has (if you will read it carefully) a special meaning on the very face of it Our Lord says, when the Pharisees said that He cast out Devils by Beelzebub, that they were committing an utterly unpardonable sin—blaspheming (*i e*, speaking evil of) the Holy Spirit; that is, they were attributing good and god-like deeds, because merciful and beneficent deeds, to an evil principle, instead of recognising in them the sure mark of a Divine principle. In plain English, they were *bigots.* This was their sin And it is one which one often enough sees (shuddering) committed, or something fearfully like it, now-a-days in our religious wars and hatred; but what has that to do with these struggles between your flesh and God's spirit, while *your own* spirit (as every line of your letter shows) is arrayed on the side of God's spirit against your flesh, and will therefore most assuredly conquer in the end? Besides, see why this sin of the Pharisees is unpardonable? Because they cannot repent of it If they could repent they would be forgiven *ipso facto.* To that primary eternal moral law God has sworn again and again in the Bible, and nothing whatsoever can countervail it. But the bigot (I mean, of course, the complete one) cannot repent, simply because he thinks himself right, even though he make out God wrong; himself true, though God be a liar; and his insane self-satisfaction forms an eternal bar to any metanoia, or change of mind Moreover, to repent is to turn from sin to God; and how can he, who says he has no sin, and who has forgotten where God is, and what God is—that He is mercy and love, and His Spirit the spirit whose mercy is over all His works? Thus the bigot's moral sense is gone and dead, or rather *inverted*, and he says to himself, more or less. 'Evil be thou my

good.' And such a state of mind must breed fresh sins, misery and ruin to all time and eternity, as long as it lasts. That is the meaning of the matter; but what in heaven or earth has that to do with you, and your sins, though they be red as blood? The other passages in Hebrews about 'impossible to renew them to repentance,' should not trouble you either. Neither vi. 4, and *sqq.*, nor xii 16-17. They are both distinct warnings addressed to the Jews of that day, that if they did fall back from the Christian development of their national covenant and life, into their old Jewish superstition and brutal worldliness, they would perish with their nation; that a great historic crisis, a one last opportunity for the Jewish nation was at hand, and if they lost that, the destruction was hopeless—as the event proved, the city and religion being destroyed by Titus, and the Jews remaining spiritually dead to this day. . . .

"So much for the plain facts of texts which the devil and his best emissaries, bigots who make a God in their own image, dark, cruel, and capricious, use to torment poor souls, and frighten them from arising and going to their Father, and saying, 'Father I hate myself, but Thou lovest me. I do not understand myself; but Thou dost, and wilt be merciful to the work of Thine own hands. I cannot guide and help myself, but Thou canst, and wilt, too, because Thou art my Father, and nothing can part me from Thy love, or from the love of Thy Son, my King, as often as I come and claim my share in Thee, just because I have nothing, and can bring Thee nothing, but lie at Thy gate as a beggar full of sores desiring to be fed with the crumbs from Thy table. And if I would feed and nurse in such a case, not my own child merely, but the Russian who might shoot him in battle, how much more wilt Thou, whose name is Love, and whose glory is the likeness of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who said, "Come to me, ALL ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."' If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

"Westward Ho!" came out this winter with a dedication to Rajah Brooke and Bishop Selwyn, two of his heroes. When it was finished, having no parish work except during an outburst of cholera at Bideford, when he took a district for house-to-house visitation, he gave a lecture on the Fine Arts, and got up a drawing-class for artisans which one of its members, Mr Plucknett of Leamington, thus recalls:

"I was a youth in Bideford at the time Mr Kingsley came to reside there, when seeing the young men of the town hanging about wasting their leisure hours in worse than wasting, his heart yearned to do them good. He at first endeavoured to establish a Government School of Art—this, however, failed. He then offered to

teach a class drawing—gratuitously. I look back upon those evenings at Bideford as the pleasantest part of my life, and, with God's blessing, I attribute my success in life to the valuable instruction I received from Mr Kingsley: his patience, perseverance, and kindness won all our hearts, and not one of his class but would have given his life for the master. He used to bring fresh flowers from his conservatory for us to copy as we became sufficiently advanced to do so; and still further on he gave us lectures on anatomy, illustrating the subject with chalk drawings on a large black board His knowledge of geometry, perspective, and free-hand drawing, was wonderful; and the rapid and beautiful manner in which he drew excited both our admiration and our ambition Personally, I may say, with truth, I have cause to bless the name of Mr Kingsley as long as I live; for I left home with little more than the knowledge of my business, and the knowledge of drawing learned in the class. After many years of hard work I am now at the head of a good business (in Warwick), which I am proud to say is well known for the production of Art furniture, &c . . ."

The mention of the "black board" will remind many of his masterly sketches, in public lectures and at his village school, where he always had a black board, with a piece of chalk, to illustrate his teaching by figures, which spoke sometimes as eloquently as his words. His sense of form was marvellous. In conversation with children or guests his pencil was out in a moment to illustrate every subject touched upon, whether natural history, geological strata, geography, or varieties of race And even when writing his sermons his mind seemed to find relief in sketching on the blotting paper before him, or on the blank spaces in the sermon book, characteristic heads, and types of face, among the different schools of thought from the mediæval monk to the modern fanatic He was always "thinking in figures," to use his own words in "Yeast": "A single profile, even a mere mathematical figure, would in his hands become the illustration of a spiritual truth."

In the summer after leaving Devonshire he went up to London before settling at Eversley. He there gave a lecture at the Working Men's College, and one of a series to ladies set on foot by Mr Maurice, "The work of ladies in the country parish."*

[TO HIS WIFE] *July* 16—" . After all, the problem of life is not a difficult one, for it solves itself so very soon at best—by death *Do* what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to *know*. Only we priests confuse it with our formulæ, and bind

* Now republished in Sanitary and Social Essays. (Macmillan.)

heavy burdens. How many have I bound in my time, God forgive me! But for that, too, I shall receive my punishment, which is to me the most comforting of thoughts . . . Yes—

> "'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death for which we pant,
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

You are right—that longing to get rid of walls and roofs and all the chrysalis case of humanity is the earnest of a higher, richer state of existence. That instinct which the very child has to get rid of clothes, and cuddle to flesh—what is it but the longing for fuller union with those it loves? But see again (I always take the bright side),—If in spite of wars and fevers, and accidents, and the strokes of chance, this world be as rich and fair and green as we have found it, what must the coming world be like? Let us comfort ourselves as St Paul did (in infinitely worse times), that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. It is not fair either to St Paul or to God—to quote the one text about the creation groaning and travailing, without the other, which says, that it will not groan or travail long. Would the mother who has groaned and travailed and brought forth children—would she give up those children for the sake of not having had the pain? No. Then believe that the world and every human being in it who has really groaned and travailed, will not give up its past pangs for the sake of its then present perfection, but will look back on this life, as you do on past pain, with glory and joy. Oh! let the Bible tell its own tale, and be faithful to its plain words, honestly and carefully understood, and all will be well. I come to-morrow . . . and I shall see my darling children."

[To Rev. F. D. MAURICE.] EVERSLEY, *August* 6.—"Many, many thanks, my dear Master for your letter. You need never fear lecturing me, as long as I want it as much as I do now. Your fears for me are most just, and if you knew half as much of me as I do of myself, you would have hundreds of fears more. . . . A period of collapse has come to me . . . I am going to settle quietly here again, and write my sermons, and books for my children, and leave fame to take care of itself, thanking God every day of my life for this paralytic os hyoides of mine, which has kept me low, and makes me refrain my tongue and my soul too, whenever I try to be witty or eloquent, under the penalty of stuttering dumbness. The mere fact of my stammering (if you knew behind the scenes of my character and life) would be proof enough that I have a Father in Heaven . . . Everything seems to me not worth working at, except the simple business of telling poor people, 'Don't fret, God cares for you, and Christ understands you.' . . . I cannot escape that wretched fear of a national catastrophe. . . . I live in dark, nameless dissatisfaction and dread, which has certainly not diminished during the last few months.

My dear Master, terrible and sad thoughts haunt me—thoughts

which I long to put away, which I do and will put away in simple silent home-work Perhaps I may so concentrate my power as to be able to do the Lord's work thoroughly when the Day comes; and if not—why it will be done upon me, if not by me; for done it will be. But, meanwhile, comfort yourself on one point—that I am humbled, . . . and have had a peep or two down through the sea of glass (thanks for ever for that most true interpretation), and seen the nether fire within half an inch of my feet. . . . Tell me what is wrong in that Raleigh Article,* and I will correct it I tried to be honest, and read up all the authorities but my failure is a fresh proof that I am even as an ass that eateth thistles. Yet the four-legged ass digests his thistles; which is more, I am sure, than I do. "Yours ever loving,

"C. K."

As winter approached, the damp obliged him, on his wife's account, to leave the rectory again; though not his people, to his and their great joy; and he settled with his family at Farley Court, a high and dry spot adjoining his parish. In the intervals of parish work and lectures, he brought out a volume of "Sermons for the Times," and wrote "The Heroes," a book of Greek fairy tales, illustrated by himself with wood engravings, and dedicated to his children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary, to whom he says:

"'Come hither, children, at this blessed Christmas time, when all God's creatures should rejoice together, and bless Him who redeemed them. Come and see old friends of mine, whom I knew long ere you were born. They are come to visit us at Christmas, out of the world where all live to God; and to tell you some of their old fairy tales which they loved when they were young, like you' . . . Next to the old romances which were written in the Christian middle age, there are no fairy tales like these old Greek ones for beauty, wisdom, and truth, and for making children love noble deeds, and trust in God to help them through. . "

[To J. M L, Esq]—"And for this Fame, &c. I know a little of her worth. And I will tell you what I know. That, in the first place, she is a fact; and as such, it is not wise to ignore her, but at least to walk once round her, and see her back as well as her front. The case to me seems to be this A man feels in himself the love of praise. Every man does who is not a brute It is a universal human faculty; Carlyle nicknames it the sixth sense. Who made it? God or the devil? Is it flesh or spirit? A difficult question; because tamed animals grow to possess it in a high degree; and our metaphysic does not yet allow them spirit. But, whichever it be, it cannot be for bad. only bad when misdirected,

* Republished in "Plays and Puritans." (Macmillan.)

and not controlled by reason, the faculty which judges between good and evil. Else why has God put this love of praise into the heart of every child which is born into the world, and entwined it into the holiest, filial, and family affections, as the earliest mainspring of good actions? Has God appointed that every child shall be fed first with a necessary lie, and afterwards come to the knowledge of your supposed truth, that the praise of God alone is to be sought? Or are we to believe that the child is intended to be taught as delicately and gradually as possible the painful fact, that the praise of all men is not equally worth having, and to use his critical faculty to discern the praise of good men from the praise of bad, to seek the former and despise the latter? I should say that the last was the more reasonable. And this I will say, that if you bring up any child to care nothing for the praise of its parents, its elders, its pastors, and masters, you may make a fanatic of it, or a shameless cynic: but you will neither make it a man, an Englishman, nor a Christian.

"But Our Lord's words stand, about 'not seeking the honour which comes from men, but the honour which comes from God only!' True, they do stand, and our Lord's fact stands also, the fact that He has created every child to be educated by an honour which comes from his parents and elders. Both are true. Here, as in most spiritual things, you have an antinomia, an apparent contradiction, which nothing but the Gospel solves And it does solve it; and your one-sided view of the text resolves itself into just the same fallacy as the old ascetic one—'We must love God alone, therefore we must love no created thing.' To which St John answers pertinently, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' If you love your brethren, you love Christ in them If you love their praise, you love the praise of Christ in them. For consider this, you cannot deny that if one loves any person, one desires that person's esteem. But we are bound to love all men, and that is our highest state Therefore, in our highest state, we shall desire all men's esteem Paradoxical, but true If we believe in Christmas-day, if we believe in Whitsunday, we shall believe that Christ is in all men, that God's spirit is abroad in the earth, and therefore the dispraise, misunderstanding, and calumny of men will be exquisitely painful to us, and ought to be so; and, on the other hand, the esteem of men, and renown among men for doing good deeds, will be inexpressibly precious to us. They will be signs and warrants to us that God is pleased with us, that we are sharing in that 'honour and glory' which Paul promises again and again, to those who lead heroic lives. We shall not neglect the voice of God *within us*, but we shall remember that there is also a voice of God *without us*, which we must listen to; and that in a Christian land, *vox populi*, patiently and discriminately listened to, is sure to be found not far off from the *vox Dei*. Of course, in listening to the voice of the many outside, there is a danger, as there is

in the use of any faculty. You may employ it, according to Divine reason and grace, for ennobling and righteous purposes; or you may degrade it to carnal and selfish ones; so you may degrade the love of praise into vanity, into longing for the honour which comes from men, by pandering to their passions and opinions, by using your powers as they would too often like to use theirs, for mere self-aggrandisement, by saying in your heart—*quam pulchrum digito monstrari et dicere hic est*—'That is the man who wrote the fine poem, who painted the fine picture,' and so forth; till, by giving way to this, a man may give way to forms of vanity as base as the Red Indian who sticks a fox's tail on, and dances about boasting of his brute cunning. I know all about that, as well as any poor son of Adam ever did. But I know, too, that to desire the esteem of as many rational men as possible—in a word, to desire an honourable and true renown for having done good in my generation, has nothing to do with that; and the more I fear and struggle against the former, the more I see the exceeding beauty and divineness, and everlasting glory of the latter as an entrance into the communion of saints.

"Of course, all this depends on whether we do believe that Christ is in every man, and that God's spirit is abroad in the earth. Of course, again, it will be very difficult to know who speaks by God's spirit, and who sees by Christ's light in him; but surely the wiser, the humbler path, is to give men credit for as much wisdom and rightness as possible, and to believe that when one is found fault with, one is probably in the wrong. For myself, on looking back, I see clearly with shame and sorrow, that the obloquy which I have brought often on myself and on the good cause, has been almost all of it my own fault. . .

"There has been gradually revealed to me (what my many readings in the lives of fanatics and ascetics ought to have taught me long before), that there is a terrible gulf a-head of that not caring what men say. Of course it is a feeling on which the spirit must fall back in hours of need, and cry, 'Thou God knowest mine integrity. I have believed, and therefore I will speak; Thou art true, though all men be liars!' But I am convinced that that is a frame in which no man can live, or is meant to live; that it is only to be resorted to in fear and trembling, after deepest self-examination, and self-purification, and earnest prayer. For otherwise, a man gets to forget that voice of God *without him*, in his determination to listen to nothing but the voice of God *within him*, and so he falls into two dangers. He forgets that there *is* a voice of God without him. He loses trust in, and charity to, and reverence for his fellow-men; he learns to despise, deny, and quench the Spirit . . . and so becomes gradually cynical, sectarian, fanatical.

"And then comes a second and worse danger. Crushed into self, and his own conscience and *schema mundi*, he loses the opportunity of correcting his impression of the voice of God

within, by the testimony of the voice of God without; and so he begins to mistake more and more the voice of that very flesh of his, which he fancies he has conquered, for the voice of God, and to become, without knowing it, an autotheist. And out of that springs eclecticism, absence of tenderness *for* men, for want of sympathy *with* men; as he makes his own conscience his standard for God, so he makes his own character the standard for men; and so he becomes narrow, hard, and if he be a man of strong will and feelings, often very inhuman and cruel. This is the history of thousands—of Jeromes, Lauds, Puritans who scourged Quakers, Quakers who cursed Puritans, Non-jurors who, though they would die rather than offend their own conscience in owning William, would plot with James to murder William, or devastate England with Irish Rapparees and Auvergne dragoons. This, in fact, is the spiritual diagnosis of those many pious persecutors, who, though neither hypocrites nor blackguards themselves, have used both as instruments of their fanaticism.

"Against this I have to guard myself, you little know how much, and to guard my children still more, brought up, as they will be, under a father, who, deeply discontented with the present generation, cannot but express that discontent at times To make my children 'banausoi,' insolent and scoffing radicals believing in nobody and nothing but themselves, would be perfectly easy in me if I were to make the watchword of my house, 'Never mind what people say' On the contrary, I shall teach them that there are plenty of good people in the world, that public opinion has pretty surely an undercurrent of the water of life, below all its froth and garbage, and that in a Christian country like this, where, with all faults, a man (sooner or later) has fair play and a fair hearing, the esteem of good men, and the blessings of the poor, will be a pretty sure sign that they have the blessing of God also; and I shall tell them, when they grow older, that ere they feel called on to become martyrs, in defending the light within them against all the world, they must first have taken care most patiently, and with all self-distrust and humility, to make full use of the light which is around them, and has been here for ages before them, and would be here still, though they had never been born or thought of The antinomy between this and their own conscience may be painful enough to them some day. To what thinking man is it not a life-long battle? . ."

CHAPTER XIV.

1856.

AGED 37.

Winter at Farley Court—Snowdon or Killarney—Letters on Body and Soul—Madness—Possessed by a Devil—Man's Finite Knowledge—Dogma—The Incarnation—Tartarus and Elysium—The Unquenchable Fire—A Sailor's Testimony—Union Strikes—Association—Natural Theology—Fishing Poems and Fishing Flies—Invitation to Snowdonia—North Wales—American Visitors

"I am very sorry for what you say about my not writing anything *startling;* because it shows that . . you are beginning to judge me in part upon the reports of others There are some people whom I *must* startle, if I am to do any good. . But to startle the majority of good and sensible men, or to startle, so as to disgust at once a majority of any sort, are things which I most earnestly should wish to avoid At the same time, I do strongly object on principle to the use of that glozing, unnatural, and silly language (for so it is in us now), which men use one after another till it becomes as worn as one of the old shillings"—DR ARNOLD

THE winter of 1856, spent at Farley Court, was a bright and happy one. The long rest in Devonshire had told on him, and gave fresh life to his preaching and his parish work. The old incubus of the Crimean War, after two years' pressure, was removed, and his heart rebounded again The formation of the Camp at Aldershot created fresh interests for him, by bringing a new element into his congregation at Eversley, and giving him the friendship of many military men. In his parish night-schools, which were well attended, he gave lectures on Natural History, illustrated with large coloured drawings of his own, besides various lectures in the diocese. He wrote a preface to Tauler's Sermons; articles on Art, Puritanism, and Mysticism,* and began his new romance. His spare moments were devoted to the study and classification of the Phryganæ. His private correspondence this year shows the vigour and versatility of his own mind, and his power of approaching other minds from different sides His versatility often puzzled those who knew him and his writings only partially.—"'What an unintelligible mystic Kingsley is!' said a guest at some dinner-party in London, 'I wonder if he himself understands

* All republished in the "Miscellanies." (Macmillan)

his own writings.' His hearer did not reply, and the conversation turned on Science. 'There is an admirable article on that subject,' he continued, 'in such and such a Review; it throws more light upon it, and gives more practical suggestions concerning it, than anything I have read for years' 'It was written by Kingsley,' said his friend. It was a startling transformation to find this religious mystic an authority on the practical applications of science!"

[To T. HUGHES, Esq] "I wish you would make a vow, and keep it strong (for F. says, that if you will, I may), to go with me to Snowdon next summer for a parson's week, i e, twelve days. For why? I have long promised my children a book to be called 'Letters from Snowdon,' and I want to rub up old memories, and to get new ones in parts which I have not seen. An ordnance map, a compass, fishing-tackle, socks, and slippers are all you want. Moreover, I do know where to fish, and one of the crackest fishers of the part has promised to give me as many flies of his own making as I like, while another can lend us boat or coracle, if we want to fish Gwynnant Dinas We could kill an amount of fish perfectly frightful, and *all the big ones*, by the simple expedient of sleeping by day, walking evening and morning, and fishing during the short hot nights Wales is a cheap place, if you avoid show inns, and, save a night at Capel Curig, we need never enter a show inn We may stay two or three days at Pen-y-Gwyrrryynnwwddelld—there—I can't spell it, but it sounds Penny-goorood, which is the divinest pig-sty beneath the canopy, and at Bedgelert old Jones the clerk, and king of fishermen, will take us in—and do for us—if we let him The parson of Bedgelert is a friend of mine also; but we must depend on our own legs, and on stomachs which can face braxy mutton, young taters, and Welsh porter, which is the identical drainings of Noah's flood turned sour. Bread horrid Fleas MCCCC ad infinitum Bugs a sprinkling For baths, the mountain brook, for towel, a whisp of any endogen save Scirpus triqueter, or Juncus squarrosus; and for cure of all ills, and supplement of all defects, baccy.

Do come—you have no notion of the grandeur of the scenery, small as it is compared with the Alps"

To his brother-in-law, Mr Froude, who proposed Ireland instead of Wales, he wrote these lines.

Oh, Mr Froude, how wise and good,
To point us out this way to glory—
They're no great shakes, those Snowdon lakes,
And all their pounders myth and story.
Blow Snowdon! What's Lake Gwynant to Killarney,
Or spluttering Welsh to tender blarney, blarney, blarney?

So Thomas Hughes, sir, if you choose,
I'll tell you where we think of going,
To 'swate and far o'er cliff and scar,
Hear horns of Elfland faintly blowing,
Blow Snowdon! There's a hundred lakes to try in,
And fresh caught salmon daily, frying, frying, frying

Geology and botany
A hundred wonders shall diskiver,
We'll flog and troll in strid and hole,
And skim the cream of lake and river
Blow Snowdon! give me Ireland for my pennies
Hurrah! for salmon, grilse, and Dennis, Dennis, Dennis!

[To —— Esq.] *February* 26—"... With regard to * * * I fear neither you nor any man can give him a fresh *back to his head*—enlarge that deficient driving wheel in the cerebellum, so as to keep the thinking and feeling part of the brain at work. It is sad to see how much faults of character *seem* to depend on physiognomic defects; but do they really depend upon it? Is a man's spirit weak because he has a poor jaw, and a small back to his head; or is his jaw poor, and his cerebellum small, because his spirit is weak? I would fain believe the latter, fain believe that the body is the expression of the soul, and is moulded by it, and not, as Combe would have it, the soul by the body. my reason points to that belief, but I shrink from my own reason, because it seems to throw such tremendous moral responsibility on man, to forbid one's saying 'poor fellow, it is not his fault, it is a constitutional defect;' for if one says that a man is not responsible for the form of his own soul—where does all virtue and vice go to? And this brings one straight to the question of madness, on which I fully agree with you ... I am perfectly certain that the accesses of mingled pride, rage, suspicion, and hatred of everybody and everything, accompanied by the most unspeakable sense of loneliness and '*darkness*' (St John's metaphor, for it is the only one), which were common to me in youth, and are now, by God's grace, very rare (though I am just as capable of them as ever, when I am at *unawares* and give place to the devil by harsh judgments or bitter words) were and are nothing less than temporary possession by a devil I am sure that the way in which those fits pass off in a few minutes, as soon as I get ashamed of myself, is not to be explained by '*habit*,' either physical or moral (though '*moral* habits' I don't believe in), but by the actual intervention of an unseen personage, I believe our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, driving away that devil I had once a temporary madman here among our cottagers, who in his first fit tore off his clothes and ran away into the woods naked. (I suspect that desire of nakedness to be the blind effort to be merely himself, and to escape from the sense of oppression caused by some thing or being, over and above self, *i e*, from possession.) In that fit I did not see him, it was before I came here In his second he turned melancholy mad, walked up

and down in silence, and when he spoke, declared that the devil had hold of him, and would not let him sleep. The Doctor luckily believed in demoniacal possession, and came to me, saying, 'I can't cure this man's mind by making his liver act. You must make his liver act by curing his mind.' I went to the patient and agreed with him fully, that the devil *was* in him; and I said, 'I will tell you why he is in you, because, my dear man, you have been a thief, and a cheat, and a liar' (as all the world knew), 'and have sold yourself to the father of lies. But if you will pray to God to forgive you and will lead a new and honest life, you may snap your fingers at the devil.' And after awhile the man got well, and has had no return for seven years. . . ."

To JOHN BULLAR, Esq *March 12, 1856*.—"Your letters are very pleasant; but they weigh me down with the thought of how little one knows—and after all how little man knows. I have craved after knowledge—I have not found it. I have given my heart to know madness and folly, yet acquainting myself with wisdom, and can only say with 'the Faust of the Old World,' 'Cast thy bread on the waters and thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil shall be on the earth Hear the conclusion of the whole matter Fear God and keep His commandments, for this *is the whole duty of man* As for wisdom, it is vanity; and much study is a weariness to the flesh, and of making many books there is no end.' Knowing? 'Knowest thou how the bones grow in the womb of her that is with child?' or why the little Diatomaceæ split into separate cells when their time is come. Everywhere, skin deep below our boasted science, we are brought up short by mystery impalpable, and by the adamantine gates of transcendental forces and incomprehensible laws—gates of which the Lord, who is both God and man, alone holds the key, and alone can break the seal and if He has not broken them for Himself, He has not broken them for us I, too, have tormented my soul with metaphysics and thought about thinking, and I know no more than at first, and from Locke to Kant and Hegel, I believe nobody knows What are we each of us but—'an infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry.' . . ? St Paul, certainly, has no ecclesiastical system . . . While as for doctrines he says himself that he only knows in part, and prophesies in part—sees through a glass darkly—that his knowledge is but as that of a child, speaking and understanding as a child, and that all the knowledge he has shall vanish away, just as the tongues will fail and the prophecies cease, and that all which will endure will be charity, real, active, love; that the intellectual element, and its outward manifestations, of system and worship and perhaps dogma, are temporary, and the moral-spiritual one the only permanent eternal thing of which he has hold . . And now perhaps you have been thinking me little better than a sceptic, yet I am not. Some things I see clearly and hold with *desperate* clutch A Father in

Heaven for all, a Son of God incarnate for all—(That Incarnation is the *one* fact which is to me worth all, because it makes all others possible and rational, and without it I should go mad), and a Spirit of the Father *and the Son*—who works to will and to do of His own good pleasure—in whom? In every human being in whom there is one spark of active good, the least desire to do right, or to be of use—the fountain of all good on earth. Beyond that I see little, save that Right is divine and all conquering—Wrong utterly infernal, and yet weak, foolish, a mere bullying phantom, which would flee at each brave blow, had we courage to strike at it in God's name.

But, as for speculations as to what man's soul or unseen element is, and what happens to it when he dies, theories of Elysium and Tartarus, and of the future of this planet and its inhabitants, I leave them to those who see no miracles in every blade of grass, no unfathomable mysteries in every animalcule, and to whom Scripture is an easy book, of which they have mastered every word, by the convenient process of ignoring three-fourths of it. . . . Yes, Mr Bullar, you complain that the Church of England is fallen to a low ebb. She is no lower (I think her a great deal higher) than any other Christian denomination. She will be higher as long as she keeps her Articles, which bind men to *none* of the popular superstitions, but are so cautious, wide, and liberal, that I could almost believe them to have come down from heaven. But as soon as a generation of Bishops arises (either High or Low) who persist in demanding of candidates for ordination the popular creed, making those Articles mean that creed, and nothing else, then God help us; for the day of the Lord will be at hand, and will be revealed in flaming fire, not merely to give new light and a day-spring from on high to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, but to burn up out of sight, and off the universe, the chaff, hay, and stubble, which men have built on the One Living Foundation—Christ, in that unquenchable fire, of which it is written that DEATH and HELL shall one day be cast into it also, to share the fate of all other unnatural and abominable things; and God's universe be—(what it must be some day, unless it be a failure, the imperfect work of an imperfect workman, and God is to be eternally baffled by evil)—very good. How that will happen, I know not, neither care. But I know how it will *not* happen; not by God having, as some fancy, to destroy this planet as a failure and a blot, nor by the larger part of the human race passing endless time in irremediable torments. One such case ought to be enough to destroy the happiness of all the saved (unless they are grown suddenly cruel), and keep all heaven one everlasting agony of compassion. To believe that God should determine to torments endless, one whom He could reform, is an insult to His love and justice, which I will die rather than utter. And it is an equal insult to His wisdom, to say that He is too——(what words shall I use without blasphemy?) to be unable to

reform, convince, persuade, and soften the worst and stupidest heart, I mean even merely externally by actual argument, by reformatory discipline, however severe, which should prove to the man by sharp pangs that he was a fool, and that evil-doing would not pay; and by that winning love, returning good for evil, which, as we all know, is the most powerful of all to soften and convert. But much more by the most powerful influence of all, the direct transcendental working of God's spirit, on the man's spirit, which, I suppose, we are to believe in, unless we are Arminians. . . ."

"Till mankind have come to their senses on this point, I see but little hope for Christianity, and between me and the hearts of all good men, whom I long to embrace, that horrible dream yawns as a great gulf fixed. I cannot look them in the face without an effort, because I know that they hold a notion which is to me an immoral superstition, borrowed from the old heathens and rabbis (though our Tartarus is ten times as cruel and immoral as Virgil's), and of which no apostle seems to know anything whatever; and worse, because I know they would regard me with horror, if they knew that I disbelieved it.

"Therefore, my dear Mr Bullar,—if you, like the rest, believe in Tartarus, and hold that our Lord came to promulgate that doctrine, and not (as His plain words seem to me to do) to correct those very notions in the rabbis which have descended to us from them, then let us not try to hold any more counsel together concerning the deep things of God. It will not be honest on either side, if both our theology and our anthropology differ by one enormous and all-important postulate. Let us talk of sanitary and social reform, and of birds and flowers, of the little pleasures of the sunshine and the spring, which are still allowed to the human race before it descends into endless flame, agony, and despair, while a few (and, perhaps, I among them) ascend to a 'heaven,' where I should be ashamed to be happy for one moment. Meanwhile, I shall cherish in secret the hope that the night is nigh past, that if not I, yet at least my children, will see a second European reformation—Tartarus follow its more foolish, but far less immoral and infernal child Purgatory, and the whole of Christendom leap up as men freed suddenly from the weight of a hideous nightmare to give thanks and glory to Him who descended into hell, and 'harrowed it' as the glorious old words, now long forgotten, say, when He died for us, and all mankind."

Among the anonymous letters of this year came one from a naval officer, dated "H.M.S. 'St. George,' off Hong Kong."

"Some months ago I read 'Westward Ho!' for the first time, and now have read it again with prayer that has been answered; for God's blessing has gone with it. I feel as I never felt before that Protestantism is the religion of this life especially, and that I have been heeding the future to the neglect of the living present. Many a day, thinking of you, I have gone on deck to my duty and

seen God, where theoretically only I have been in the habit of looking for Him—on the sea, in the clouds, and in the faces of men; and the Holy Spirit descending, has stirred my pulses with the sense of universal love prevailing, above, around, and beneath. . . I am able to speak of God and of religion with less of the humiliating hesitation that I am accustomed to, and trust that He will give me that manliness that will enable me so to talk of His workings, which, alas! we are in the habit of practically ignoring."

The writer, Captain Alston, in after years frequently consulted Mr Kingsley, and to one letter Mr Kingsley replies.

"I am truly thankful to hear that I have helped to make a churchman of you The longer I live, the more I find the Church of England the most rational, liberal, and practical form which Christianity has yet assumed; and dread as much seeing it assimilated to dissent, as to Popery. Strange to say, Thomas Carlyle now says that the Church of England is the most rational thing he sees now going, and that it is the duty of every wise man to support it to the uttermost . . "

[To J. NICHOLS, Esq, of Manchester] *March* 28, 1856—"I admire your boldness in lifting up your voice to expose the tyranny of 'Union' Strikes From my own experience of demagogues, I can well believe every word you say as to the 'humbug' connected with the inner working of them. As for the prospects of 'Association,' my experience goes with yours as to associations for *production*. The failure in those which I have seen fail, has always been their democratic constitution and anarchy The secret of success, in those which I have seen succeed, has been the presence of some one master-mind; and even he has had hard work, unless backed by benevolent capitalists, who have been able to say to refractory members, 'Well, *we* hold the supplies, and if you kick, we withhold' Association will be the next form of industrial development, I doubt not, for production; but it will require two generations of previous training, both in morality and in *drill*, to make the workmen capable of it Association for distribution is what I look to with far higher hope. I am sure, for example, that if the method of the 'People's Stores and Mills' at Rochdale, were generally carried out, the saving to wages, to public honesty, and (considering the present adulteration of goods) to public health, would be immense . . "

[To ——, Esq, of Sheffield]—"The only advice I can give is, Emigrate, but never *strike* . I am very sad about all these matters; but all I can recommend is, *peace*, and making the best use, and most prudent use, of wages when they are to be got If one half the hundreds of thousands which have been spent by trades' unions in interfering with the natural accidents of trade, had been spent in insuring (by association for relieving overstocked labour markets) against those accidents, all might have been well; but now, I see little before the English workman but to abide as he is, and endure . "

With spring his thoughts turned to fishing; and one April morning when the south-west wind wafted certain well-known sounds from the Camp, the Railway, and Heckfield Place, to the little Rectory, these lines were written and put into his wife's hand:

Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!
 Oh blessed South-west train!
Oh blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
 All prophesying rain!

Oh blessed yaffil, laughing loud!
 Oh blessed falling glass!
Oh blessed fan of cold grey cloud!
 Oh blessed smelling grass!

Oh bless'd southwind that toots his horn
 Through every hole and crack!
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
 To bring *such* fishes back!

April 1, 1856.

[To H. S., Esq.] ". . . I have put into the new edition of 'Glaucus' a hint for a few fly-fishers in various parts to form themselves into a 'Naiad club' to investigate these water-flies. It might do much to science, and still more to the men. I know the value of a little science, as an angler. In Snowdon, three years ago, when no one could catch anything, I found, for the first time in my life, Chloroperla viridis (yellow Sally) running on the burning boulders of a stream; luckily had a good imitation, recognised the natural fly by my scrap of science, and had good sport on it, while no one else caught anything, never having seen such a fly, though it was swarming under their feet! So much for unscientific observation. . . I think if one could stir up sportsmen to think and watch these things one might make them happier men. I have now close to me a splendid angler and deer-stalker, and I have made him set up an aquarium of caddises, and so forth, for his wife this winter, and am sure that it has given him a new interest in life. . ."

[To LORD ——.] ". . . But as to 'What is the Good?' I suppose the only answer is 'God himself is the Good.'

"But of Him we can form no intellectual conception; and it is this, in addition to a thousand things, which makes me feel the absolute certainty of a resurrection, and a conviction that this, our present life . . . is merely some sort of chrysallis state. What does God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him?—is nearly all I know. Sin, ἁμαρτία, is literally, as it signifies, the missing of a mark, the falling short of an ideal, and not the transgression of an arbitrary degree; and that each miss brings a penalty, or rather is itself the penalty (for I do not believe in arbitrary rewards and punishments), is to me

the best of news, and gives me hope for myself, and every human being, past, present, and future, for it makes me look on them all as children under a paternal education, who are being taught to become aware of, and use their own powers in God's house, the universe, and for God's work in it; and in proportion as they learn and do that, they attain salvation, σωτηρία, literally *health* and *wholeness* of spirit, 'soul,' which is like health of body, its own reward—one great part of that reward being *not to know* that they have a soul—as health of body makes one unconscious of one's body."

[To Rev. F. MAURICE.]—". . . My dear Master, though the solution of this and many another problem which you have started, remains for our descendants, yet you must not grow sad, or think that you have not done and are not still doing, a mighty work, in pointing out the laws by which alone they can be solved You are like a man surveying a tropic forest, which he can only do by hewing his path yard by yard, unable to see a rood before him; other men will follow him, till, and plant, and build, while he dies in faith, not having received the promises And you will look down from heaven upon this nation working on under the new spiritual impulse which you have given it, and which will assuredly conquer, just as Captain Sturt will look down on that glorious Australian empire to-be, which he rescued out of the realm of Hades and the blank useless unknown, at the expense of his health, his eyesight, and his life. I can see, too, more and more, why, as you seem to lament, you are shut out so strangely from sympathy with flowers and beetles that you might have sympathy with men And are they not of more value than many beetles? Of the evangelical phraseology one word is true, that 'an immortal soul' is of more value than all the material universe And I can understand why there should be men like you, to whom it is said, 'Thou shalt not be tempted to waste thy time over the visible world, because thy calling is to work out that spiritual moral world, of which man can learn *just nothing* from the visible world —which he can only learn from his own soul, and the souls of other men"

"My dear master, I have long ago found out how little I can discover about God's absolute love, or absolute righteousness, from a universe in which everything is eternally *eating* everything else Infinite cunning and shift (in the good sense), infinite creative fancy it does reveal; but nothing else, unless interpreted by moral laws which are in oneself already, and in which one has often to trust against all appearances, and cry out of the lowest deep (as I have had to do)—Thou art not Siva the destroyer. Thou art not even Ahriman and Ormuzd in one. And yet, if Thou art not, why does Thy universe seem to say that Thou art? Art Thou a 'Deus quidam Deceptor,' after all?—No There is something in me—which not my nature, but Thou must have taught me—which cries and will cry: Though Thou slay me, as Thou hast slain world on

world already—though I and all this glorious race of men go down to Hades with the ichthyosaurs and the mammoths, yet will I trust in Thee Though St Peter's words be fulfilled (as they may to-morrow by the simplest physical laws) and the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all the works therein be burned up —yet I know that my Redeemer, He who will justify me, and make me right, and deliver me out of the grasp of nature, and proclaim my dominion over nature, liveth, and will stand at the latter day upon the earth, and in some flesh or other I shall see God, see Him for myself as a one and accountable moral being for ever But beetles and zoophytes never whispered *that* to me . . . The study of nature can teach no *moral theology*. It may unteach it, if the roots of moral theology be not already healthy and deep in the mind. I hinted that in 'Glaucus'. but I would do no more, because many readers mean by 'moral' and 'theology' something quite different from what you and I do, and would have interpreted it into a mere iteration of the old lie that science is dangerous to orthodoxy. But I won't talk of myself, save to say that I sometimes envy you, who are not distracted from work at the really *human* truths, by the number of joints in a grub's legs. I ought to have written to you, but had nothing to say. My life runs on here in a very simple, easy way, what with the parish, and wife, and children, and a little literary work, in which I am trying to express in a new form the ideas which I have got from you, and which I have been trying to translate into all languages, from 'The Saint's Tragedy' to 'Glaucus' I have no other work on earth, and want none

"Do not talk of your time being short, for you have much to do yet—all the more, perhaps, because you do not know what it is The cloud is always thickest when and where the wind is about to shift, and roll it all away out of the blue sky."

[To TOM HUGHES, Esq]—"My dear old lad, are you willing to go to Snowdon? Killarney is very tempting; only, as I get old, somehow, I don't like new places, I like to thumb over the same book, and trot over the same bog, and feel 'homey' wherever I be. . . Of all men on earth I should like to have Tom Taylor for a third Entreat him to make it possible, and come and be a salvidge man with us; and tell him I can show him views of the big stone work which no mortal cockney knows, because, though the whole earth is given to the children of men, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins of it, by the rivers which run among the hills, and the lakes which sit a-top thereof. Tell him I'll show him such a view from Craig-y-Rhaidyr of Snowdon from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, as tourist never saw, nor will see, 'case why, he can't find it; and I will show him the original mouth of the pit which is Llyn Dulyn, and the lightning lake, where the white syenite is blasted into shivers, which make you shiver, if you be sentimental—but *I* only think of the trouts—which the last I saw killed in Llyn Melch was 3½ pounds, and

we'll kill his wife and family; and crowberry and desolate Alpine plants grow thereby, and we will sleep among them, like love among the roses, Thomas And oh, what won't we do, except break our necks? and I'll make Tom Taylor come down over Craig-y-Rhaidyr, which is 700 feet of syenite, the most glorious climb I know. You'll be pleased to hear that I got a fishing at Lady M.'s famous Warnborough preserve last night—the day was B B B, burning, baking, and boiling, and as still as glass, so I did not tackle-to till 5 30—and between that and nine I grassed twenty fish, weighing twenty-two pounds, besides losing a brace more whoppers Biggest brace killed, three pounds and two pounds—a dead bright calm, and a clear stream —Not so shady, Tom, for all on *shorm-fly and caperer.* Mind and don't get these flies too small. I don't mind small hooks, if a big fly be tied thereon—see what a difference a wise man and a fool may make. (Here was a sketch of two flies—'wise man's fly,' and 'cockney maiden's fly') Let's have lots for our money, say I, in flies, as in all things Why do fish take your caperer, spite of his ugliness, but because he looks the fattest one they ever saw yet? Think over these things . . ."

At last the happy day was fixed, and the following invitation sent:

Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.
Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the court,
We'll away to Snowdon
For our ten days' sport,
Fish the August evening
Till the eve is past,
Whoop like boys at pounders
Fairly played and grassed
When they cease to dimple,
Lunge and swerve, and leap,
Then up over Siabod,
Choose our nest and sleep
Up a thousand feet, Tom,
Round the lion's head,
Find soft stones to leeward
And make up our bed
Eat our bread and bacon,
Smoke the pipe of peace,
And, ere we be drowsy,
Give our boots a grease.
Homer's heroes did so,
Why not such as we?
What are sheets and servants?
Superfluity

Pray for wives and children
Safe in slumber curled,
Then to chat till midnight
O'er this babbling world,
Of the workmen's college,
Of the price of grain,
Of the tree of knowledge,
Of the chance of rain;
If Sir A goes Romeward,
If Miss B. sings true,
If the fleet comes homeward,
If the mare will do,—
Anything and everything—
Up there in the sky
Angels understand us,
And no "saints" are by.
Down, and bathe at day-dawn,
Tramp from lake to lake,
Washing brain and heart clean
Every step we take.
Leave to Robert Browning
Beggars, fleas, and vines;
Leave to squeamish Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty Stones of Venice
And his Gas-lamps Seven;
We've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven.
Where's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees "glory"
In their "snowy scalps"
Leave such signs and wonders
For the dullard brain,
As æsthetic brandy,
Opium and cayenne,
Give me Bramshill common
(St John's harriers by),
Or the Vale of Windsor,
England's golden eye.
Show me life and progress,
Beauty, health, and man;
Houses fair, trim gardens,
Turn where'er I can.
Or, if bored with "High Art"
And such popish stuff,
One's poor ears need airing,
Snowdon's high enough.
While we find God's signet
Fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?
Though we try no ventures
Desperate or strange;

Feed on common-places
In a narrow range;
Never sought for Franklin
Round the frozen Capes
Even, with Macdougall,*
Bagged our brace of apes;
Never had our chance, Tom,
In that black Redan;
Can't avenge poor Brereton
Out in Sakarran;
Tho' we earn our bread, Tom,
By the dirty pen,
What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen
Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedge-row
Marks of angel's feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet;
Once a year, like schoolboys,
Robin-Hooding go,
Leaving fops and fogies
A thousand feet below.

[To HIS WIFE.] *August* 11.—In the train —"A glorious day Snowdonia magnificent. The sensation of going through the tubular bridge very awful and instructive The sound of it, the finest bass note I have ever heard. Anglesey, an ugly wild flat place, with great dunes of blown sand along the coast, fit for those weird old Druids . . ."

CAPEL CURIG · *August* 12 —"We are sleeping here, being too tired to get an inch further. We started from Bangor at 5, and were on our legs till 5 p m. We went up Nant Francon, then up to Idwal Fish would not rise But the glory was what I never saw before, all those grand mountains, 'silver-veined with rills,' cataracts of *snow-white cotton threads*, if you will, zigzagging down every rock-face—sometimes 1000 feet—and the whole air alive with the roar of waters . . . All day we had steaming gleams; but the clouds on Glydyr Vawr only broke to form again, and we had twenty showers, shrouding the cliffs with long grey veils of lace. I wish I could tell you what colour the mountains are. Not pink, not purple, not brown, but a sort of pale pink madder, with vast downs of bright green grass interspersed And oh, as we walked past Colonel Pennant's cyclopean walls at Bangor, and saw that great gap high up in the air ten miles off, and knew that we should be in it ere noon, it was like a dream . . . We found a noble fountain, built by the roadside, and there

* Bishop of Labuan.

washed ourselves into our senses, and went on. We tried Ogwen River for salmon peel, amid those exquisite parks and woods; but it was too much flooded. By night I had picked my first Saxifraga stellaris, and knew that I was in the *former world.* The parsley fern is growing between every stone, and the beech fern too, but the latter very poor. I have dried for the children the water-lobelia, and Sparganium natans, to do which I walked up to my knees in Idwal. Snowdon is now looking like a great grey ghost with seven heads, and as soon as one head is cut off a fresh one grows, but more are cut off than grow, and the clouds which stream up from the S W fall lower and lower, and have now canopied the whole head of Moel Siabod, who is looking in at our window 2000 feet down. . To-morrow up at six; walk to Pen-y-gwryd, and then up to Edno!"

PEN-Y-GWRYD —"I have had, as far as scenery is concerned, the finest day I ever had. We started for Edno at 10, but did not find it till 2, because we mistook the directions, and walked from 10 till 1.30 over a Steinerer Maar, a sea of syenite and metamorphic slate which baffles all description, 2000 feet above Gwynant, ribs and peaks and walls of rock leaping up and rushing down, average 50 to 100 feet, covered with fir, club moss, crowberry and bearberry, and ling, of course Over these we had to scramble up and down, beating for Edno lake as you would beat for a partridge, but in vain. All we found was one old cock grouse, who went off hollowing 'Cock-cock-what-a-shame-cock-cock,' till we were fairly beat. In despair we made, not a dash, but a crawl, at Moel Meirch ('Margaret's Peak,' some pathetic story, I suppose), which rises about 100 feet above the stony sea, a smooth pyramid of sandy-pink syenite. Hughes got up first, by a crack, for the walls are like china, and gave a who-whoop, there was Edno half a mile beyond, and only a valley to cross, beside a few climbs of 50 feet. . . The fish, always sulky and capricious, would not stir But the delight of being there again, 2200 feet up, out of the sound of aught but the rush of wind and water and the whistle of the sheep, and finding oneself *at home* there! Every rock, even the steps of slate and footholds of grass, just the same. Unchanged for ever. It is an awful thought. Soon we found out why the fish wouldn't rise. The cloud which had been hanging on Snowdon, lowered Hebog and Cnicht caught it. It began to roll up from the sea in great cabbage-headed masses, and grew as dark as twilight. The wind rolled the lake into foam; we staggered back to an old cave, where we shall sleep, please God, ere we come home; and then the cloud lowered, the lake racing along in fantastic flakes and heaps of white steam, hiding everything fifty yards off one minute, then leaving all clear and sharp-cut pink and green, while out of it came a rain of marbles and Minnié bullets—a rain which searches, and drenches, and drills We waited as long as we dared, and then steered home by compass, for we could not see fifty yards, except

great rows of giants in the fog, sitting humped up side by side, like the ghosts of the sons of Anak staring into the bogs . . . floundering through morass, and scrambling up and down the giants, which were crags 50 to 100 feet high, for we dared not pick our road for fear of losing our bearings And we were wet —oh, were we not wet? but, as a make-weight, we found the Grass of Parnassus in plenty; and as we coasted the vale of Gwynant, 1500 feet up, the sight of Snowdon, sometimes through great gaps of cloud, sometimes altogether hidden, the lights upon that glorious vista of Gwynant and Dinas—the flakes of cloud rushing up the vale of Gwynant far below us—no tongue can describe it. I have got for you grass of Parnassus; Alpine club-moss; ladies' mantle, ivy-leaved campanula; beech fern; A. Oreopteris Good-bye. I am up at half-past three for Gwynant, which is full of salmon I have just got your dear letter. Tell Rose that I am drying all the plants I can for her . . Tell Maurice I saw a grouse and a water-ouzel—lots of these last ."

In the course of the autumn Mrs Beecher Stowe and other Americans made pilgrimages to Eversley, among them a friend from the Southern States thus recalls the Rectory life in 1856:

". . . It is your own fault if Eversley does no more seem to me a name When I think of Mrs Kingsley and of you I seem to myself to be sitting with you still in those quaint old rooms. Still Maurice comes by with an insect or a flower, or just a general wonder and life in his eyes—still I hear the merry laugh of the little Princess, and see Dandy lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun; and I fill my olive-wood pipe, and saunter in and out of the aromatic old study, and lounge, a new man and a happier one, on the sloping green lawn, under the good old fir-trees And so I talk on as if I were with friends long known, and known long to be cherished much . ."

first, the boy regards his parent with a kind of blind dread, as a being who may be offended by actions which to *him* are innocent, and whose wrath he expects to fall upon him any moment of his most pure and unselfish happiness. Alas! for such a childhood! Εἰδὼς λέγω! Next, and worse still, the boy learns not to fear sin, but the *punishment* of it, and thus he learns to lie. At every first fault, and offence too, teach him the principle which makes it sinful—illustrate it by a familiar parable—and then, if he sins again it will be with his eyes open!"

He was careful, too, not to confuse or "confound" his children by a multiplicity of small rules. Certain broad, distinct laws of conduct were laid down. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he would say, "without making an eleventh in every direction." This equable rule gave them a sense of utter confidence and perfect freedom with their father. He had no "moods" with them, while with theirs he could sympathise and be patient. As a friend once remarked—"Where others so often fail—in the family, there he shone." To see him at his best and highest was to see him in his home—to see "the tender, adoring husband, so gentle and so strong"—the father "who treated his daughters like princesses," his sons as trusted companions, his servants as friends Again—to quote Bishop Benson's words, "in that inner circle all men knew that he was to his children and servants a yet 'finer gentleman,' to use the grand old English word he loved to use, than he was in the finest circles." He ever carried out the Apostolic principle to be "pitiful and courteous;" and however difficult life might be to himself, his daily care was to make it easy to those around him. Like a brave man as he was, he kept all feelings of depression, and those dark hours of wrestling with doubt, disappointment and anxiety, which must come to every thinking, feeling human being, within the sanctuary of his own heart, unveiled only to one on earth, and to his Father in Heaven. And when He came out of his study in the morning, and met children and guests at breakfast, he would greet them with bright courtesy and a cheerful disengaged spirit acquired by strict self-discipline, which enabled him to enter into all their interests, and the joy and playfulness of the moment. The family gatherings were the brightest hours in the day, lighted up as they were not only by love, but by his marvellous humour. Bright—not only because of the joy his great heart took in his

nearest and dearest—but bright on the old principle—that "a merry heart is a continual feast," and that sunshine is necessary to the actual health and growth of all things, especially of the young. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is so much laughing in any other home in England as in ours." He would seem light-hearted as a boy in the presence of his children; and in that of his aged mother, during the last seven years of her life, which were spent under his roof; bringing sunshine into her room whenever he entered it, as well as the spiritual consolation of morning and evening ministrations by her bed-side, which were so precious to her.

"The griefs of children are to me most piteous; a child over a broken toy," he often said, "is a sight I cannot bear," and when nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to the study, he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears. He held with Jean Paul Richter, that children have their "days and hours of rain," days when "the child's quicksilver" falls rapidly before the storms and cold weather of circumstances. And here his knowledge of physiology and that delicate organization of brain, which had given him many a sad experience in his own childhood, made him keen to watch and detect symptoms unobserved by others He believed that weariness at lessons and sudden fits of temper in childhood often spring from purely physical causes, and must not be treated hastily as moral, far less spiritual delinquencies, but as mere phases of depression, which disappear with change of occupation, air, and scene, and the temporary cessation of all brain work.

Justice and mercy, and a rigid self-control, which kept him from speaking a hasty word or harbouring a mean suspicion, combined with a divine tenderness, were his governing principles in all his home relationships "This tenderness," as was said of Sir W. Napier, "was never so marked as when he was looking at or talking with little children. At such times the expression which came over his face was wonderfully beautiful and touching. Towards these little creatures he had an eager way of stretching out his hands, as if to touch them, but with a hesitation arising from the evident dread of handling them too roughly. The same sort of feeling, too, he manifested in a minor degree, towards small animals, little dogs, kittens, and birds"

It has been remarked that there was an "element of fierceness," about him, which would flash out in the presence of wrong and oppression, of meanness and untruth, and betray

itself by abrupt and fierce rejoinder. But in the home which he had made the very atmosphere of truth and love, of confidence and freedom of opinion, he was never abrupt, far less "fierce," ever yielding to every will and temper *but his own.* He *respected* as well as loved his children, from the early days when "Heaven lay about them in their infancy," and he hung with reverent and yet passionate wonder over the baby in its cradle, to grown-up years when he looked upon them as friends and equals. He made home so real a thing that to them it seemed in a way as if it must be eternal. And when his eldest son, in America, heard of his father's death, his mother's danger, and foresaw the break up of the sacred home of his childhood, he stood as one astonished, only to say, in the bitterness of his soul:

"I feel as if a huge ship had broken up piece by piece, plank by plank, and we children were left clinging to one strong spar alone —God! . . . Ah, how many shoals and quicksands of life he piloted me through, by his wonderful love, knowledge, and endurance—that great father of ours, the dust of whose shoes we are not worthy to kiss. . ."

Since that bitter day, this beloved son has added his memories to the many in this book of memories:

"'Perfect love casteth out all fear,' was the motto on which my father based his theory of bringing up his children; and this theory he put in practice from their babyhood till when he left them as men and women. From this, and from the interest he took in all their pursuits, their pleasures, trials, and even the petty details of their every day life, there sprung up a 'friendship' between father and children that increased in intensity and depth with years. To speak for myself, and yet I know full well I speak for all, he was the best *friend*—the only true friend I ever had. At once he was the most fatherly and the most unfatherly of fathers—fatherly in that he was our intimate friend, and our self-constituted adviser; unfatherly in that our feeling for him lacked that fear and restraint that make boys call their father 'the governor.' I remember him as essentially the same to all of us always: utterly unchanged and unchanging since the time that he used to draw Sunday pictures for us to the time when he treated us as men and women of the world. Ours was the only household I ever saw in which there was no favouritism. It seemed as if in each of our different characters he took an equal pride, while he fully recognised their different traits of good or evil; for, instead of having one code of social, moral, and physical laws laid down for one and all of us, each child became a separate study for him; and its little 'diseases *au moral*,' as he called them, were treated differently according to each different temperament

"The time above all others in which he opened out his heart to us, I think, was walking over on Sunday evenings to the services held in the little school-room at Bramshill I can *see* him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden gate with a sorrowful 'No! go home, Sweep!' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked, and one paw up, hoping against hope that he might be allowed to come on I can *feel* him striding by me in the narrow path, while from the bright sky and the look of the country he drank in Nature, till his eye lit up, his chest expanded, his step grew elastic, and he was a boy again with me I can *hear* him tell me, at the bottom of the field, of a heavy fall out hunting over the fence into the meadow, and his ringing laugh at the recollection of his own mishap His cheery 'Good afternoon' to the cottager at the corner; the 'Well-done, boy,' and grim smile of approval with which he greeted a jump over the gate at the top of the hill, on which he sits a moment to take in the long sweeps of purple heather running down to the yellow corn land—the brown roof of the Rectory bursting up among its trees —the long flats of the little valley, with its greens and cricketers 'For cricket,' he used to say, 'is better than beer, and the poor lads don't get a chance to play on week-day · but remember *you* do' And then the walk on over the moor, chatting gaily of the fox's earth hard by, the green tiger beetle that whirred from under our feet, the night-jar (goat-sucker) that fluttered up from a sandy place in the path, and swooped madly away among the fir trees; while ever and anon some thought would strike a deeper chord, and a few words put something that may-hap had been an old stumbling-block, into an entirely new and true light All his deepest teaching, his strongest influence was, in a way, of the negative kind, inasmuch as there were no long lectures, no pithy arguments, but in his own life he showed, spoke, and lived his doctrines, so that his utter unselfishness, his genial tenderness towards their mother and themselves, gave the children an example that could not be passed by unnoticed, however unworthily followed The only thing that he really required of us was reverence and respect for people older than ourselves, which was also one of the most strongly marked traits in his own character, and one which made him entirely ignore himself and his own superiority, in most cases, in speaking to men older than he was. This required reverence, however, on our part, never created any feeling of restraint when with him, too true a friendship existed between us. Perhaps the brightest picture of the past that I look back to now—that we can all look back to—is, not the eager look of delight with which he used to hail any of our little successes—not any special case of approval, but it is the drawing-room at Eversley in the evenings when we were all at home and by ourselves There he sat, with one hand in mother's, forgetting his own hard work and worry in leading our fun and frolic with a kindly smile

on his lips, and a loving light in that bright grey eye which made us feel that, in the broadest sense of the word, he was our father."

But to speak of his home without mentioning his love of animals would be to leave the picture incomplete. His dog and his horse were his friends, and they knew it, and understood his voice and eye. He was a perfect horseman, and never lost his temper with his horse, but would talk to and reason with it if it shied or bolted, as if it had been a rational being, knowing that, from the fine organization of the animal, a horse (like a child) will often get confused by a sort of panic fear, which punishment only increases. His dog Dandy, a fine Scotch terrier, was his companion in all his parish walks, attended at the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and the children's friend for thirteen years. He lies buried under the great fir trees on the Rectory lawn, with this inscription on his grave-stone, "Fideli Fideles;" and close by "Sweep," a magnificent black retriever, and "Victor," given to him by the Queen, a favourite Teckel, with which he sat up during the two last suffering nights of the little creature's life. He took great delight in cats; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, whose graceful movements he never tired of watching. His love of animals was deepened by his belief in their having a future state, which he held in common with John Wesley, Agassiz, Bishop Butler, and many other thoughtful men. On the Rectory lawn dwelt a family of natter jacks (running toads), who lived on from year to year in the same hole, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. He made friends with a pair of sand wasps, one of which he had saved from drowning. They lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children as they came out of, or returned to the same crack. The little fly-catcher, who built its nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him. He had a favourite slow-worm in the churchyard which his parishioners, who thought such creatures poisonous, were warned not to kill. All these tastes he encouraged in his children, teaching them to love and handle gently, without disgust, all living things, toads, frogs, beetles, as works and wonders from the hand of a Living God. Some friends staying at the Rectory were surprised one morning at breakfast when his little girl ran up to the open window of the dining-room holding a long repulsive-looking worm in her hand "Oh! daddy look at this *delightful* worm." He had

one only antipathy which he could never conquer—and it was of himself he spoke in "Glaucus,"—"I know one bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, bold in asserting, and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting, and examining all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider"

But, of all God's creations, he said, birds were to him the most wonderful He knew their every note, and was never tired of watching their habits He looked for the coming of the birds of passage every spring with a strange longing, and seemed less restless after the first swallow had appeared. His eyes would fill with tears at each fresh arrival, and again in autumn as he grieved over each departure

"Your bird-books are delightful," he writes, while Professor of Modern History, to a friend, "gladly would I throw up history, to think of nothing but dicky-birds—but it must not be yet. Some day, ere I grow too old to think, I trust to be able to throw away all pursuits save Natural History, and die with my mind full of God's facts, instead of men's lies . . ."

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"Many, now scattered far and wide," says one who knew and loved the Rector in his home, and has an especial right to speak,* "must remember how picturesque the Rectory itself was Even a stranger passing by would have stopped to look at the pleasant ivy-grown house, with its long, sloping dark roofs, its gables, its bow-windows open to sun and air, and its quaint mixture of buildings, old and new And who among his friends will ever cease to remember the lawn, and glebe land sweeping upward toward the half-cultivated, half-wild copse, through which the hidden path, henceforth sacred ground to those who loved him, leads up and out to Hartford Bridge Flats? Marked features in the scene to them, and now widely known, were the grand Scotch firs on the lawn, under which on summer evenings I have seen many sweet pictures, and heard many noble words, and the branches of which now wave solemnly above his last resting-place.

"Here—in this beautiful home-scene, and truly ideal English Rectory—was the fountain-head—as I certainly think, and as he often said—of all his strength and greatness Indeed, great as I knew him to be in his books, I found him greater at his own fireside Home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life, and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre.

"I should not venture to speak of this, unless permission had

* Rev. William Harrison, now his son-in-law, and Rector of Clovelly

been granted me to do so, feeling that it is the most difficult of tasks to lift the veil from any family life without lowering its sacredness , and that it is wholly beyond my power to preserve in words the living 'sweetness and light' which pervaded his household That household was indeed a revelation to me, as I know it was to others ;—so nobly planned and ordered, so earnest in its central depths, so bright upon its surface

"Of the wonderful love of that home-life I must not, cannot speak Such things are not for the world And yet for all who wish to know what Mr Kingsley really was, what the fashion of his life, and the aims for which he worked, not to know that love for those nearest and dearest to him was the very lever of his life, the very soul of all his joy, would be to know him all amiss, and lose the very key-note of his being He has told it all himself to those who have ears to hear in every book he wrote, and to those who knew him well his every look and every action told the fact yet more emphatically Some men take pains to conceal their love It seemed his pride to declare it How often has he said to me—and I venture to record it because I *know* he would wish it to be recorded, that whatever he had done or achieved was due to the love that had come to him at a great crisis to guide and to strengthen and to glorify his life."

CHAPTER XVI.

1857.

AGED 38.

Winter at Home—Bright Summer Days—Soldiers at Church—Charlotte Brontë—Speculation and Practice—Work beyond the Grave—Pietists and θυμός—Tom Brown—"Go Hark"—Love beyond the Grave—"Two Years Ago"—The Office of Fire and Worms—Indian Mutiny—"Christ Reigns"—Humour divine—Temporary Failure of Associations—Sanitary Work

"I have boundless faith in 'time and light.' I shall see what is the truth some day, and if I do not *some one else will*, which is far more important . "

C. K

THE year 1857 opened brightly on Charles Kingsley, for it found him and his wife and children, for the first winter for three years, in his own home at Eversley, and he in the fullest vigour of his manhood

"I am writing nothing now , but taking breath, and working in the parish—never better than I am at present , with many blessings, and, awful confession for mortal man, no sorrows ! I some-

times think there must be terrible arrears of sorrow to be paid off by me—that I may be as other men are! God help me in that day! ."

He had finished his new novel "Two Years Ago" The year was rich in letters and work and friends; and he writes to Mr Peter Wood, rector of Devizes, where he was to give a lecture on the Study of Natural History

"I look forward to seeing you with great delight, as a renewing of the days of my youth, at least of the better element of them, for I trust you will find me a better and calmer, if not a wiser man than you knew me in old times, though just as great a boy as ever . . Of the local geology of Devizes I know nought I am not a man of chalk (save in reference to trouts), but a man of clays, and gravels, and sands, who wanders these moorlands till I have all but exhausted their flora, fauna, and geological features, though I hope to stumble on fresh wonders some day, by the aid of the microscope"

" I am better off now than I have been for years, God be thanked!" he writes to Mr Hughes "God grant, too, that I may not require to be taken down by some terrible trouble I often fancy I shall be. If I am, I shall deserve it, as much as any man who ever lived I say so now—justifying God beforehand, lest I should not have faith and patience enough to justify Him when the punishment comes . Many thanks for your wholesome letter—the rightest letter I have had for many a day. It has taught me a great deal, dear old man; and you are nearer to God than I am, I see well . "

Later on the "terrible trouble" came,—not in the shape of any personal grief or domestic affliction, but in awful news from India of the Mutiny. He was made this year a Fellow of the Linnean Society, which had been one of the ambitions of his life. He lectured at Bristol and in the diocese on educational subjects He wrote "The Winter Garden," the most perfect of all his Prose Idylls A strange medley of visitors were made welcome at the Rectory. Soldiers, sailors, clergymen of the Church of England, Non-conformists, Americans—all came on missions of their own, and opened their hearts to him as they could to no other man. On the lawn, under the old fir trees on bright summer days, he and his guests discussed all things in heaven and earth—Theology, Natural science, Poetry, and Art, each in turn And as by day he would revel in the sights of Nature, so on still summer nights he loved to gather friends and children round him in the garden; and while intently listening himself to the well-beloved sounds wafted across the glebe, he would teach them to distinguish what,

but for his acute ear, might have escaped notice—the strange note of the night-hawk—the croaking of frogs in the far-off ponds on the common—the nightingale in the mount answering those in the garden—the call of the pheasant—the distant bark of a fox—and close at hand the clicking and cracking of the ripe fir cones. In his presence life was at its full—all Nature spoke—the silence was full of sound—the darkness full of light—the air, of fragrance. And "there has passed away a glory" from that little spot which can never return—though rays of it still linger in the memory of those who knew Eversley in his time.

The Sundays now brought many a Crimean officer from Aldershot and Sandhurst to his Church. Among them one who, when lying between life and death at Scutari had read "Yeast," and determined, if he ever reached England alive, "to go and hear the man preach who could draw such a picture as the hunting scene in the opening chapter." One day he came—while still on crutches—a stranger to Mr Kingsley, but soon to become a friend, a constant attendant at church, and always a welcome guest at the Rectory early Sunday dinner.

"I find," he writes to Mr Maurice, "that the Aldershot and Sandhurst mustachios come to hear these discourses of mine every Sunday—and my heart goes out to them in great yearnings. Dear fellows—when I see them in the pews, and the smock frocks in the open seats, I feel as if I was not quite useless in the world, and that I was beginning to fulfil the one idea of my life, to tell Esau that he has a birthright as well as Jacob. I do feel very deeply the truth which John Mill has set forth in a one-sided way in his new book on Liberty,—about the past morality of Christendom having taken a somewhat abject tone, and requiring, as a complement, the old Pagan virtues, which our forefathers learnt from Plutarch's Lives, and of which the memory still lingers in our classical education. I do not believe, of course, that the want really exists; it was created, principally by the celibate misanthropy of the patristic and mediæval church. But I have to preach the divineness of the whole manhood, and am content to be called a Muscular Christian, or any other impertinent name, by men who little dream of the weakness of character, sickness of body, and misery of mind, by which I have bought what little I know of the human heart . . ."

Besides the military men who came, the little church was often full of strangers, and one Sunday, when twelve carriages were standing in and outside the stable-yard, the simple-minded sexton was heard to say, he could not think why there was

"such flitting to and fro to our church on Sundays" To Mr Kingsley this increasing notoriety was painful: "I cannot bear having my place turned into a fair on Sundays, and all this talking after church, he would say." And to avoid the greetings of acquaintances and the observation of strangers in the churchyard, he was glad to escape after service through the vestry door into his garden.

Having no curate this year, he seldom left home; and when pressed to come up to London and hear a fine setting of one of his own ballads sung in public, he refused, adding, "I love home and green fields more and more, and never lust either after Babylon or the Continent. . ."

Among the letters of the year is one to Mrs Gaskell on her life of Charlotte Bronté

"Be sure that the book will do good It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home life is consistent with high imaginative genius, and it will shame, too. the prudery of a not over cleanly, though carefully white-washed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. 'Jane Eyre' I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction—yours, indeed, and Thackeray's are the only ones I care to open 'Shirley' disgusted me at the opening: and I gave up the writer and her books with the notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me. Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by sufferings I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written"

[To JOHN BULLAR, Esq]—" . . . If I have neglected answering notes, forgive me. I have been careless! but I have been harried, living my double life of writing and parish work, and were it not for my guardian angel of a wife I should never *write* an answer to a letter though I walk about with the answer in my head for a week. But now the weary book is done; have patience with me, and try me again. . . I enjoy your letters very much. For I am the strangest jumble of superstition and of a reverence for scientific induction which forbids me (simply for want of certain facts) to believe heaps of things in which I see no *a priori* impossibility. I want to believe all Jung Stilling's pneumatology, all Elliotson's mesmerism. Yea, I would gladly believe in deevs and peris, elves and fairies, if I could . . . What is a poor wretch to do, who, disbelieving the existence of matter far more firmly than Bishop Berkeley, is accessible to no hints from anything but matter? A mystic in theory, and an ultra-materialist in practice—who, if I

saw a ghost to-morrow, should chat quietly with it, and take out pen, ink, and paper to get an exact description of the phenomenon on the spot,—what shall I do?

"But after all, what is speculation to practice? What does God require of us, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him? The longer I live that seems to me more important, and all other questions less so. If we can but live the simple right life—

> 'Do the work that's nearest,
> Though it's dull at whiles;
> Helping, when we meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles,'

why then we shall be better than ghosts, for a ghost is but a soul, and we are soul and body too, and there have the advantage, for aught we know; and if not, what matter?"

". . . I feel deeply the change in one's imagination during the last twenty years. As a child I never could distinguish dreams from imaginations, imaginations from waking impressions; and was often thought to be romancing when I was relating a real impression. In ill health from overwork about sixteen to eighteen, I had spectral illusions often, accompanied with frightful nervous excitability, and inability to settle to any work, though always working at something in a fierce, desultory way. At twenty I found out tobacco. The spectres vanished; the power of dull application arose; and for the first time in my life, I began to be master of my own brain. Now, I am in general the most prosaic and matter of fact of parsons. I cannot dream if I try. I go to my brain as to a storehouse or carpenter's shop, from which I take out coolly what I want, and put it into the best shape I can. The German mode of thought, and feeling, and writing, such as you find in Jean Paul or Novalis, lies behind me, as 'boy's love.' Whether this be right or wrong, I know not; but I confess the fact,—and if we ever get a week together, I fear that you will think me a most dull and frivolous fellow, who cares for nothing but to romp with your children, and pick flowers and study the weather *usque ad nauseam*. But here lies the difference between us. Your work is utterly of the head; and you go for amusement to fancy, to imagination, to metaphysic. My work, whether parish or writing, lies just in the sphere wherein you play; and if I played in that sphere too, I should go mad, or soften my brain, like poor Southey. So when I play, I think about nothing; ride, fish, chat with the farmers over the crops, examine beetles and worms, &c., &c."

[To W. E. FRANKS, Esq.] ". . . I am delighted to hear about your work among the Crystal Palace men; and I think that, with them, things read *vivâ voce*, will have more effect than any tracts. The human voice and eye give a reality to the thought, provided the voice and eye be real and earnest also. . . . So work on, 'getrost und wohlgemuth,' as the Germans say, and cast thy bread

on the waters, for thou wilt find it after many days . . As to your being an Independent, sir; what's that to me? provided you —as I see well you do—do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with your God. I don't think you will ever find the freedom in your communion which you would in ours—the freest, thank God, in the world: but I should be a second Ham if I had no respect for the Independents. For why? My forefathers were Independents, and fought by Cromwell's side at Naseby and Marston Moor; and what is more, lost broad acres for their Puritanism. The younger brother of an ancestor of mine was one of the original Pilgrim Fathers, so I am full of old Puritan blood, though I have utterly—indeed, our family have for generations thrown off their Calvinism: yet I glory in the *morale*, the God-fearing valour and earnestness of the old heroes, and trust I should have believed with them had I lived in their day, for want of any better belief But it will not do now, as you have found already. The bed is too short and the cloak too narrow"

[To TOM HUGHES, Esq]—*June* 12, 1857—"Eight and thirty years old am I this day, Tummas; whereof twenty-two were spent in pain, in woe, and vanitie, and sixteen in very great happiness, such as few men deserve, and I don't deserve at all. And now I feel like old Jacob, 'with my staff I passed over Jordan, and now I am become two bands'—for why? I actually couldn't get home from Hastings except in two relays, what with servants, tutor, and governess Well, Tom, God has been very good to me, and I can't help feeding a hope that I may fight a good fight yet before I die, and get something done I've done little enough yet The best work ever I've done has been my plain parish work, and that I've done miserably ill, cowardly and idly of late, and bullying and second-hand dogmatic of old; but perhaps I shall get training enough to go into the ring before I die; and if not, I trust one's not going to be idle up there, Tom. Surely as long as there's a devil or devils, even an ass or asses, in the universe, one will have to turn out to the *reveille* now and then, wherever one is, and satisfy one's θυμός 'rage' or 'pluck,' which Plato averreth (for why, he'd have been a wraxling man, and therefore was a philosopher, and the king of 'em) to be the root of all virtue Why not, Tom? Mayn't we? .

"Now to business, Tommy, which is fish. Oh that I could go to Lambourne Monday! But I preach in town Sunday, and have three good fellows a dying in my parish, so that I must be at home Monday afternoon I think the boys will catch nought. The fish will be glutted with the fly, and attendant Naiads pitying, holding basins under their noses mortal aldermanic they were Wednesday here I caught a fairish lot on the Caperer, which they took as a relish to the heavy fly; but the moment they were ashore the Mayflies came up Oh! a Dover steamer in a chopping sea was cleanly to it Poor carnal parties! Why shouldn't they tuck in

while they can? Mayflies come to them at Whitsuntide, as club-feasts do to the clods, to give them one jolly blow out in the year, and it's a pleasure to look at them. That's why good fishing days always fall on Sundays, Tom, to give the poor fish a good day's appetite (dinner always ready), and nobody to catch them while they're enjoying it. Also make a note of this. A party with doubtful h's, and commercial demeanour, appears on Wednesday on our little stream, and kills awfully. Throws a beautiful line, and catches more than I have in a day for this two years here; fly, a little green drake, with a ridiculous tufted bright yellow wing, like nothing as ever was. Stood aghast, went home and dreamed all the spiders' webs by the stream were full of thousands of them, the most beautiful yellow ephemeræ with green peacock-tail heads. Oh the beauty of them, and wasn't I riled when I found it was all for fancy? But won't I 'realoirioize,' as the Scots parsons say, those little fellows next year, and apply them to the part affected?"

[TO THE SAME.]—"I have often been minded to write to you about 'Tom Brown.' I have puffed it everywhere I went, but I soon found how true the adage is that good wine needs no bush, for every one had read it already, and from every one, from the fine lady on her throne, to the red-coat on his cock-horse, and the school-boy on his forrum (as our Irish brethren call it), I have heard but one word, and that is, that it is the jolliest book they ever read. Among a knot of red-coats at the cover-side, some very fast fellow said, 'If I had such a book in my boyhood, I should have been a better man now!' and more than one capped his sentiment frankly. So far from finding men of our rank in a bad vein, or sighing over the times and prospects of the rising generation, I can't help thinking they are very teachable, humble, honest fellows, who want to know what's right, and if they don't go and do it, still think the worst of themselves therefore. I remark now, that with hounds, and in fast company, I never hear an oath, and that, too, is a sign of self-restraint. Moreover, drinking is gone out, and, good God, what a blessing! I have good hopes of our class,—better than of the class below. They are effeminate, and that makes them sensual. Pietists of all ages (George Fox, my dear friend, among the worst), never made a greater mistake than in fancying that by keeping down manly θυμος, which Plato saith is the root of all virtue, they could keep down sensuality. They were dear good old fools. However, the day of 'Pietism' is gone, and 'Tom Brown' is a heavy stone in its grave. 'Him no get up again after that,' as the niggers say of a buried obi-man. I am trying to polish the poems, but Maurice's holidays make me idle; he has come home healthier and jollier than ever he was in his life, and is truly a noble boy. Sell your last coat and buy a spoon. I have a spoon of huge size. I killed forty pounds weight of pike, &c., on it the other day, at Strathfieldsaye, to the astonishment and delight of the Duke, who cut

jokes on 'a spoon at each end,' &c., but altered his note when he saw the melancholies coming ashore, one every ten minutes, and would try his own hand. I have killed heaps of big pike round with it. I tried it in Lord Eversley's lakes on Monday, when the fish wouldn't have even his fly. Capricious party is Jaques . . . We had a pretty thing on Friday with Garth's, the first run I've seen this year. Out of the Clay Vale below Tilney Hall, pace as good as could be, fields three acres each, fences awful, then over Hazeley Heath to Bramshill, shoved him through a false cast, and a streamer over Hartford Bridge flat, into an unlucky earth. Time fifty-five minutes, falls plentiful, started thirty, and came in eight, and didn't the old mare go? Oh, Tom, she is a comfort; even when a bank broke into a lane, and we tumbled down, she hops up again before I'd time to fall off, and away like a four-year old, and if you can get a horse through that clay vale, why then you can get him 'mostwards;' leastwise so I find, for a black region it is, and if you ain't in the same field with the hounds, you don't know whether you are in the same parish, what with hedges, and trees, and woods, and all supernumerary vegetations Come and see me, and take the old mare out, and if you don't break her neck, she won't break yours.

"GO HARK!

"'Yon sound's neither sheep bell nor bark,
They're running—they're running, Go hark!
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay
So whip up the puppies and scurry away.
Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell,
There's a gate at the bottom—I know it full well;
And they're running—they're running,
Go hark!

"'They're running—they're running, Go hark!
One fence and we're out at the park;
Sit down in your saddles and race at the brook,
Then smash at the bullfinch; no time for a look.
Leave cravens and skirters to dangle behind,
He's away for the moors, in the teeth of the wind,
And they're running—they're running,
Go hark!

"'They're running—they're running, Go hark!
Let them run on and run till it's dark!
Well with them we are, and well with them we'll be,
While there's wind in our horses and daylight to see.
Then shog along homewards, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
Of—They're running—they're running,
Go Hark!' "C. K."

[TO LORD ——] RECTORY: *June* 8, 1857.—" . . . As for the question of 'evil,' on which I know as little as all the rest of

mankind, I agree with you on the whole Evil, as such, has no existence, but men can and do resist God's will, and break the law, which is appointed for them, and so punish themselves by getting into disharmony with their own constitution and that of the universe; just as a wheel in a piece of machinery punishes itself when it gets out of gear. I may be wrong, but so it seems to me My conception of God's Providence, meanwhile, is, that He is, by a divine irony lovingly baffling all the lawlessness and self-will of the spirits whom He has made, and turning it into means for their education, as a father does with his children Whether they take the lesson which He offers, depends on them; but the chances would seem, I should have said, to be in favour of God's proving too good an instructor to lose finally any of His pupils The world thinks differently, you know, but I am content to be in the minority, for the few years of life which remain to me, to find myself, I trust, in the majority, when I come into the other world Pray let us hear again of Lady ——'s state. You may guess how deeply I sympathise with you But I believe one never truly understands the blessed mystery of marriage till one has nursed a sick wife, nor understands, either, what treasures women are "

[TO THE SAME]—*July* 12—"We were utterly shocked at your letter We knew nothing about it Who can feel for you more deeply than I, who have had the same danger in prospect in past times, and found it, even at a distance,—too horrible to contemplate? But believe that those who are gone are nearer us than ever, and that if (as I surely believe) they do sorrow over the mishaps and misdeeds of those whom they leave behind, they do not sorrow in vain Their sympathy is a further education for them, and a pledge, too, of help—I believe of final deliverance—for those on whom they look down in love . God bless you, and give you strength Again, I feel for you and with you utterly."

The publication of "Two Years Ago" was a signal for fresh attacks by the religious press, and its author accused of Pantheism, Rationalism, &c. But the book did the work he meant it to do, as a few out of the many letters he received will show The first is from a naval chaplain:

HALIFAX—" My purpose in writing to you is partly for encouragement in the preaching of views to which I am becoming the more and more attached, and partly to tell you how much your books are liked by naval men I know one instance of an officer, who is a man of cultivated mind, and yet he told me that until he had read 'Two Years Ago,' he had never said his prayers (for years past) except when in trouble It would fill up this letter altogether, were I to tell you of all the praises I hear from every one of my messmates who have read this book. I consider it a duty to get them all to read it, and 'Westward Ho!' . . . My

preaching since I have read your 'Sermons for the Times,' speaks more of love than ever; I always held the same opinions, but was afraid of the preaching of them. . . . I have a Bible class for the men, which I tried in the 'cock-pit' and failed, on the main-deck, and failed; and at last, taking a lesson from 'Two Years Ago,' I resolved to go to the men instead of expecting them to come to me—and thus I have at last succeeded . "

A friend thus writes of its influence on a distinguished Cambridge man, who had had no settled faith for years.

"I write for your soul's comfort. Poor * * * attributed his being convinced of sin, and driven to seek Christ, the Lord and Saviour, to your last book, especially that fearful account of Elsley Vavasour's chase across the mountain, and Tom Thurnall's experience in the Russian dungeon. He had always said to me that he never could understand what was meant by the sense of sin as spoken of in the Bible, and by Maurice in his Theological Essays. But one night, about six weeks before his death, when he awoke in pain and darkness in the middle of the night, the remembrance of that terrible isolation which you had described in these passages came upon him in awful horror, and drove him to seek help from God No one who knew * * * before the time and after it could fail to see how great the change was that was wrought in him He only spoke of it to me once, and as I knew how distasteful to him was all self-analysis, at least to others, I never re-opened the matter, but after his death I found he had said the same thing to * * * . I know how Mrs Kingsley would prize such a fact in connection with such a man"

Another letter which he said was one of the saddest and most interesting he ever read, asking his explanation of "fire and worms, &c.," began thus.

"SIR,—Mr B—— was my confessor Dr Pusey is now. Nevertheless, I read all your books, and yesterday, in the midst of 'Two Years Ago,' I knelt down and said, 'At last, Oh God, I love Thee! for I know that Thou art good' "

"DEAR SIR," Mr Kingsley replies, "or MADAM (for your signature is not sufficiently legible for me to determine which of the two you are),—When I read of worms and fire, I suppose that they either are worms and fire literally, or are some things which so resemble in their action worms and fire, as to be best described by these terms metaphorically, to be what is vulgarly called 'a spiritual fire,' and 'spiritual worms' Whether of the two they be, this at least is certain —The office of worms in this world is to prevent, while they seem to accelerate, putrefaction, and thereby to prevent infectious epidemics, to devour decaying matter, and render it thereby innoxious, finally, to transmute it into new,

living, and healthy organisms. The office of fire in this world is much the same, to devour dead matter, all but the ash or inorganic constituents, which are left as manure (and the very best) for some future crop. I know no other worms, no other fire, on earth, than these beneficent ones. I expect none other elsewhere, unless every creature of God is not good, and to be received with thanksgiving. If they be a literal fire and worms, then they must be this or nothing. If a metaphorical fire and worms, an '*ignis immaterialis*,' such as the old fathers talked of, then they must be like this, or Scripture (and the Lord Himself) is using words at random, or in a deceptive sense.

"The use of fire for torture, an utterly unnatural and monstrous abuse of that 'element,' sprang up among men of devilish and unnatural cruelty. It remained for a later age to adopt the belief of those Rabbis who crucified our Lord, that God would abuse the powers of fire (for ever !) for the same fiendish purposes for which they abused it for an hour or two, in the case of some shrieking and writhing victim.

"The torture of worms, Herodotus tells us, was tried now and then by old Persian despots. The mind of man has as yet so far recoiled from imputing so refined a barbarity to the Supreme Being, as to suppose in some confused inconsistent way, that the fire of course is fire; but the worm—they don't know about. A fire which cannot be quenched, a worm which cannot die, I see existing, whether they be those or not of which our Lord spoke. I consider them among the most blessed revelations of the Gospel. I fancy that I see them burning and devouring everywhere in the spiritual world, as their analogues do in the physical. I know that they have done so on me, and that their operation, though exquisitely painful, is most healthful. I see the world trying to quench and kill them; I know too well that I often do the same ineffectually. But in the comfort that the worm cannot die, and the fire cannot be quenched, I look calmly forward through endless ages, to my own future and the future of that world whereof it is written, 'He shall reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' And again, 'Death and hell shall be cast into the lake of fire.'

"Of the parable of the sheep and goats, I have only to say, that our Lord speaks it expressly of Nations, and that neither you nor I are a nation, therefore the parable need give us no present selfish disquiet, though it may set us on reading Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' as showing how our Lord's words came true fully and literally; set us thinking what a Nation means, and whether it be not better to help to save England, than to try to deliver each 'his own life for a prey,' that this ruin may not lie upon our hand. This would naturally set us on reading the Hebrew prophets, to whom, as to the rest of the Old Testament writers, the rabbinical Tartarus was unknown, and in due time we should come to that verse in Isaiah concerning the worm and the fire,

which our Lord quotes in the Gospels, and to other words about the fire of God, and its effect on nations and individuals, from which we might rise up with more reverence than before for the letter of Holy Scripture, especially if, as churchmen, we held that the Old Testament was not contrary to the New. . "

In the summer of 1857 as the details of the Indian Mutiny poured in, though he had no personal friends among the victims, the agony of his mind was terrible, and he writes to Mr Maurice

"I can think of nothing but these Indian massacres. The moral problems they involve make me half wild Night and day the heaven seems black to me, though I never was so prosperous and blest in my life as I am now I can hardly bear to look at a woman or child—even at my own sometimes. They raise such horrible images, from which I can't escape. What does it all mean? Christ is King, nevertheless! I tell my people so. I should do—I dare not think what—if I did not believe so. But I want sorely some one to tell me that he believes it too. Do write to me and give me a clue out of this valley of the shadow of death. . . "

[TO J. BULLAR, Esq.]—". . . Do not talk to me about India, and the future of India, till you can explain the past—the past six months O Bullar, no man knows, or shall know, what thoughts they have cost me. . . . Meanwhile, I feel as if I could dogmatise no more I dare say you are right and I wrong I have no heart, at least, to continue any argument, while my brain is filled with images fresh out of hell and the shambles Show me what security I have that my wife, my children should not suffer, from some unexpected outbreak of devils, what other wives and children have suffered, and then I shall sleep quiet, without longing that they were safe out of a world where such things are possible.

"You may think me sinful for having such thoughts My experience is, that when they come, one must face them, do battle with them deliberately, be patient if they worst one for a while. For by all such things men live, in these is the life of the spirit Only by going down into hell can one rise again the third day. I have been in hell many times in my life, therefore, perhaps, have I had some small power of influencing human hearts But I never have looked hell so close in the face as I have been doing of late. Wherefore I hope thereby to get fresh power to rise, and to lift others heavenward But the power has not come yet . . And I can only cry, 'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded' Wherefore should the wicked say, 'where is now his God?' But while I write now, and while I fret most, there comes to me an inner voice, saying—What matter if *thou* art confounded. *God is not* Only believe firmly that God is at least as good as thou, with thy 'finite reason,' canst conceive. and He will make thee at last able to conceive how good He is, and thou shalt have

the one perfect blessing of seeing God You will say I am inconsistent So I am, and so, if read honestly, are David's Psalms Yet that very inconsistency is what brings them home to every human heart for ever The words of a man in real doubt and real darkness, crying for light and not crying in vain. As I trust I shall not. God bless you."

While preparing his poems for the press, he was suddenly called upon for a Sanitary article, and he writes to his publisher

" . Of course I will do it A bit of sanitary reform work is a sacred duty, from which I dare no more turn away than from knocking down a murderer whom I saw killing a woman. However, if I do—no poems at Christmas, young man, remember that I will throw my whole soul into it, please God, and forget India in Cholera That's better than rhyming, surely "

[TO REV G HENSLOWE]* *Sept* 11, 1857.—"I cannot see how your notions can be gainsayed, save by those who have a lurking belief that God is the Devil, after all—a sort of unjust and exacting Zeus, against whom they would rebel if they had Prometheus' courage. but not having that, must flatter him instead

"The matter presents itself to me thus I see humour in animals, *e g.*, a crab and a monkey, a parrot, a crow. I don't find this the result of a low organisation In each of these four cases the animal is of the highest belonging to his class Well, there the fact is, if I see it, God must see it also, or I must have more insight than God into God's own works. Q E. Abs Then comes a deeper question. God sees it but is He affected by it? I think we could give no answer to this, save on the ground of a Son of God, who is that image of the Father in whom man is created If the New Testament be true, we have a right to say of humour, as of all other universally human faculties—Hominus est=Ergo Christi est=Ergo Dei est

"I must accept this in its fulness, to whatever *seemingly* startling and dangerous result it may lead me, or my theology and my anthropology part company, and then, being philosophically unable to turn Manichee (whether Calvinist or Romanist), the modern Pantheism would be the only alternative, from which homeless and bottomless pit of immoral and unphilosophical private judgment may God deliver us and all mankind And you will see that into that Pantheism men will rush more and more till they learn to face the plain statement of the creed, 'And He was made man,' and the Catholic belief, that as the Son of Man, He sits now ἐν (τοῖς) οὐρανοῖς, and on the very throne of God Face the seemingly coarse anthropomorphism of the Old Testament, and believe that the New Testament so far from narrowing it, widens and deepens

* Mr Henslowe had written to him on the possibility of a sense of humour in the Divine Mind.

it. This is my only hope and stay, while I see belief and practice alike rocking and reeling to decay. May God keep it alive in me and in you, recollecting always that to do the simple right thing which lies at our feet, is better than to have ascended into the third heaven, and to have all γνῶσις and understand all mysteries"

[To J. BULLAR, Esq]—". . . . That 'associations' are a failure, because the working-men are not fit for them, I confess That any law of political economy or of nature has been broken by them, is what I never could perceive . . . The being who merely obeys the laws of nature is *ipso facto* a brute beast. The privilege of a man is to counteract (not break) one law of nature by another. In the exercise of that power stands all art, invention, polity, progress "

"Now what I complain of in political economy—what, indeed, earned for it Fourier's bitter epithet of the 'Science du néant' . . . is that it says, There are laws of nature concerning economy, therefore you must leave them alone to do what they like with you and society! Just as if I were to say, You got the cholera by laws of nature, therefore you must submit to cholera; you walk on the ground by laws of nature, therefore you must never go upstairs. Indeed, I am inclined to deny to political economy, as yet, the name of a science It is as yet merely in its analytic stage; explaining the causes of phenomena which already exist. To be a true science, it must pass on into the synthetic stage, and learn how, by using the laws which it has discovered, and counteracting them by others when necessary, to produce new forms of society. As yet political economy has produced nothing It has merely said '*Laissez-faire!*' . . . I consider the analytic work of the political economists of the last hundred years as invaluable It forms the subject-matter for all future social science, and he who is ignorant of it builds on air I only complain of their saying, 'You must not attempt to counteract these laws You must allow chance and selfishness to rule the fortunes of the human race.' And this they do say.

"Now, as for any schemes of Maurice's or mine—it is a slight matter whether they have failed or not. But this I say, because I believe that the failure of a hundred schemes would not alter my conviction, that they are attempts in the right direction; and I shall die in hope, not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off, and confessing myself a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of *laissez-faire*. For it is my belief that not self-interest, but self-sacrifice, is the only law upon which human society can be grounded with any hope of prosperity and permanence. That self-interest is a law of nature I know well. That it ought to be the root law of human society I deny, unless society is to sink down again into a Roman empire, and a cage of wild beasts . I shall resist it, as I do any other snare of the devil, for if I once believed it I must carry it out I must give up all which I have learnt most precious concerning political freedom all which keeps me

content with the world, because I look forward to a nobler state of humanity, and I must become as thorough a despotist and imperialist as Strafford himself. . . . So I am content to have failed. I have learned in the experiment priceless truths concerning myself, my fellow-men, and the City of God, which is eternal in the heavens, for ever coming down among men, and actualizing itself more and more in every succeeding age. I see one work to be done ere I die, in which (men are beginning to discover) Nature must be counteracted, lest she prove a curse and a destroyer, not a blessing and a mother, and that is, Sanitary Reform. Politics and political economy may go their way for me If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God"

* * * * * * *

"Mind I am not dogmatising. I only know that I know nothing, but with a hope that Christ, who is the Son of Man, will tell me piece-meal, if I be patient and watchful, what I am, and what man is"

CHAPTER XVII.

1858.

AGED 39.

Diphtheria—Work—Aldershot—Blessing the Colours—Staff College—Advanced Thinkers—Letters from Soldiers—Esau and Jacob—Poems and "Santa Maura"—Songs and Music—Birth of his Son Grenville—Subjective and Objective—Letters—on the God of the Bible—on Miracles—A Happy Christmas

> "Yet he was courteous still to every wight,
> And loved all that did to armes incline"—SPENSER

THIS was a year of severe work and anxiety, for he could not afford a curate, and diphtheria, then a new disease in England, was creating a panic in the neighbourhood. Its prevalence among children deeply affected and excited him, and he took counsel with medical men, as to how to meet it in its earliest symptoms To him it was a new enemy to be hated, and fought against, as it was his wont to hate and fight against every form of disease, which arose, as he suspected this to do, from preventible causes, on Thomas Carlyle's principle, "Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy, attack him swiftly, subdue him, make order of him."

His lectures in the diocese this year were on local Geology,* the Days of the Week, Eyes and no Eyes, Jack of Newbury, Flodden Field, and at Aldershot on Cortez †

* "Scientific Lectures and Essays" (Macmillan.)
† "True Words for Brave Men" (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co)

The nearness of Eversley to Aldershot and Sandhurst, brought him more and more in contact with military men, and widened his sphere of influence. The society of soldiers as a class was congenial to him. "Next to my own farmers and labourers," he writes to a friend, "the officers of Aldershot and Sandhurst are the people for whom I feel and think and write." He inherited the soldier's spirit, as well as soldier blood; the few portraits of his direct ancestors that are yet in his family are all of military men, including Colonel Kingsley, who fought at Naseby, and General Kingsley, Governor of Fort William, colonel of the 20th regiment, who fought at Minden. He had himself, at one time, thought of the army as a profession, spending much time as a boy in drawing plans of fortifications; and even after he took holy orders it was a constant occupation to him, in all his walks and rides, to be planning fortifications. There is scarcely a hill-side within twenty miles of Eversley, the strong and weak points of which in attack and defence during a possible invasion he has not gone over with as great an intensity of thought and interest as if the enemy were really at hand; and no soldier could have read and re-read Hannibal's campaigns, Creasy's Sixteen Decisive Battles, the records of Sir Charles Napier's Indian warfare, or Sir William's Peninsular War, with keener appreciation, his poet's imagination enabling him to fill up the picture and realize the scene, where his knowledge of mere military detail failed. Hence the honour he esteemed it to preach and lecture to the troops at Aldershot, and at Woolwich. His eyes would kindle and fill with tears as he recalled the impression made on him on Whit Sunday, 1858, by the sound heard for the first time, and never to be forgotten, of the clank of the officers' swords and spurs, and the regular tramp of the men as they marched into church, stirring him like the note of a trumpet. He camped out one summer's night with the Guards on Cove Common. He blessed the new colours presented by Mrs Napier to her father's regiment, the 22nd, and after the ceremony, went round the ranks, and was introduced by her to many old veterans who had survived from the great Indian battles. That was a red-letter day in his calendar, as he called it His visits to Aldershot brought many officers over to Eversley Church, and led to the formation of friendships which were very dear to him.

"I shall never," said Captain Congreve, "forget the genial, happy, unreserved intercourse of those Sunday afternoons, and I

never strolled home to mess without feeling that I had come away wiser and better from the contact with that clear and kindly mind. He essentially loved men and manly pursuits, and perhaps liked soldiers as being a class among whom manly feeling and manly virtues were cultivated. The Staff College was then in its infancy, and had perhaps gathered together a few of the best educated, hardest working, and most ambitious young men in the service Mr Kingsley was very soon a welcome and an honoured guest at our mess He entered into our studies, popularised our geology, and was an able critic on questions of military history. Not only that, however,—headwork needs physical relaxation He told us the best meets of the hounds, the nearest cut to the covers, the best trout streams, and the home of the largest pike Many an hour have I spent pleasantly and profitably on the College lakes with him Every fly that lit on the boat-side, every bit of weed that we fished up, every note of wood-bird, was suggestive of some pretty bit of information on the habits, and growth, and breeding of the thousand unnoticed forms of life around"

The following reminiscence from an officer will show that when at the officer's mess he never shrunk from showing his colours·

"We had among us one or two so-called 'advanced thinkers,' men who were inclined to ridicule religion somewhat I remember once the conversation at mess took that direction, and Mr Kingsley stopped it at once and for ever in the pleasantest, and at the same time most effectual manner, by pointing out how unmanly and ungenerous it was to endeavour to weaken a faith which was a trusted support to one's friends He said 'it was impossible to use arguments of this kind without causing pain to some, and even if a man could hope to produce conviction, it could only be by taking from his convert much of the present joy of his life Would any brave man desire to do that for the mere sake of a rhetorical triumph?' There was the regular little apology, 'Forgot for a moment that there was a clergyman at the table,' &c.

"'All right, never mind,' said Mr Kingsley; 'but you must not apologise on that ground. We are paid to fight those arguments as you soldiers are to do another sort of fighting, and if a clergyman is worth his salt, you will always find him ready to try a fall with you Besides, it is better for your friends, if they are to have the poison, to have the antidote in the same spoon'"

Colonel Strange, R A., writing from Quebec in 1876, explains Mr Kingsley's influence from the soldier's point of view·

"My name," he says, "is not worthy to be linked with Mr Kingsley's, except as a mere unit among the thousands of soldiers to whom he made Christianity possible, being one of them in spirit himself, perhaps the noblest He invented no new Gospel, but showed them the real courage, the manliness of our Christ reflected somewhat in himself unconsciously For

ages the majority of soldiers had dimly tried to do their duty with the grim creed alone, that 'every bullet has its billet,' and after ——? The circumstances that made the Puritan soldiers died with them. The modern soldier had to choose between what, rightly or wrongly, seemed to them a Christ with all the manliness carefully eliminated, and a creed that culminated in sentimental revivals that would not stand the rough usage of the camp, except in a few cases, and those happily were generally called away in all their genuine burning zeal before the cold shade of peaceful monotony had more severely tried a faith that fed on excitement. It is not hard to find a creed for a soldier to die with, it seems to me—at least I have seen Mahomet's answer well. A creed to live by is a different thing. The only alternative to the beautiful evangelical Christianity of such happy soldiers as Hedley Vicars (Havelock was a Puritan out of his age), the extreme evangelical doctrine to which most men are constitutionally averse, was the slavish Roman, or what seemed an unpractical emasculate æsthetic imitation The average soldier found no rest, no place in modern Christianity, until our apostle (your husband) tore off the shreds and patches, with which for ages the Divine figure of the God-man had been obscured—He who found no such faith in Israel as that of the centurion These are solemn themes, and I have handled them perhaps roughly, not from want of respect for the brave and good men who have lived and died in both extremes. I would have learnt very little from Charles Kingsley if I had not learnt to respect both John Bunyan and Ignatius Loyola, the soldier priest! Feebly I have tried to explain to you the reasons why soldiers had such sympathy with him who sympathised with them, and has given to thousands, I believe (for I have heard private soldiers speak of his books), the most priceless gift that man can bestow upon his brother. Long years ago in India, before I ever saw him, I wrote to thank him, anonymously, for what I and others of my comrades owed him ."

To a clergyman who, in a review, had called him "a muscular Christian," Mr Kingsley writes as follows:

October 19, 1858 —". . . You have used that, to me, painful, if not offensive, term, 'Muscular Christianity.' My dear sir, I know of no Christianity save one, which is the likeness of Christ, and the same for all men, viz., to be transformed into Christ's likeness, and to consecrate to His service, as far as may be, all the powers of body, soul, and spirit, regenerate and purified in His Spirit. All I wish to do is, to say to the strong and healthy man, even though he be not very learned, or wise, or even delicate-minded—in the æsthetic sense · 'You, too, can serve God with the powers which He has given you. He will call you to account for them, just as much as he will call the parson, or the devout lady.' You seem to be of the same mind as some good-natured youth, who, in reviewing me the other day, said that I must never have known

aught but good health, never had an ache in my life. As if one could know health, without having known sickness—or joy, without having known sorrow! . . May God grant that you may never go through what I have done of sickness, weakness, misery, physical, mental, spiritual. You fancy that I cannot sympathise with the struggles of an earnest spirit, fettered, tormented, crushed to the very earth by bodily weakness and sickness. If I did not, I were indeed a stupid and a bad man; for my life for fifteen years was nothing else but that struggle. But what if, when God gave to me suddenly and strangely health of body and peace of mind, I learnt what a priceless blessing that *corpus sanum* was, and how it helped—humiliating as the confession may be to spiritual pride—to the producing of *mentem sanam*? What if I felt bound to tell those who had enjoyed all their life that health which was new to me, what a debt they owed to God, how they must and how they might pay the debt? Whom have I wronged in so doing? What, too, if it has pleased God that I should have been born and bred and have lived ever since in the tents of Esau? What if—by no choice of my own—my relations and friends should have been the hunters and fighters? What if, during a weakly youth, I was forced to watch—for it was always before my eyes—Esau rejoicing in his strength, and casting away his birthright for a mess of pottage? What if, by long living with him, I have learnt to love him as my own soul, to understand him, his capabilities, and weaknesses? Whom have I wronged therein? What if I said to myself, Jacob has a blessing, but Esau has one also, though his birthright be not his, and what blessing he has, he shall know of, that he may earn it? Jacob can do well enough without me He has some 15,000 clergy, besides dissenting preachers, taking care of him (though he is pretty well able to take care of himself, and understands sharp practice as well as he did in his father Isaac's time), and telling him that *he* is the only ideal; and that Esau is a poor, profane blackguard, only fit to have his blood poured out like water on Crimean battle-fields, while Jacob sits comfortably at home, making money, and listening to those who preach smooth things to him? And what if, when I tried, I found that Esau would listen to me; that he had a heart as well as Jacob, that he would come to hear me preach, would ask my advice, would tell me his sorrows, would talk to me about his mother, and what he had learnt at his mother's knee, because he felt that I was at least one of like passions as himself, who had been tempted on all points like as he was, *and with many sins?* What if he told me at the same time that he could not listen to Jacob's private chaplains, that he did not understand them, nor they him, that he looked on them with alternate fear and contempt? If I said to myself more and more clearly as the years rolled on, I will live for Esau and with Esau;—if I be called a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners, there is One above me who was called the same, and to Him I commit

myself and my work,—it is enough for me that He knows my purpose, and that on Crimean battle-fields and Indian marches, poor Esau has died with a clearer conscience and a lighter heart for the words which I have spoken to him If I have said this, whom have I wronged? I have no grudge against Jacob and his preachers; only when I read the 17th verse of the 3rd chapter of Revelations, I tremble for him, and for England, knowing well that on Jacob depends the well-being of England, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual, and that my poor Esau is at best food for powder. God help him! But surely there is room in God's kingdom for him, and for one parson (though, thank God, there is more than one), who will teach him what God requires of him Therefore my mind is made up As long as Esau comes to me as to a friend; and as long as Esau's mother comes to me to save her child from his own passions and appetites—would God that I could do it!—so long shall I labour at that which, if I cannot do it well, seems to me the only thing which I can do"

Truly did Dean Stanley describe Charles Kingsley's peculiar mission when he said of him:

"He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God had made him in himself He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise of a clergyman—fishing with the fishermen, hunting with the huntsmen, able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman—that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet, human genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of men He was sent by Providence, as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles'—far off, not to other lands or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, 'to fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thoughts and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response to himself, because he gave a response to them" (Funeral Sermon, Westminster Abbey, 1875)

He published his poems this year "in exceeding fear only after long solicitations," he says, "and I am more dissatisfied with them than any critic can be" Among them was "Santa Maura"—a story little known, which led to his acquaintance with Dr Monsell, vicar of Egham, who wrote to express his gratitude for its teaching, and his wish to have it printed, "as a tract to be slipt into the hands of the suffering . . . . to strengthen and brace up to high endeavours and endurings many who little dream of what real endurance for the love of Christ means. . What it has done for me I am sure it will

do for thousands, and therefore I have ventured to tell you how God has blessed it to me "

Mr Kingsley's answer is characteristic:

". . . Would to God that I could *be* the persons that I can conceive. If you wish to pray against a burden and temptation, pray against that awful gift (for it is a purely involuntary gift) of imagination, which alternately flatters and torments its possessor,—flatters him by making him fancy that he possesses the virtues which he can imagine in others; torments him, because it makes him feel in himself a capacity for every imaginable form of vice. Yet if it be a gift of God's (and it cannot be a gift of the devil's) it must bring some good, and perhaps the good is the capacity for sympathy with blackguards, 'publicans and sinners,' as we now euphemise them in sermons, trying, as usual, to avoid the tremendous meaning of the words by borrowing from an old English translation To see into the inner life of these; to know their disease, not from books, but from inward and scientific anatomy, imagination may help a man. If it does that for me I shall not regret it, though it is, selfishly speaking, the most humiliating and tormenting of all talents"

[To REV F. D MAURICE]—"I am delighted that you are satisfied with 'St Maura.' Nothing which I ever wrote came so out of the depths of my soul as that, or caused me during writing (it was all done in a day and a night), a poetic fervour such as I never felt before or since It seemed to me a sort of inspiration which I could not resist, and the way to do it came before me clearly and instantly, as nothing else ever has done—to embody the highest spiritual nobleness in the greatest possible simplicity of a young village girl, and exhibit the martyr element, not only free from that celibate which is so jumbled up with it in the old myths, but brought out and brightened by marriage love. That story, as it stands in the Acta SS, has always been my *experimentum crucis* of the false connection between martyrdom and celibacy But enough of this selfish prosing . I have said my say for the time Now I want to sit down and become a learner, and not a teacher, for I am chiefly impressed with my own profound ignorance and hasty assumption on every possible subject "

[To B LEWIS, Esq]—"As for the '*human* element' in 'Santa Maura,' it seems to me that wherever human beings are concerned, there cannot well help being a human element, if folks have eyes to see it, which the martyrologists certainly had not, and, indeed, refused to have. It stirs a sad smile in me, that in the 19th century, after Christian men have been believing in the Incarnation, they should be welcoming the human element in the stories of their own heroes, as a new thought—but with a certain fear and distrust—as if, however pleasant and interesting to find Santa Maura, or Saint Anyone-else, a human being, it wasn't quite right and proper Excuse me, dear Sir, I'm not laughing at *you*, but

at the world in general Your feeling is that, I suppose, of most pious people : only more kindly expressed. Verily, it is 'a mad world, my masters.'"

[To J Ludlow, Esq]—"You are not wise in rating my work high. I feel in myself a deficiency of discursive fancy. . . . I know I can put into singing words the plain things I see and feel, but all that faculty which Shakespeare had more than any man—the power of metaphor and analogue—the intuitive vision of connections between all things in heaven and earth, which poets *must* have, is very weak in me; and therefore I shall never be a great poet And what matter? I will do what I can; but I believe you are quite right in saying that my poetry is all of me which will last. Except, perhaps, 'Hypatia' I don't know how to thank you for your review. Cordiality is very comfortable, while one is sickened by the futilities of critics. Every one flatly contradicting the other, both when praising and when blaming! I never saw till now how worthless opinions of the press are For if A, B, C, D, flatly contradict each other, one or more must be wrong, eh? And which is one to believe? For instance, A says I finish carefully, and of art prepense, but want instinctive musical ear. B, that I have natural melody, but am slovenly, and so on. What is to be learned from such criticism? Yet I would gladly take a hint from any man I long for a guide; but where is there one?"

[To John Hullah, Esq]—"I heard your 'Three Fishers' sung a few weeks ago, and was much delighted It is the only setting which I have heard which at all renders what I wanted to say, and enters into the real feeling of the words . . I feel more and more inclined to suspect that they [the Poems] are what I can do best, and that I am only likely to get myself into the wars by meddling with politics and lofty matters, only to be handled by Disraelis and Clanricardes . . Do as you like about 'The Last Buccaneer' You have made it rollicking, you say. My idea of the music, as I wrote it, was a doleful sentimental bawl, as of a wooden-legged sailor. I hardly think a rollicking tune suits the worn-out old man, unless you fancy him a thorough blackguard, which I didn't want; I tried to give a human feeling all through, by a touch of poetry and sadness in the poor old ruffian. Had I been a composer I should have tried to express this, and with a half-comic manner. How to do that in poetry I know. Of music I know nought. . . *Boucon* signified, if I recollect right, a wooden stage, which the mahogany cutters put up round one of the giant swamp mahoganies when they were about to fell it. Moreover, it meant a stage on which they and the logwood cutters and bull-hunters slept. Moreover, one on which they dried the strips of beef, on which they lived like beasts of prey, and were so-called *boucaniers*, or what you will . . . I am much pleased to hear of the success of the song, 'O! that we two were Maying.' But I take no share of the credit Words are nought without music and singing. . . . I have not been at a concert this ten years. seldom in London, and then

always over-busy, and getting no 'amusement' there. My amusement is green fields and clear trout streams, and the gallop through the winter firwoods; and perhaps this free healthy life makes my little lark's pipe all the fresher and clearer when it tries a song'

His youngest son, Grenville Arthur, for whom, later on, "The Waterbabies" and "Madam How" were written, was born this spring, and named after his godfather, Dean Stanley, and Sir Richard Grenville, one of the heroes of "Westward Ho!" from whom Mrs Kingsley's family claimed descent

A few days' fishing at Newbury produced the "Chalk Stream Studies,"* dear to fishermen, and in the summer a new novel was projected, which took him into Yorkshire for a week to identify places and names

[To HIS WIFE] WHARFSIDE *July*, 1858—"We had a delightful day at Bolton. Tell R I jumped over the Strid where young Romilly was drowned Make her learn Wordsworth's ballad on it, 'What is good for a Bootless Bene?' We go off to-morrow for a walking excursion into the High Craven This is the most noble and beautiful of counties I have got such flowers! All that I have heard of the grandeur of Gordale Scar and Malham Cove, was, I found, not exaggerated. The awful cliff filling up the valley with a sheer cross wall of 280 feet, and from beneath a black lip at the foot, the whole river Air coming up, clear as crystal, from unknown abysses Last night we went up Ingleborough, 2380, and saw the whole world to the west, the lake mountains, and the western sea beyond Lancaster and Morecambe Bay for miles The people are the finest I ever saw—tall, noble, laconic, often very handsome Very musical, too, the women with the sweetest voices in speech which I have ever heard . . Thanks for the dear letters. What you say about subjectivity being so delicious is so womanly, *you* ought to feel that, and I perhaps ought to feel, as I do, the value of the outward world, and so you can help me, and I you, and both together make one humanity I long to be back I feel restless and reckless away from home, and all the more because I have no time for 'subjectivity' My days are spent in taking in *facts*, and plenty of them I have got The book grows on me I see my way now as clear as day How I will write when I get home. Love to R, M, and Baby "

[To J BULLAR, Esq]—"If I believed what you say, about 'not setting up our reason as the test by which we will try God's government of the world,' I should be much frightened, for I should find myself beginning to disbelieve in the Bible and in Christianity I don't want to set up my private reason, or to say, nothing is true but what I can find arguments for—No man less I cannot even study physical science without finding insoluble

* "Prose Idylls" (Macmillan)

puzzles at every step. But by Reason (in the highest sense), by that moral sense common to all men, I must try God's dealings, because—1. I cannot otherwise love, or trust God, or even imagine to myself His goodness 2 Because He bids me do so, in the Bible, more and more as the Gospel develops; and in the New Testament appeals entirely by Christ to that moral sense in man. The doctrine of Christ and His apostles is, that man is made in God's likeness, and that therefore man's goodness, justice, love, are patterns of God's, and mirrors in which he may see what his heavenly Father is like. The doctrine of Christ and His apostles is, that Christ's incarnation proves this That Christ manifested the Father, and showed to men the exact likeness of God's character, not by being a good angel, or good anything else, save a good man. And, therefore, when you impute to God feelings or acts which would be inhuman in any and every sense in you or me, you deny the meaning of our Lord's incarnation

"I know the Calvinists do not hold this, any more than the Papists. And I know that they have great excuses for the belief, great excuses for taking shelter (as you seem inclined to do, as I long to do and dare not) behind what Fourier calls *les voiles d'airain,* and making the truth that God's 'ways are not as our ways' an excuse for imputing to God ways of which we should be ashamed. But I know, too, that this doctrine has deeply immoral consequences That it has emboldened men who really wished to be good themselves, to impute to God pride, and vanity, selfishness, obstinacy, spite, cruelty, deceitfulness The God of Calvin, the God in whom Augustine learnt to believe in his old age, is a Being who inspires me with no love—with anything but love If I discovered that He were indeed ruler of this world, and of mankind, then I should hope—I dare not trust--that I should have faith enough in the everlasting right to prophesy, with Prometheus on his rock, the downfall of the unjust Zeus

"I have staked all my belief on this, Bullar If I have to give it up, I must begin to reconsider every phenomena in man, heaven, and earth, and the only escape which I as yet foresee would be into the Ahriman and Ormuzd creed of the old Zend-a-vesta. I know well that God's ways are not as our ways, or any man's; but how? Because, I believe and trust, God fulfils the very ideal which I know I ought to fulfil, and do not What use in my trying to give up my own ways, and go to God's ways, if God's ways be ways I cannot go, and more, ought not to go, and should be wicked if I were like God? Strange paradox!

"The God and the Christ whom the Bible reveal to me, I love, I glory in I am jealous for Their honour, and though I obey Them not, yet I can bear to love the thought that They are right, though I be wrong; They beautiful and noble, though I be ugly and mean, and therefore I am jealous for Them. Any fact which seems to reflect on Their honour, tortures me . ."

[TO SIR WILLIAM COPE] EVERSLEY RECTORY *December* 19,

1858.—"I cannot find the passage which your friend quotes from St Augustine . . . I have run my eye over the miracles which he mentions as having occurred under his own eyes. . . . I find but three . The other stories which he tells rest on the same evidence as most other post-scriptural ones. God forbid that I should deny them. How can I limit the wonders of grace, who find daily the wonders of nature beyond my comprehension or expectation? Only, knowing from mediæval records, and still more from the stories of the Indian massacres (which, as fields for judging of evidence, I have looked into somewhat closely), how very difficult it is to get at truth, when people have once made up their minds what they would like to be true, knowing this, I say, I think one may, without irreverence, preserve a stoic *epochē* on the matter, reserving one's judgment for more light, and meanwhile neither affirming nor denying."

Christmas Eve, 1858—"The Frobenius edition of 'St Augustine,' which I have, says that *all* the Ep ad Fratres in Eremo are spurious . . . But the part of your letter which deserves a long answer, longer than I can give, is what you say about natural science and Dean Buckland It is exceedingly comfortable to me, who knew nothing of him, as proving him to have been the wise man I believed him As for the fact—my doctrine has been for years, if I may speak of myself—that 'omnia exeunt in mysterium' (a saying, I think attributed to Augustine); that below all natural phenomena, we come to a transcendental—in plain English, a miraculous ground I argued this once with Professor H., who supported the materialist view, and is a consummate philosopher; and I did not find that he shook me in the least. This belief was first forced on me by investigating the generation of certain polypes of a very low order I found absolute Divine miracle at the bottom of all, and no *cause*, save that of a supremely *imaginative* (if I may so speak), as well as Almighty mind, carrying out its own ideas, but gravitation, or the simplest law, will show the same truth What *efficient cause* is there that all matter should attract matter? The only answer is, that God has so willed, and if we come to *final* causes, there is no better answer than the old mystic one, that God has imprest the Law of *Love*, which is the law of His own being, on matter, that it may be a type of the spiritual world when healthy, and of the kingdom of heaven. I am deeply touched by what you say as to the miracles of grace It is all true, and most necessary to be preached now—to me as well as to others; for one is apt to forget grace in nature, the unseen in the seen As you say,—after the crowning miracle of this most blessed night, all miracles are possible The miracle of this night was possible because God's love was absolute, infinite, unconquerable, able to condescend to anything, that good might be done, and who (that calls himself a true philosopher) dare limit that Love and power by any Laws of Time? Miracles, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, may have ceased But only for a time I

cannot but believe that, should there come once more in the Church's history, a 'dignus Deo vindice nodus,' we should have miracles once more, and find them, not arbitrary infractions, but the highest development of that Will of God whose lowest manifestations we call the Laws of Nature, though really they are no Laws of Nature, but merely Customs of God; which He can alter as and when He will.

"Excuse my thus running on. But this Christmas night is the one of all the year which sets a physicist, as I am, on facing the fact of miracle; and which delivers him from the bonds of sense and custom, by reminding him of God made Man. That you and I and all belonging to us may reap the full benefit of that arch-miracle is my prayer What better one can I have?"

On New Year's Eve he writes to Mr Maurice:

"We have had a most blessed Christmas. F. well enough to enjoy our Christmas parish party, and work in the garden again; and your godson come home with an admirable character and two prizes My cup runs over. God grant that I may *not throw it over*, as I expect surely to do some day, by my own laziness, thanklessness, and self-indulgence. . . ."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1859.

AGED 40.

Sanitary Work—Sermon at Buckingham Palace—Queen's Chaplaincy—First Visit to Windsor—Letters—To an Atheist—To Artists—Charles Bennet, and Frederick Shields—Ladies' Sanitary Association—Exhausted Brain—Pollution of Rivers—The Eternity of Marriage.

"What would become of mankind if the arena where must be fought out the great battle of right against wrong should be deserted by the champions of the good cause with—disguise it as we may—the selfish motive of rendering easier to their souls the struggle which all earnest men must wage to the end against their own infirmities? Rather did he emulate the heroism of those who, throwing themselves into the press of human affairs, strike with all their might, and to their last hour, against ignorance, folly, oppression, and are able to say with Sir Galahad,—

"'So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale;
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy grail'"

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

As years went on, Charles Kingsley devoted time, thought, and influence more and more to Sanitary science, the laws

of health, the deliverance of men's bodies and homes from disease and dirt, and their inevitable consequences of drunkenness, sin, and misery, became more important in his eyes than any Political reforms

"I am going to throw myself into this movement," he writes to a lady who had established a convalescent home for children "I am tired of most things in the world. Of sanitary reform I shall never grow tired No one can accuse a man of being sentimental over *it*, or of doing too much in it There can be no mistake about the saving of human lives, and the training up a healthy generation God bless you and all good ladies who have discovered that human beings have bodies as well as souls, and that the state of the soul too often depends on that of the body"

[To J. B., Esq]—"I see more and more that we shall work no deliverance till we teach people a little more common physical knowledge, and I hail the Prince Consort's noble speech at Aberdeen as a sign that he sees his way clearly and deeply I have refused this winter to lecture on anything but the laws of health; and shall try henceforth to teach a sound theology through physics. . . "

This year, 1859, was an altogether important one to him. On Palm Sunday he preached for the first time before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace, and was shortly afterwards made one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary. He now took his turn as preacher at the Chapels Royal St James's and Whitehall, and once a year before the Queen in the private chapel at Windsor In the autumn he was presented to the Queen and the Prince Consort, and to the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, then staying at Windsor, and from that hour to his dying day he received marks of Royal kindness and condescension, the memory of which will be an heirloom to his children To a man of his fine imagination and innate loyalty, who had sounded the depths of society, and whose increasing popularity as an author, and power as a preacher, had given him a large acquaintance with all ranks, this new phase of life seemed to come just to complete the cycle of his experiences But while the new distinction tended to establish his position and enlarge his influence, yet on his own character it had a humbling rather than exalting effect. From this time there was a marked difference in the tone of the public press, religious and otherwise, towards him and though he still waged war as heretofore against bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance, and was himself unchanged, the attacks on him from outside were

less frequent. The events of the year, uninteresting to the outer world, but each important in giving colour to his own daily life and leaving its mark on his heart and imagination, are soon told He sent his eldest son to Wellington College, which had just opened, and where the scheme of education, owing to the wise influence of the Prince Consort, being of a wider and more modern character than that of the old and more venerable public schools, was more consonant to his own views for his son. He was present at the marriage of his friend Max Muller and a beloved niece His acquaintance with Lord Cranworth and Lord Carnarvon, which soon deepened into attachment, was made this year. Dean Stanley paid his first visit to Eversley. In the autumn, with his wife, he spent a few days with Mr and Mrs Tennyson in the Isle of Wight; but having no curate, his holiday was short, and more than once this year he broke down from overwork He shrunk from the bustle of London, and withdrew from politics. Notwithstanding fair prospects and outward distinction, he clung more and more passionately to his quiet country home; the "far off look," the longing for rest and reality, and for the unfolding of the mystery of life, grew stronger upon him, and, though always bright and cheerful with his children, he said more frequently to his wife, "How blessed it will be when it is all over, to lie down in that dear churchyard together!"

"I have not been to town," he writes, "for more than two days in the last nine months. I see no chance of preaching there, I am happy to say, for a long time, save next Sunday, when I preach to the Queen As for politics, I heed them not"

. . . . . .

[To T HUGHES, Esq, *June, 12th*]—"This is my fortieth birth-day. What a long life I have lived! and silly fellows that review me say that I can never have known ill-health or sorrow I have known enough to make me feel very old—happy as I am now, and I am very happy "

Among his many unknown correspondents was the editor of an Atheist newspaper in a northern manufacturing town, who told him how he and his fellow artisans read "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia," aloud on Sunday evenings, adding, "such perusal makes us better men," to which Mr Kingsley replied.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I should have answered so frank and manly a letter before, but my father's sudden illness called me away from home I hope that you and your friends will not always remain

Atheists . . . It is a barren, heartless, hopeless creed, as a creed —though a man may live long in it without being heartless or hopeless himself Still, he will never be the man he ought to have been; and therefore it is bad for him and not good But what I want to say to you is this, and I do want to say it. Whatever doubt or doctrinal Atheism you and your friends may have, don't fall into moral Atheism Don't forget the Eternal Goodness, whatever name you call it *I call it God.* Or if you even deny an Eternal Goodness, don't forget or neglect such goodness as you find in yourselves—not an honest—a manly, a loving, a generous, a patient feeling. For your own sakes, if not for God's sake, keep alive in you the sense of what is, and you know to be, good, noble, and beautiful I don't mean beautiful in 'art,' but beautiful in morals If you will keep that moral sense—that sense of the beauty of goodness, and of man's absolute duty to be good, then all will be as God wills, and all will come right at last. But if you lose that—if you begin to say, 'Why should not I be quarrelsome and revengeful? why should I not be conceited and insolent? why should I not be selfish and grasping?' then you will be Atheists indeed, and what to say to you I shall not know. But from your letter, and from the very look of your hand-writing, I augur better things; and even hope that you will not think me impertinent if I send you a volume of my own Sermons to think over manfully and fairly. It seems to me (but I may flatter myself) that you cannot like, as you say you do, my books, and yet be what I call moral Atheists. Mind, if there is anything in this letter which offends you, don't take fire, but write and ask me (if you think it worth while) what I mean In looking it through I see several things which (owing to the perversion of religious phrases in these days) you may misunderstand and so take your friend for your foe

"At all events, I am, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

Artists now often consulted him; among them Charles Bennett, then on the staff of *Punch.* Finding he was in need, and had a difficulty in getting his Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress published, Mr Kingsley wrote and gave him a preface for it, upon which Messrs Longmans brought out the book.

[To C H BENNETT, Esq.]—" . . I feel as deeply as you our want of a fitting illustration of the great Puritan Epic, and agree in every word which you say about past attempts. Your own plan is certainly the right one, only in trying for imaginative freedom, do not lose sight of beauty of form I am, in taste, a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again But it is perfectly possible to combine Greek health and accuracy of form with German freedom of imagination, even with German grotesqueness I say Greek and German (i e,

fifteenth and sixteenth century German) because those two are the only two root-schools in the world. I know no such combination of both as in Kaulbach. His illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs are in my eyes the finest designs (save those of three or four great Italians of the sixteenth century), which the world has ever seen. Any man desiring to do an enduring work must study, copy, and surpass them. Now in Bunyan, there is a strong German (Albert Durer) element which you must express, viz, 1st, a tendency to the grotesque in imagination; 2nd, a tendency to spiritual portraiture of the highest kind, in which an ideal character is brought out, not by abstracting all individual traits (the Academy plan), but by throwing in strong individual traits drawn from common life This, indeed, has been the manner of the highest masters, both in poetry and painting, *e.g.*, Shakespeare and Dante; and the portraits, and even heroic figures of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Bronzino, the two latter with Titian the triumvirate of portrait-painting. You find the same in Correggio He never idealises, *i.e.*, abstracts in a portrait, seldom in any place You would know the glorious 'Venus' of the National Gallery if you met her in the street. So this element you have a full right to employ. But there is another, of which Bunyan, as a Puritan tinker, was not conscious, though he had it in his heart, that is, classic grace and purity of form. He had it in his heart, as much as Spenser. His women, his Mr Greatheart, his Faithful, his shepherds, can only be truly represented in a lofty and delicate outline, otherwise the ideal beauty which lifts them into a supernatural and eternal world is lost, and they become mere good folks of the seventeenth century. Some illustrators, feeling this, have tried to mediævalise them Silly fellows! What has Bunyan to do with the Middle Ages? He writes for all ages, he is full of an eternal humanity, and that eternal humanity can only be represented by something of the eternal form which you find in Greek statues I don't mean that you are to Grecianise their dress, any more than mediævalise it No. And here comes an important question

"Truly to illustrate a poem, you must put the visions on paper as they appeared to the mind of the seer himself. Now we know that Bunyan saw these people in his mind's eye, as dressed in the garb of his own century. It is very graceful, and I should keep to it, not only for historic truth's sake, but because in no other way can you express Bunyan's leading idea, that the same supernatural world which was close to our old prophets and martyrs was close to him; that the devil who whispered in the ears of Judas, whispered in the ears of a cavalier over his dice, or a Presbyterian minister in his Geneva gown. Take these hints as meant, kindly."

Another artist, Mr F. Shields, of Manchester, speaks of his "helpful words"—

"How helpful to me at the period I could be eloquent in telling,

since they were the first words of kindly help which fell to my lot from one whose sympathy I prized, and who could, when in ill health, write so large an answer to a stranger . ."

[To F. SHIELDS, Esq]—" . . I think that you much overrate the disuse of armour in Bunyan's day. When the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written it was much gone out, but in Bunyan's boyhood he must have seen everywhere old armour hanging up in every gentleman or burgher's house (he would to his dying day) which had been worn and used by the generation before him Allowing, as we must, in every human being for the reverence for early impressions, I think his mind would have pictured to him simply the Elizabethan and James I.'s armour, which he saw hanging in all noble houses, and in which he may have, as a boy, seen gentlemen joust, for tilting was not extinct in his boyhood. As for this co-existing with slop breeches (what we now call knickerbockers are nothing else), I think you will find, as now, that country fashions changed slower than town The puffed trunk-hose of 1580-1600 co-existed with the finest cap-à-pie armour of proof They gradually in the country, where they were ill made, became slops, *i e*, knickerbockers By that time almost, loose and short cavalier breeks had superseded them in the court—but what matter? The change is far less than that during 1815-1855 The anachronism of putting complete armour by the side of one drest as Christian in the frontispiece of the original edition of the 'P P' is far less than putting you by the side of a Life-Guards' officer in 1855; far less, again, than putting a clod of my parish, drest as he would have been in A D 1100, in smock frock and leather gaiters, by the side of you or me. Therefore use without fear the beautiful armour of the later years of Elizabeth and the beginning of James I, and all will be right, and shock nobody As for shields, I should use the same time Shields were common among serving-men in James I. There are several in the Tower, fitted with a pistol to be fired from the inside, and a long spike All are round. I believe that 'sword and buckler play' was a common thing among the country folk in Bunyan's time Give your man, therefore, a circular shield, such as he would have seen in his boyhood, or even later, among the retainers of noble houses As for the cruelties practised on Faithful,—for the sake of humanity don't talk of that The Puritans were very cruel in the North American colonies; horribly cruel, though nowhere else But in Bunyan's time the pages of Morland, and others, show us that in Piedmont, not to mention the Thirty Years' War in Germany, horrors were being transacted which no pen can describe nor pencil draw Dear old Oliver Cromwell stopped them in Piedmont, when he told the Pope that unless they were stopped English cannon should be heard at the gates of the Vatican But no cruelty to man or woman that you dare draw can equal what was going on on the Continent from Papist to Protestant during Bunyan's lifetime I have now told you all I

can I am very unwell, and forbid to work . . . but what I send I send with all good wishes to any man who will be true to art and to his author."

[To ————]—"God has given you a great talent, whereby you may get an honest livelihood Take *that* as God's call to you, and follow it out. As for the sins of youth, what says the 130th Psalm? 'If Thou, Lord, were extreme to mark what is done amiss, who could abide it?' But there is mercy with Him, therefore shall He be feared And how to fear God I know not better than by working on at the speciality which He has given us, trusting to Him to make it of use to His creatures—if He needs us—and if He does not, perhaps so much the better for us. He can do His work without our help Therefore fret not nor be of doubtful mind But just do the duty which lies nearest—which seems to me to be to draw as you are drawing now . . ."

And so to apply to himself Charles Kingsley's own words in speaking of Mr Maurice's work, one may say that—

"It was his humility and self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the 'Divine discontent'—who lived as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their own consciousness of defection from that ideal . "

In July he spoke at the first meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, which he characterised as—

"One of the noblest, most right-minded, straightforward and practical conceptions that he had come across for some years. . If ladies believe with me," he says, "that the most precious thing in the world is a human being, that the lowest, and poorest, and most degraded of human beings is better than all the dumb animals in the world, that there is an infinite, priceless capability in that creature, degraded as it may be—a capability of virtue, and of social and industrial use, which if it is taken in time, may be developed up to a pitch, of which at first sight the child gives no hint whatsoever . . . Then, perhaps, they may think with me that it is a duty, one of the noblest of duties, to see that every child that is born into this great nation of England be developed to the highest pitch to which we can develop him, in physical strength and in beauty, as well as in intellect and in virtue. .

". . . Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children die. God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill, and leave them A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight; he has taken his chance; he

has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him, if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, and by his Queen It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age . . But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day . .

. . . . .

" We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon-balls and gunpowder, and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money, and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think—What so terrible as War? I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than War, and that is—outraged Nature. . Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning note of preparation, she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. . . . By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills, and kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war he does not strike the unarmed man, he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe, in his hand. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering, the mass of preventible agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! ."* (Massacre of the Innocents)

His work at this time was incessant, his energy consuming. And he seldom returned from speech or lecture without showing that so much actual life had gone out of him—not only from the strain on brain and heart, but from his painful consciousness of the antagonism which his startling mode of stating things called out in his hearers. He was now doing three full services on the Sunday without help, and the following extracts from his letters give no adequate idea of the labour of his life, and of the different attitudes in which he had to put his mind according to the various subjects on which he was asked for sympathy or counsel, or called upon to do

* Republished in Sanitary and Social Essays. (Macmillan.)

battle. "I am," he says, "as one desperate and foredone with work of various kinds at once. . . "

[To Lord ROBERT MONTAGU]—"Don't talk about the Thames I have thought and written much on it some years since, but have given it up in despair. There is no adequate demand for the sewage Till you can awaken farmers, nothing can be done My last dream is, to have the sewage conveyed along the line of rails by pipes, giving the railway companies an interest therein, and so to fertilize, especially the barrens of Surrey and Berkshire But while railways are ruining themselves by frantic competition they have neither time nor money for such projects What I think you should do, in order to produce any effect, is to ascertain—1. What demand for liquid sewage there is among the farmers of the neighbourhood of London. Have guano and superphosphate really beaten sewage out of the field by superior facility of carriage? I suspect they have for the time being, there is no chance of the phosphatic beds of the green-sand being exhausted for many years; or the guano islands either 2 What facilities or hindrances have been given to the carriage of liquid sewage by the great metropolitan sewers now making? This I do not know, and this you must ascertain My scheme has always been to have arterial pipes along the railway lines . "

[To JOHN BULLAR, Esq]—"You are the kindest of men Two letters come ere I answer one. But I have been hunted from pillar to post. There really is very little the matter with me, except what is called in country fellows 'idleness' I never call it so If they say to me, 'Jem is a slack hand, he won't do no work; and if he tries, he hain't no heart, but gies out at mowing or pitching like any chicken,' then I answer, 'Very well; you leave Jem alone. he won't live long if you hurry him!' Whereon they ask, 'And what's wrong wi' he, then?' To which I answer, solemnly, 'Deficient vitality' Which shuts them up; and is also a true and correct answer I am a slack hand now. I can't think; I can't write; I can't run; I can't ride—I have neither wit, nerve, nor strength for anything; and if I try I get a hot head, and my arms and legs begin to ache I was so ten years ago · worse than now. I have learned by that last attack, and have, thank God, pulled up in time Your letters are full of practical wisdom. Almost the best hint in them is the folly of trying to cure mental fatigue by bodily. I tried that experiment a fortnight ago, and was miserably ill for three days When I came to think I saw I was an ass I had used up the grey matter of my brain by thought, and then had used up still more by violent volition, running to hounds on foot, and leaping hedges and ditches for five hours, calling the same fresh air and exercise! I was a great fool, and found it out. . . . One thing I should like, that you would come and stay with me—on the understanding that neither of us

is to speak a word of sense during the visit. Oh life—life, life! why do folks cling to this half existence, and call that life?

> "'Tis life, not death, for which I pant,
> 'Tis life, whereof my nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller than I want'

" . I wish I could see your father once! I like to look in the faces of strong good men, and to hear the tones of their voice I don't mind what they say. It is the men themselves I love to contemplate And I know one more strong good man than I did —and that is the Prince Consort. I love that man. . "

[To W FULLER MAITLAND, Esq, *August* 9, 1859]—"How gladly would I come with you; but, alas! I have already spent all my journey-money and spare time for the year; I must stay at home and work peaceably I think I shall never get to Scotland. I have three or four invitations every year, each pleasanter than the other, and cannot, cannot go However, 'Life is not all beer and skittles,' as my friend Tom Brown remarks; and I suppose if it was good for me to go North, a door would be opened, as the old Puritans would say So go, and shoot infinite grouse, and think on me whose sporting will be confined to catching vile chub at Mattingley."

[To ———, Esq]—"As to Matt. xxii 24-28 . . It seems to me that we must look at it from the stand-point of the Sadducees, and therefore of our Lord as condescending to them It is a hideous case in itself . . I conceive the Jews had no higher notion than this of the relation of the sexes Perhaps no Eastern people ever had The conception of a love-match belongs to our Teutonic race, and was our heritage (so Tacitus says with awe and astonishment) when we were heathens in the German forests You will find nothing of it in Scripture, after the first chapter of Genesis, save a glimpse thereof (but only a glimpse) in St Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians To me, who believe the Gospel of St John, and believe therefore that Jesus Christ, the Word of God, was the light and life of my German forefathers, as well as of the Jews, there is nothing strange in this I only say, Christ has taught us something about wedlock, which He did not teach the Jews, that He taught it is proved by its fruits, for what has produced more of nobleness, more of practical good, in the human race, than the chivalrous idea of wedlock, which our Teutonic race holds, and which the Romance or Popish races of Europe have never to this day grasped with any firm hold? Therefore all I can say about the text is . . (as to marriage in the world to come) that it has nought to do with me and my wife I know that if immortality is to include in my case identity of person, I shall feel to her for ever what I feel now. That feeling may be developed in ways which I do not expect; it may have provided for it forms of expression very different from any which are among the holiest sacraments of life of that I take no care.

The union I believe to be as eternal as my own soul. I have no rule to say in what other pair of lovers it may or may not be eternal I leave all in the hands of a good God, and can so far trust His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, as to be sure that He knew the best method of protesting against the old Jewish error (which Popish casuists still formally assert) that the first end of marriage is the procreation of children, and thereby laid the true foundation for the emancipation of woman. . . ."

[To J. BULLAR, Esq]—" . Matthew xxii 30, has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth, that I should be exceedingly sorry to be married again in heaven All I can say is, if I do not love my wife, body and soul, as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body or of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I Therefore, whatsoever the passage means, it can't mean what monks make it Ten years ago I asked in 'Yeast' the question which my favourite old monk legends (from which I have learned volumes) forced on me, 'Who told you that the angelic life was single?' and I have found no answer yet. . ."

A letter on the Eternity of Marriage, written many years before, may come in fitly here.

" . 'In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God!'—And how are the angels of God in heaven? Is there no love among them? If the law which makes two beings unite themselves, and crave to unite themselves, in body, soul, and spirit, be the law of earth—of pure humanity—if, so far from being established by the Fall, this law has been the one from which the Fall has made mankind deflect most in every possible way; if the restoration of purity and the restoration of this law are synonymous; if love be of the spirit—the vastest and simplest exercise of will of which we can conceive—then why should not this law hold in the spiritual world as well as in the natural? In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but is not marriage the mere approximation to a unity which shall be perfect in heaven? Read what Milton says of angels' love in Books VI. and VII and take comfort. What if many have been alone on earth? may they not find their kindred spirit in heaven, and be united to it by a tie still deeper than marriage? And shall not we be re-united in heaven by that still deeper tie? Surely on earth Christ the Lord has loved—some more than others—why should we not do the same in heaven and yet love all? Here the natural body can but strive to express its love—its desire of union. Will not one of the properties of the spiritual body be, that it will be able to express that which the natural body only tries to express? Is this a sensual view of heaven?—then are the two last chapters of the Revelations most sensual They tell not only of the perfection of humanity, with all its joys and wishes and properties, but of

matter! They tell of trees, and fruit, and rivers—of gold and gems, and all beautiful and glorious material things Isaiah tells of beasts and birds and little children in that new earth Who shall say that the number of living beings is filled up? Why is heaven to be one vast lazy retrospect? Why is not eternity to have action and change, yet both, like God's, compatible with rest and immutability? This earth is but one minor planet of a minor system are there no more worlds? Will there not be incident and action springing from these when the fate of the world is decided? Has the Evil Spirit touched this alone?

"These are matters too high for us, therefore we will leave them alone, but is flatly denying their existence and possibility leaving them alone? It is more humble, more rational, to believe the possibility of all things than to doubt the possibility of one thing . And what if earthly love is so delicious that all change in it would seem a change for the worse? Shall we repine? What does reason and faith (which is reason exercised on the invisible) require of us, but to conclude that, if there is change, there will be something better there? Here are two truths—

"1st Body is that which expresses the spirit to which it is joined, therefore, the more perfectly spiritual the body, the better it will express the spirit joined to it

"2nd The expression of love produces happiness; therefore, the more perfect the expression the greater the happiness! And, therefore, bliss greater than any we can know here awaits us in heaven And does not the course of nature point to this? . What else is the meaning of old age, when the bodily powers die, while the love increases? What does that point to, but to a restoration of the body when mortality is swallowed up of life? Is not that mortality of the body, sent us mercifully by God, to teach us that our love is spiritual, and therefore will be able to express itself in any state of existence? . Do not these thoughts take away from all earthly bliss the poisoning thought, 'all this must end?' Do I undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it the sacrament of a higher union! Will not this thought give more exquisite delight, will it not tear off the thorn from every rose and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness, in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us—that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which shall be perfect, if we will but work here, so as to work out our salvation!"

. . . .

CHAPTER XIX.

1860—62.

AGED 41-43

Professorship of Modern History—Death of his Father and of Mrs Anthony Froude—Visit to Ireland—First Salmon killed—Wet Summer—Sermon on Weather—Letter from Sir Charles Lyell—First Residence in Cambridge—Inaugural Lecture—Reminiscences of an Undergraduate—Lectures to the Prince of Wales—Essays and Reviews—Children's Employment Commission—Death of the Prince Consort—The Waterbabies—Visit to Scotland—British Association—Degradation Theory—The Professor and the Boats—Cotton Famine in Lancashire.

"The best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do. and he that has been faithful over a few things, must find his account in being made ruler over many things That is the true and heroical rest which only is worthy of gentlemen, and sons of God And for those who, either in this world, or the world to come, look for idleness, and hope that God shall feed them with pleasant things, as it were with a spoon, Amyas, I count them cowards and base, even though they call themselves saints and elect. . Do thou thy duty like a man to thy country, thy Queen, and thy God, and count thy life a worthless thing, as did the holy men of old" WESTWARD HO! Chapter vii

IN 1860, Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, offered Mr Kingsley the Regius professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, which Sir James Stephen had lately resigned. He accepted it, but with extreme diffidence, and in the spring went up to the University to take his M A. degree Dr Whewell, then Master of Trinity, received him most kindly. Having been one of those who had disapproved most emphatically of "Alton Locke" when it was first published, his conduct on this occasion, and steady friendship henceforward, laid Mr Kingsley under a deep debt of gratitude.

[To HIS WIFE] TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, *May* 22, 1860—" . It is like a dream. Most beautiful. My windows look into Trinity Walks—the finest green walks in England, now full of flags and tents for a tulip show I had a pleasant party of men to meet me last night After breakfast I go to Magdalene, then to the Senate House; then to dinner in hall at Magdalene. . . All this is so very awful and humbling to me. I cannot bear to think of my own unworthiness ."

. . . .

"I have been thinking and praying a good deal over my future life A new era has opened for me. I feel much older, anxious

and full of responsibility; but more cheerful and settled than I have done for a long time. All that book-writing and struggling is over, and a settled position and work is before me Would that it were done, the children settled in life, and kindly death near to set one off again with a new start somewhere else. I should like the only epitaph on our tomb to be Thekla's:

"'We have lived and loved,'
"'We live and love.'"

In the winter, his father, the Rector of Chelsea, to whom he had ever been a devoted son, died, and from that hour till her own death in 1873, the care of his widowed mother was one of his most nobly fulfilled duties. He speaks of the death of parents thus:

"It is an awful feeling of having the roots which connect one with the last generation seemingly torn up, and having to say, 'now *I* am the root, I stand self-supported, with no older stature to rest on' And then one *must* believe that God is the God of Abraham, and that all live to Him, and that we are no more isolated and self-supported than when we were children on our mother's bosom."

[To Rev. J. MONTAGU.]—" Forgive me for my silence, for I and my brothers are now wearily watching my father's death-bed—long and lingering Miserable to see life prolonged when all that makes it worth having (physically) is gone, and never to know from day to day whether the end is to come in six hours or six weeks But he is all right and safe, and death for him would be a pure and simple blessing. James Montagu, never pray for a long life. Better die in the flower of one's age, than go through what I have seen him go through in the last few days. . "

* * * * * * * *

"My darling boy," he writes to his eldest son at school—"Poor Grandpapa is dead, and gone to heaven. You must always think of him lovingly; and remember this about him, Maurice, and copy it—that he was a *gentleman*, and never did in his life, or even thought, a mean or false thing, and therefore has left behind him many friends, and not an enemy on earth. Yes, dear boy, if it should please God that you should help to build up the old family again, bear in mind that *honesty* and *modesty*, the two marks of a gentleman, are the only way to do it Mother sends you a thousand loves . . .

"Your own Daddy, "C. K."

The churchyard at Eversley was enlarged at this time. It had long been his wish to make it an arboretum, and gradually to gather together rare shrubs and evergreens, so that it should be truly a "Gottesacker" in a double sense; and he now planted an avenue of Irish yews from the gate to the church

door. He writes to his wife who was then at Chelsea with his widowed mother:

"... I can understand your being unhappy leaving us and this delicious place again. It does look too blessed for a man to spend his life in. I have been making it blessed-er in the last thirty hours, with a good will, for I and B (his church-warden) have been working with our own hands, as hard as the four men we have got on. We have planted all the shrubs in the churchyard We have gravelled the new path with fine gravel, and edged it with turf; we have levelled, delved, planned, and plotted M. is trimming up unsightly graves, and we shall be all right and ready for the Bishop to consecrate Altogether I am delighted at the result, and feel better, thanks to two days' hard work with pick and spade, than I have done for a fortnight . But I cannot bear working and planning at improvements without you, it seems but half a life; and I am leaving everything I can to be done after you come back Oh! when shall we settle down here in peace? Patience though—It wants three weeks to spring, and we may, by God's blessing, get back here in time to see the spring unfold around us, and all mend and thrive After all, how few troubles we have! for God gives with one hand, if He takes away with the other. . . . I found a new competitor for the corner of the new ground, just under our great fir tree, which I had always marked out for you and me, in dear old Bannister (a farmer), who had been tellling M. that he wanted to be buried close to me So I have kept a corner for ourselves; and then he comes at our feet, and by our side —— insists on lying. Be it so. If we could see the children grown up, and the History* written, what do I need, or you either, below?"

The vacant space by the side of his own proposed grave was soon filled up, for before long another heavy sorrow came—and his wife's sister, Charlotte, wife of Anthony Froude, was laid there under the shade of the fir-trees she loved so well. Her grave, round which flowers were always kept blooming, was to him, during the remainder of his life, a sacred spot, where he would go almost daily to commune with the spirit of the dead.

No book was written this year, his spare time being given to the preparation of his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge, and the course of lectures which was to follow it By command of the Prince Consort, he preached the annual sermon for the Trinity House,† of which H R H was then Master. He

* Before his appointment at Cambridge he had begun a "School History of England," of which only the three first chapters were written

† See "Prayer and Science" (Discipline and other Sermons) [Macmillan]

preached also at Whitehall, Windsor Castle, and St James's, and was made chaplain to the Civil Service Volunteers A few weeks' rest in Ireland with Mr Froude, refreshed him greatly, and from Markree Castle, where he killed his first salmon, a long coveted experience in life, he writes home:

July 4.—" I have done the deed at last—killed a real actual live salmon, over five pounds weight. This place is full of glory—very lovely, and well kept up

" But I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country. I don't believe they are our fault I believe there are not only many more of them than of old, but that they are happier, better, more comfortably fed and lodged under our rule than they ever were But to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black, one would not feel it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours "

July 5—" I had magnificent sport this morning—five salmon killed (biggest, seven pounds), and another huge fellow ran right away to sea, carrying me after him waist deep in water, and was lost, after running 200 yards, by fouling a ship's hawser! There is nothing like it The excitement is maddening, and the exertion very severe But the country which I have come through moves me even to tears It is a land of ruins and of the dead You cannot conceive to English eyes the first shock of ruined cottages, and when it goes on to whole hamlets, the effect is most depressing I suppose it had to be done, with poor-rates twenty shillings in the pound, and the people dying of starvation, and the cottier system had to be stopped; but what an amount of human misery each of those unroofed hamlets stands for! "

The summer of 1860 was a very wet one. Rain fell almost incessantly for three months The farmers were frightened, and the clergy all over the country began to use the prayer against rain Mr Kingsley did not do so, for Cholera had long been threatening England, and his knowledge of physical and sanitary science told him how beneficial this heavy rain was—a gift from God at that particular moment to ward off the enemy at hand, by cleansing drains, sweeping away refuse, and giving the poor an abundance of sweet clean water All this he explained to his own people in a sermon on Matt vii 9-11, which was afterwards published under the title of "Why should we pray for fair weather?"

"A certain sermon of mine about the rains," he writes, "which shocked the clergy of all denominations, pleased deeply, thank God, my own labourers and farmers. They first thanked me heartily for it, and begged for copies of it. I then began to see (what I ought

to have seen long before) that the belief in a good and just God is the foundation, if not of a scientific habit of mind, still of a habit of mind into which science can fall, and seed, and bring forth fruit in good ground. . . . Now, perhaps, you may understand better why I said that I was afraid of being presumptuous in praying for fine weather. I do not blame any one for doing so God forbid. Who am I, to judge another? To his own master each man stands or falls All I say is, that looking at the matter as I do, it would be presumptuous in *me*; and I do not wish to do it, unless I am commanded by my bishop, in which case my duty is to obey orders But I do shrink from praying for fine weather on my own responsibility . ."

The Sermon was strongly commented on by the religious press, and he had letters on the subject from the clergy and others, who resented the views which were welcomed by men of Science. "Accept my sincere and hearty thanks for your sermon," says Professor Owen, "in which you alone—so far as I know—in your calling, have had the honesty and courage to utter the truth in reference to its subject, the words will not be spoken in vain ."

"On my return from the Continent," wrote Sir Charles Lyell, "I find here your excellent sermon on the prayer for rain, sent to me, I presume, by your direction, and for which I return you many thanks Two weeks ago, I happened to remark to a stranger, who was sitting next me at a *table d'hôte* at Rudoldstadt in Thuringia, that I feared the rains must have been doing a great deal of mischief. He turned out to be a scientific man from Berlin, and replied, 'I should think they were much needed to replenish the springs, after three years of drought.' I immediately felt that I had made an idle and thoughtless speech Some thirty years ago I was told at Bonn of two processions of peasants, who had climbed to the top of the Peter's Berg, one composed of vine-dressers, who were intending to return thanks for sunshine, and pray for its continuance; the others from a corn district, wanting the drought to cease and the rain to fall Each were eager to get possession of the shrine of St Peter's Chapel before the other, to secure the saint's good offices, so they came to blows with fists and sticks, much to the amusement of the Protestant heretics at Bonn, who, I hope, did not, by such prayers as you allude to, commit the same solecism, occasionally, only less coarsely carried out into action."

[To —— ——, Esq.]—"I think you have misunderstood me in one important point You ignore the fact that I do tell people to pray—only telling them what to pray for. The longer I live, the more I see that the Lord's Prayer is the pattern for all prayers, and whether it be consistent with that to ask that God should alter the course of the universe, in the same breath that we say—Thy

will be done on earth—judge you. I do not object to praying for special things—God forbid! I do it myself—I cannot help doing it, any more than a child in the dark can help calling for its mother. Only it seems to me (I do not dogmatize, but only say it *seems*) that when we pray 'Grant this day that we run into no kind of danger,' we ought to lay our stress on the '*run*' rather than on the '*danger*,' to ask God, not to take away the danger by altering the course of nature; but to give us light and guidance whereby to avoid it. All prayers for forgiveness, teaching, strength, guidance, whether for ourselves or others, must be good. They concern the spiritual world of moral agents, having free will and capable of inspiration from the spirit of God—the laws whereof are totally different from those of the physical world. You mistake me again, then, when you class me with the mechanical philosophers. I have combated them in every book I have ever written. I am now hard at work protesting against their views being applied to History in my inaugural lecture, wherein I assert that the Hebrew prophets knew more of the laws of history than all the Comtes and Positivists put together. I fully admit all that you say about God's using natural plagues, locusts, earthquakes, pestilence, &c., as national punishments for national sins. . . But that does not prevent my asserting man's power and right to abolish those natural plagues, when he has learnt how to do it. To pray against them, as long as he cannot conquer them, is natural, and not to be blamed. But when God has answered his prayer, in a deeper and fuller sense than he dreamed of, by teaching him how to protect himself against these plagues, it is very wrong and ungrateful to God, to go on praying as if God had not answered. The Russian has a right to pray against the locust-swarms as long as he does not know (what we do) that by tilling the waste lands instead of leaving them in wild turf, he would destroy the locust larvæ. But when he has found out that, let him till and thank God. So with our prayer against rain. I do not blame our forefathers for putting it in. God forbid! It rather marks a precious step forward in our theology. For till the time when that prayer was inserted, the general belief of Christendom had been, that the devil and witches were the usual producers of storms, and blights, and all that hurt the crops; and it was (as I believe) the very inspiration of God which kept the good man who wrote that prayer from saying anything about the devils and witches, and referring the whole question to God alone. Now, I believe that that prayer has been answered most fully. . . Have you read the Registrar-General's reports for the last quarter? If not, you can hardly judge the matter. But this the rains have done. They have saved (by the returns compared with those of the same quarter last year) in the three months ending October, 18,000 English lives, beside the seeds of future disease. The doctors and apothecaries have been saying they never had so little to do—and the only persons, as far as I can find, who will suffer.

are the brewers and hop-growers, who have been making huge profits of late and can very well afford to make less this year. . ."

[To Rev —— ——]—"I feel very deeply the difficulties which you put, as corollaries from my sermon on the weather; nevertheless, I can and do pray, and hope that I always shall pray. I do not pretend to see my (logical) way clearly on this most subtle and important point; but this I see—that trials cannot be put into the same category as natural phenomena. Trials are part of our spiritual education—chastisements to teach us somewhat; and if we learn the lesson beforehand, we may pray to have the sin forgiven, and the chastisement remitted; and even if we have not, we can, and in effect do cry out of the darkness to the boundless love of God, by an instinct more rational and divine than all logic. And this may apply even to natural phenomena. To pray that there may not be a thunderstorm is to me presumptuous, because the thunderstorm will not come unless it is wanted To pray that the particular lightning-flash may not strike my child, is not presumptuous It is only asking God that a peculiar combination of circumstances which will bring my child under the influence of the laws of electricity may not take place; and that God can and does arrange by a perpetual providence every circumstance whatsoever, so making laws take effect only when and where He chooses, I believe utterly It may be answered, 'If it be right for the child to be struck, it will be, if not, not!' I know that—I believe that Everybody does who is pious Even those who believe in a quite magical effect from prayer, will say, and rightly, when their prayers are not answered, 'It is God's will, it ought not to have been answered, therefore it was not!' All are driven to this; yet all pray, and should pray. It is one of those paradoxes which no science can explain All we can do is, to eliminate from our prayers, as much as we can, all of self-will and selfishness, and study and copy the Lord's Prayer, praying 'after that manner.' This is a poor answer: but if you be an honest man, you would sooner have an honest half-answer than a dishonest whole one."

In the autumn he went up, with his family, for his first residence in Cambridge. "It is with a feeling of awe, almost of fear, that I find myself in such a place on such an errand," he said when he delivered his Inaugural Lecture,* in the crowded Senate House. His words were listened to with profound attention by men of all ranks in the university. Then followed his first course of public lectures, "The Roman and the Teuton," attended by a class of upwards of one hundred undergraduates, who gave him an enthusiastic welcome. One of them, now a Rector in the North, thus recalls the Professor's lecture-room:

* Now published as an Introduction to the "Roman and the Teuton," with preface by Max Muller (Macmillan)

"One of the charms of going into residence at Cambridge in October 1860, was the fact that Kingsley was coming up as Professor of Modern History. I remember the thrill one felt as one November evening a man announced 'in Hall'—'Kingsley is come; I saw him to-day in the streets; my father knows him, and I knew him in a moment' The man whose father knew Kingsley was a man to be envied, and to be asked to one's rooms at once I remember there was a warm discussion as to some of the Professor's supposed views, and within a few days after he had stood up in the senate-house and delivered his inaugural lecture, men who were opposed to him began to say, 'Whether we agree with this or that, we like Kingsley' And so it was; every creature that came near to him began to love him,—one could so thoroughly trust him,—he rang so thoroughly true, one felt instinctively there was not the slightest bit of affectation about the man—inside and outside moved together

"Then he began to lecture, and we undergraduates to crowd his room We crowded him out of room after room, till he had to have the largest of all the schools, and we crowded that—crammed it For undergraduates are an affectionate race, and every one of us who wished to live as a man ought to live, felt that the Professor of Modern History was a friend indeed. Tutors and fellows and lecturers came too, and sat on the same benches with undergraduates. And often and often, as he told a story of heroism, of evil conquered by good, or uttered one of his noble sayings that rang through us like trumpet-calls, loud and sudden cheers would break out irresistibly—spontaneously, and wild young fellows' eyes would be full of manly, noble tears And again and again, as the audience dispersed, a hearer has said, 'Kingsley is right—I'm wrong—my life is a cowardly life—I'll turn over a new leaf, so help me God' And many a lad did it too Kingsley preached without seeming to do so History was his text The men and women of History were the words that built up his sermon. He loved men and women, you felt that He never *sneered* at their faults. He had a deep, sad pity for them he would even laugh a little, good humouredly, at the comical side of some of them, for he was full of humour. but anything like a sneer one never heard Hence, partly, his great power. Again, he had such a warm, passionate admiration for fine deeds. His eye used to glisten, his voice in its remarkable sea-like modulations to swell like an organ as he recounted something great, till his audience listened—quiet, spell-bound, fixed, till the climax came, and then rushed into a cheer before they were well aware of it He was so modest and humble he could not *bear* our cheers. He would beckon for quiet, and then in a broken voice and with dreadful stammering say, 'Gentlemen, you must not do it. I cannot lecture to you if you do' But it was no good—we did not mean to cheer—we could not *help* it Had Kingsley had to lecture upon broom-handles, he would have done more good than many men would do with the

most 'suggestive themes' His own noble, gallant, God-fearing, loving soul shone through everything, and we felt it was good to be with him. He made us read too. He taught us how to read. History was the story of God's men and women in the past, for the men and women living now. He lighted it up and showed us its true unity. But I must end with him in his lecture-room I should like to have had time to tell about him at our sports, but I have not. Men all over the world have thanked God for the lessons of manliness, charity, and godliness they learned in the room of the Professor of Modern History. Amongst other things they learned this great lesson—and it is a good one—to love heartily and deeply (so that even now after fifteen years the recollection of him moves one to tears)—to love a great and good man."

"His lectures," Professor Max Muller says, 'were more largely attended than any in Cambridge, and they produced a permanent impression on many a young mind. They contain" (speaking of "The Roman and the Teuton," which were more severely criticised than any) "the thoughts of a poet and a moralist, a politician, a theologian, and before all, of a friend and counsellor of young men while reading for them and with them one of the most awful periods in the history of mankind, the agonies of a dying empire, and the birth of new nationalities. History was but his text, his chief aim was that of the teacher and preacher, and as an eloquent interpreter of the purposes of history before an audience of young men to whom history is but too often a mere succession of events to be learnt by heart and to be ready against periodical examinations, he achieved what he wished to achieve . . According to the unanimous testimony of those who heard them delivered, they stirred up the interest of young men, and made them ask for books which undergraduates had never asked for before at the University Library"

The year 1861 opened upon the Professor with new and grave responsibilities, for in addition to his public class he had to give private lectures to the Prince of Wales, but his indomitable determination enabled him to get through his work, bravely and cheerfully, though often with weary body and exhausted brain, while his child-like faith in God kept him free from the irritability so common to all highly-strung natures, under the pressure of new circumstances. On receiving a message from the Prince Consort as to his son's studies, he replied:

"Do me the kindness to inform the Prince Consort that his wishes are, of course, commands to me. I shall have great pleasure in putting myself into Dr Whewell's hands as to the formation of a special class for His Royal Highness. . . . The responsibility is too solemn and too sudden for me to act in any way upon my own private judgment in the matter . . ."

A class of eleven was formed, and early in February the Prince of Wales settled at Madingley, from whence he rode in to Cambridge for lectures at Mr Kingsley's house, twice a week with the class, and once to go through a *résumé* of the week's work alone. During the course of the academical year the Professor carried his pupils from the reign of William III. to that of George IV., at the end of each term setting questions for the Prince, which were always most satisfactorily answered. Throughout this time the sense of overpowering responsibility was relieved not only by the intense interest of the work, in which he was allowed perfect freedom of speech, but by the attention, courtesy, and intelligence of his Royal pupil, whose kindness to him then and in after-life, made him one of the Prince's most attached servants.

"Essays and Reviews" came out at this time, and he writes to Oxford of the present attitude of Cambridge:

[To REV. A. P. STANLEY.] *Feb.* 19, 1861.—"Cambridge lies in magnificent repose, and shaking lazy ears stares at her more nervous elder sister and asks what it is all about. She will not persecute the authors of the Essays; and what is more, any scraps of the Simeonite party, now moribund here, who try to get up a persecution, will be let alone—and left to persecute on their own hook. That is the Cambridge danger. Cool indifferentism; not to the doctrines, but to the means of fighting for them. The atmosphere is the most liberal (save 'Bohemia') which I ever lived in. And it is a liberality (not like that of Bohemia, of want of principle or creed), but of real scholarly largeness and lovingness between men who disagree. We 'live and let live,' here, I find to my delight. But with that will come the feeling—in which, I confess, I share—what the plague had these men to do, starting a guerilla raid into the enemy's country, on their own responsibility?

"Next. There is little or nothing, says Cambridge, in that book which we have not all of us been through already. Doubts, denials, destructions—we have faced them till we are tired of them. But we have faced them in silence, hoping to find a positive solution. Here comes a book which states all the old doubts and difficulties, and gives us nothing instead. Here are men still pulling down, with far weaker hands than the Germans, from whom they borrow, and building up *nothing* instead. So we will preserve a stoic calm. We wish them all well. We will see fair play for them, according to the forms of English law and public opinion. But they must fight their own battle. We cannot be responsible for other men's campaigns."

[To T. HUGHES, Esq.]—" . . . I have yet hope for the Church of England, if men will only do what you bid them, say what they *do* believe, and not what they don't. But it is difficult to make

men do that; and for this reason. If you ask the religionist what he believes, he answers you pat enough—but mere formulæ out of a book, the slang of his school, which he has not translated into his own native tongue, and which he would not recognise as his creed were it translated for him . . . For me, I bide my time. I have always asserted rather than denied. I have nothing more to say now than what I have said in print a dozen times. My soul is moved by the abominations which this Children's Employment Commission is said to have brought to light I am minded to speak earnestly about it in my Chapel-Royal Sermon,* if between now and then I can get facts enough to speak with authority, and also can hear what is likely to be done about it next session. Now, can you tell me aught? or tell me how to find out aught? Do give me a lift, and you shall find that 'still in my ashes live the wonted fires' . . . I hear that you are bothered and disappointed Do remember if you lose heart about your work in London, that none of it is *lost*. That the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on for ever; and that all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing, which perhaps might have been better done; but better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts—and of that, dear Tom, you have done a very great deal; for which God will surely repay you in His own way and time . . "

* He did preach on the subject, both at the Chapel Royal, St James's, and before the Queen in the private chapel at Windsor—and thus:

"Meanwhile we are sorry (for we English are a kind-hearted people) for the victims of our luxury and neglect. Sorry for the thousands whom we let die every year by preventible diseases, because we are either too busy or too comfortable to save their lives Sorry for the thousands who are used up yearly in certain trades, in ministering to our comfort, even our very frivolities and luxuries Sorry for the Sheffield grinders, who go to work as to certain death; who count how many years they have left, and say, 'A short life and a merry one—let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die' Sorry for the people whose lower jaws decay away in lucifer-match factories Sorry for the miseries and wrongs which this Children's Employment Commission has revealed Sorry for the diseases of artificial-flower makers Sorry for the boys working in glasshouses whole days and nights on end without rest, labouring in the very fire, and wearying themselves for very vanity. Vanity, indeed! If after an amount of gallant toil which nothing but the indomitable courage of an Englishman could endure, they grow up animals and heathens—we are sorry for them all, as the giant is for the worm on which he treads Alas! poor worm! But the giant must walk on *He* is necessary to the universe and the worm is not So we are sorry for half-an-hour; and glad, too (for we are a kind hearted people) to hear that charitable people or the Government are going to do something to alleviate these miseries And then we return, too many of us, each to his own ambition, or his own luxury, comforting ourselves with the thought that we did not make the world, and we are not responsible for it. . . ."—"Water of Life," and other sermons (Macmillan)

His professional duties with the Prince of Wales obliged him to keep all the terms at Cambridge, and he left his parish in the care of the Rev. Septimus Hansard, who tenderly recalls his impression of Mr Kingsley's character at that time:

"Never can I forget his free and friendly talks with me, in that dear, dear old study—his deep earnestness on all questions of the day, his faithful hope for the future, his utter detestation and abhorrence of sin and wrong-doing, and especially of all little, mean, dirty sins, which most men gloss over; and then his heartiness and playfulness, and his sympathy for the poor and needy; and, more striking to those who only knew of him by his writings, his Christ-like toleration for those who differed with him in opinion, and his sweet gentleness. . Naturally and by principle averse from quarrelling, he was ever ready to fight in the cause of justice to the poor, the oppressed and the suffering, and the weak. The Revelation of his Master's life — THE Revelation of Christ—had penetrated Charles Kingsley through and through. . "

The year ended sadly. The death of the Prince Consort threw a gloom all over England, and was to Mr Kingsley a personal loss, which he deeply felt:

"Can we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end,
Which nerved us for our race?
Oh sad to toil, and yet forego
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt!
We would not, if we could, forget"

. . . .

—"Installation Ode, Cambridge." (Poems)

"I remember," said a friend, "how Kingsley was affected by it, as at the loss of a personal friend. We walked over the next day to Madingley, and met on the way more than one of the young associates of the Prince of Wales. I can never forget, nor probably will those who were addressed forget, the earnest, solemn, and agitated tones in which he spoke of the Prince Consort's care for his son, and the duty which lay on them, the Prince of Wales's young friends, to see that they did all in their power to enforce the wise counsel of him who was dead"

[TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY]—"As for the death of the Prince Consort, I can say nothing Words fail me utterly What little I could say, I put into a sermon for my own parishioners . . I need not say how we regretted not being able to accept your kind invitation But the heavy work of last term, and the frightful catastrophe with which it ended, sent us all home to rest, if rest is possible, when, on coming home, one finds fresh arrears of work

waiting for one, which ought to have been finished off months since The feeling of being always behind hand, do what one will, is second only in torment to that of debt I long to find myself once again talking over with you 'the stones which tell no lies.'"

The opening of 1862 found him once more settled at Eversley, and thankful to return to parish work after the heavy duties and responsibilities of Cambridge. The complete change, however, had done him good. His mind was particularly vigorous this year; and one spring morning, while sitting at breakfast, his wife reminded him of an old promise, "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have got their book, and Baby must have his" He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of "The Waterbabies," written off without a check. The whole book was more like inspiration than composition, and seemed to flow naturally out of his brain and heart, lightening both of a burden without exhausting either. Nothing helped the books and sermons more than the silence and solitude of a few days' fishing, which he could now indulge in "The Waterbabies," especially, have the freshness and fragrance of the sea breeze and the riverside in almost every page.

"When you read the book," he writes to Mr Maurice, "I hope you will see that I have not been idling my time away. I have tried, in all sorts of queer ways, to make children and grown folks understand that there is a quite miraculous and divine element underlying all physical nature; and that nobody knows anything about anything, in the sense in which they may know God in Christ, and right and wrong And if I have wrapped up my parable in seeming Tomfooleries, it is because so only could I get the pill swallowed by a generation who are not believing with anything like their whole heart, in the Living God Meanwhile, remember that the physical science in the book is *not* nonsense, but accurate earnest, as far as I dare speak yet."

In the summer the Duke of Devonshire was installed at Cambridge as Chancellor of the University; and the Professor of Modern History wrote an installation ode, which was set to music by Sir William Sterndale Bennett. Their work together had been one of great mutual interest. "Music and words were well received, and followed," said the Professor of Music, by a "ringing cheer for Professor Kingsley," who was unable to be present.

Visits to The Grange, where Lord Ashburton gathered round him a brilliant society—Thomas Carlyle, Bishop Wilberforce, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord Houghton, Mr Venables, Mr E. Ellice, &c., &c., and a month's holiday in Scotland with his wife and eldest boy this year, were a great refreshment to him.

The visit to Inveraray was one of the bright memories and green spots of his life, combining as it did, not only beautiful scenery, but intellectual, scientific, and spiritual communings with his host and hostess on the highest holiest themes. Such holidays were few and far between in his life of toil, and when they came he could give himself up to them, "thanks," as he would say,

"to my blessed habit of intensity, which has been my greatest help in life. I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work, at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation for a spell."

[To his Mother.] Inveraray Castle, *August* 21.—"The loveliest spot I ever saw—large lawns and enormous timber on the shores of a salt-water loch, with moor and mountain before and behind. We had the grandest drive yesterday through Glencroe, from Loch Lomond at Tarbet to Inveraray round the head of Loch Fyne. . . . If you examine the picture enclosed, carefully, on the extreme top of the extreme left, you behold the hill of Dunnaquoich, or the drinking-cup, which has a watch-tower on his top, for speculation after the thieves of those parts, and is about 500 feet high, with enormous pine and beech to his top, and views angelical. Beneath it you see the Castle of the Maccallum More. Between the hill and the castle, you would perceive, if it were visible, the river Aray, which contains now far more salmon than water; wherefore not being able to catch them fairly, we gaff them in narrow places. Beyond Dunnaquoich runs up Glen Shiray, which contains the Dhu Loch, which again contains salmon, salmon trout, brown trout, salmoferox, sythe, lythe, herrings, sticklebacks, flounders, grayling (on my honour I ain't lying), and all other known and unknown fresh and salt-water fish, jumbled together in thousands. Such a piece of fishing I never saw in my life. . . ."

He returned to Cambridge for his Autumn course of lectures, and for the first meeting of the British Association he had ever attended. The acquaintance he now formed with many distinguished men, made this an era in his life, and gave a fresh impetus to his scientific studies.

[To Professor Rolleston.] Cambridge, *October* 12, 1862.—

"Many thanks for the paper. I am glad to see that you incline to my belief, which I hardly dare state in these days, even to those who call themselves spiritual, viz, that the soul of each living being down to the lowest, secretes the body thereof, as a snail secretes its shell, and that the body is nothing more than the expression in terms of matter, of the stage of development to which the being has arrived If that isn't awful doctrine, what is? and yet it is in my mind strictly philosophical and strictly orthodox; but I am not going to tell any one what I have just told you I wish you would *envisager* that gorilla brain for once in a way, and the baboon brain also under the fancy of their being *degraded* forms. "I shall torment you and your compeers with my degradation theory, till you give me a plain Yes or No from facts"

His professorial lectures were on the History of America, suggested by the Civil War then raging. The following recollections are by one of his pupils·

"I remember the concluding words of the Lectures on America 'And now, gentlemen, I have done. And if I can have convinced you that well-doing and ill-doing are rewarded and punished in this world, as well as in the world to come, I shall have done you more good than if I had crammed your minds with many dates and facts from Modern History;' and then out broke the wild cheers that told him, and tell him now, if memory is not destroyed, how we loved him. I think he almost sobbed as he sat down amidst the storm; and men on the outskirts of the room handed in their cards by those who were nearer to his rostrum; and we went away feeling that something in our lives was over, and a leaf closed down for ever. It was a feature of his lectures that he had no 'Gyp' at the door to collect cards. He took them all himself. And it was quite a scene to watch the men crowding up at the end of the lecture, and to see him taking cards with both hands . . . How well, too, I remember," again writes the same, "how one dull February afternoon, at Baits-bite Lock, willows bare —river swollen—time about four o'clock—the light failing—a few enthusiastic undergraduates in peajackets and comforters, waiting at the lock for the return of the university boat. The boat has been for a long 'training grind' down to Ely—we are waiting for its return The ordinary crowd of eight oars are all gone back to Cambridge, and the river is quiet; but his favourite 'north-easter' is just bending the golden reed buds and 'crisping the lazy dyke' —hands are deep in coat pockets, and divers pipes are in requisition, and men keep making short expeditions to the bend of the reach below to see if 'she' is not coming. She is very late. Through the deepening twilight come two figures more; one tall, felt-hatted, great-coatless, with a white comforter, slinging along at a great pace. He is among us before we are well aware of it. In the pipes go into the pockets, and the caps are lifted. He

passes down a little below us, and returns smoking a cigar, and goes a little above us and waits Then the sound of the thrashing oars—up comes the boat—out tumble the men, and she is taken through the lock—they get in 'Eyes on the stroke!' 'Ready all!' 'Row on all!' and on she goes in the gloom. As she passes him he throws his cigar into the river, and begins to run too. I shall never forget it. The crew are tired and row badly, as they did at Putney afterwards. He ran with us to Grassy Corner. I remember the boat stopped there for an 'Easy all,' and his short comment, 'I'm afraid that won't do, gentlemen.' And it didn't do .

"We all *loved* him , we would have *carried* him back to Cambridge with delight. The boat went on again, and away we ran and left him to his walk But in many a hall that evening the story was told how he had been running with the boat. . . ."

The Lancashire cotton famine of this year roused his indignation, and led to a very heavy correspondence, and to a characteristic letter to the *Times*, for which he was fiercely attacked by manufacturers and the North country press.

"I am justly indignant," he writes privately to a Manchester Millowner, "when I find Mr Bright, and the organs of the Manchester school, holding up his Lancashire system (which is no system at all) as the model of human society—taking their stand on it to insult all that four-fifths of England holds dear,—the monarchy, the government, the church, the army, the navy, the landlords, the sturdy agricultural peasant ; and after doing more than all the demagogues to set class against class, accusing me of setting class against class, 'under well-known Satanic influences' (the actual words of the *Morning Star*), because I interfere to see common justice done to the British public and to the Lancashire workman. . . . Years since, when I was the only free-trade parson for miles round, I fought a similar battle against landlords and farmers I have found that by so doing I did not lose their respect. Angry as they were at the time with me, their English justice and common sense confessed me slowly to be in the right , and no one is better friends with squire and farmer now, than I who was looked on as a firebrand once"

CHAPTER XX.

1863.

AGED 44.

Fellow of the Geological Society—Work at Cambridge—Wellington College—Letter from Dr Benson—Wonders of Science—Man and the Ape—Mocking Butterflies—A Chain of Special Providences—Prince of Wales's Wedding—Dr Pusey and the D.C L. Degree at Oxford—Bishop Colenso—Sermons on the Pentateuch.

> " How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
> Honour or wealth, with all his toil and pains
> It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
> If any man obtain that which he merits,
> Or any merit, that which he obtains
> ——— For shame, dear friend ! renounce this canting strain
> What would'st thou have the good great man obtain ?
> Place, titles, recompense ? a gilded chain,
> Or throne of corses that his sword hath slain ?
> Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
> The good great man ? Three treasures, Love and Light ;
> And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ,
> And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
> Himself, his Maker, and the angel—Death.
>
> COLERIDGE.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY was this year made a Fellow of the Geological Society He was proposed by Sir Charles Bunbury, and seconded by Sir Charles Lyell. "To belong to the Geological Society," he writes to the former, "has long been an ambition of mine, but I feel how little I know, and how unworthy I am to mix with the really great men who belong to it. So strongly do I feel this, that if you told me plainly that I had no right to expect such an honour, I should placidly acquiesce in what I already feel to be true." From boyhood geology had been his favourite study; but since he entered the Church it had assumed a still deeper importance from the light he believed it might throw on Bible history; and long before any scientific exploration of Palestine was planned, we find him urging it on travellers.

Finding that the salary of his Professorship did not admit of his keeping up two homes, he was obliged this year to part with his Cambridge house; and to go up twice a year only, for the short time required for his lectures He deeply regretted this necessity, as it prevented his [illegible]ing personally

intimate with the members of his class. From the first he had done all he could to bridge over the gulf which in his own day had been a very wide one between Dons and Students, and to promote easy social intercourse with his pupils at his own house, where he could meet them on equal terms. He succeeded in this, as may be seen by the fact of young men writing to consult him on all subjects before and after they left Cambridge.

"Speaking," writes one, "from the experience of these three years, there is no comparison between our status of thought now and that of 1860—chiefly, if not entirely, due to you. We are learning, I trust, to look very differently at our relation to our fellow-men, at those social duties which seldom appear important to young men in our position until we come across a mind like yours to guide us. We are learning above all, I think, to esteem more highly this human nature we have, seeing as you show us in your books and words, how it has been consecrated and raised by union with the God-made man. . . . I could not leave Cambridge without testifying to you how much your silent as well as expressed influence is felt among us."

"Excuse a perfect stranger," writes another, "but in no other quarter could I hope for a solution of my doubts . . . I seem to have grasped a truth which came out in every one of your lectures here, that the Governor of the world is a Righteous Governor, and that even our contentions are working out His peace. . . . I make no apology, for I believe your sympathy will be enlisted for me, tossed about as I thus am. . . ."

Wellington College, only four miles distant from Eversley, just rising into importance under the fostering care of the Prince Consort and the able head mastership of Dr Benson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, was a continual interest to Mr Kingsley.

"In the readiest and yet most modest way," said his friend, Dr Benson, "Mr Kingsley helped us wonderfully. His presence looking on helped our games into shape when we began with fifty raw little boys; our football exploits, twelve years after, were as dear to him as to his son, and 'The Kingsley' steeple-chase was the event of the year. But in far higher ways he helped us. He wrote an admirable paper for us, which was widely circulated, on School Museums; he prevailed on the Royal College of Surgeons, on Lady Franklin, and other friends, to present the boys with many exquisite specimens, and started all our collections. His lectures on natural history, and on geology, were some of the most brilliant things I ever heard. Facts and theories, and speculations, and imaginations of what had been and might be, simply riveted the attention of 200 or 300 boys for an hour and a

half or two hours, and many good proverbs of life sparkled among these Their great effect was that they roused so much interest At the same time his classification of facts, such as the radiation of plants (Heather for instance) from geographical centres, gave substantial grounds for the work which he encouraged 'Let us make a beginning by knowing one little thing well, and getting roused as to what else is to be known.' Nothing was more delightful, too, to our boys, than the way in which he would come and make a little speech at the end of other occasional winter lectures, above all, when, at the close of a lecture of Mr Barnes's, he harangued us in pure Dorset dialect, to the surprise and delight of the Dorsetshire poet . . "

Dr Benson's further testimony to his friend as a parish priest is characteristic of both men:

" . . As I write, I feel that what I owe Mr Kingsley is more than most—many a maxim, 'fresh from life,' many a flash of bright thought are among my possessions for ever—*his* gift. It was a great thing to see his noble words lit up with his noble life, and to see how, great as his gifts were, they were most fully at the service of his humblest parishioners . . . There was a bold sketch of him in the *Spectator* in his squire-like aspect, and I think it was true. But I know that an equally true sketch might be made of him as a parish priest who would have delighted George Herbert. The gentle, warm frankness with which he talked on a summer Sunday among the grassy and flowery graves —The happy peace in which he walked, chatting, over to Bramshill chapel-school, and, after reading the evening service, preached in his surplice with a chair-back for his pulpit, on the deeps of the Athanasian Creed; and, after thanking God for words that brought such truths so near, bade the villagers mark that the very Creed which laid such stress on faith, told them that 'they who *did* good would go into everlasting life'—His striding across the ploughed field to ask a young ploughman in the distance why he had not been at church on Sunday, and ending his talk with, 'Now, you know, John, your wife don't want you lounging in bed half a Sunday morning. You get up and come to church, and let her get your Sunday dinner and make the house tidy, and then you mind your child in the afternoon while *she* comes to church' These, and many other scenes, are brightly before me The sternness and the gentleness which he alternated so easily with foolish people—the great respectfulness of his tone to old folks His never remitted visits to sick and helpless, his knowledge of their every malady, and every change of their hopes and fears, made the rectory and church at Eversley the centre of the life of the men as well as their children and wives Gipsies on Hartford-bridge flats have told me they considered Eversley their parish church wherever they went, and for his own parishioners, 'every man jack of them,' as he said, was a steady church-goer. But it was no wonder, for I never heard sermons with which more

pains had been taken than those which he made for his poor people . . The awe and reverence of his manner of celebrating the service was striking to any one who knew only his novels Strangers several times asked me, who saw him at service in our own school-chapel, who it was who was so rapt in manner, who bowed so low at the Gloria and the name of Jesus Christ; and so I too was surprised when he asked me, before preaching in his church, to use only the Invocation of the Trinity; and when I observed that he celebrated the communion in the eastward position This he loyally gave up on the Purchas judgment, 'because I mind the law,' but told me with what regret he discontinued what from his ordination he had always done, believing it the simple direction of the Prayer-book. In our many happy talks we scarcely ever agreed in our estimate of mediæval character or literature, but I learnt much from him When even St Bernard was not appreciated by him, it is not surprising that much of the life of those centuries was repulsive, and its religious practice 'pure Buddhism,' as he used to say At the same time, I never shall forget how he turned over on a person who was declaiming against 'idolatry.' 'Let me tell you, sir,' (he said with that forcible stammer), 'that if you had had a chance you would have done the same, and worse The first idols were black stones, meteoric stones. And if you'd been a poor naked fellow, scratching up the ground with your nails, when a great lump of pyrites had suddenly half buried itself in the ground within three yards of you, with a horrid noise and smell, don't you think you'd have gone down on your knees to it, and begged it not to do it again, and smoothed it and oiled it, and anything else?' Greek life and feeling was dear to him in itself, and usually he was penetrated with thankfulness that it formed so large a part of education 'From that and from the Bible, boys learn what must be learnt among the grandest moral and spiritual reproofs of what is base. Nothing so fearful as to leave curiosity unslaked to help itself.' At other times he doubted Still, if I measure rightly, he doubted only when he was so possessed with the forest ardour, that he said, 'All politics, all discussions, all philosophies of Europe, are so infinitely little in comparison with those trees out there in the West Indies Don't you think the brain is a fungoid growth? O! if I could only find an artist to paint a tree as I see it!' In mentioning last this keen enjoyment of his in the earth as it is, I seem to have inverted the due order but I see it as a solid, truthful background in his soul of all the tenderness and lovingness, and spiritual strength in which he walked about 'convinced,' as a friend once said to me of him, 'that, as a man and as a priest, he had got the devil under, and that it was his bounden duty to keep him there' . "

His time this year was divided between his parish work, the study of science, and corresponding with scientific men Mr Darwin's book on the "Fertilization of Orchids" had

opened a new world to him, and made all that he saw around him, if possible, even more full of divine significance than before. He was busy too with observations on Ice action connected with the Bagshot Sands' district. Every fresh scientific fact he gained tended to strengthen his faith.

"Anyhow," he writes to Mr Bates, whose discoveries of Mocking butterflies in forests of the Amazons, filled him with delight and admiration, "it is utterly wonderful, and your explanation, though it is the simplest, is the most wonderful of all; because it looks most like an immensely long chapter of accidents, and is really, if true, a chapter of special Providences of Him without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and whose greatness, wisdom, and perpetual care I never understood as I have since I became a convert to Darwin's views For myself, I agree with Dr Asa Gray, that the tendency of physical science is 'not towards the omnipotence of Matter, but to the omnipotence of Spirit'"

"I have been reading," he writes to Mr Darwin, "with delight and instruction your paper on climbing plants. . . . Ah, that I could begin to study nature anew, now that you have made it to me a live thing, not a dead collection of names. But my work lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn. It is better that the division of labour should be complete, and that each man should do only one thing, while he looks on, as he finds time, at what others are doing, and so gets laws from other sciences which he can apply, as I do, to my own."

[TO REV. F. D. MAURICE]—"I am very busy working out points of Natural Theology, by the strange light of Huxley, Darwin, and Lyell. I think I shall come to something worth having before I have done. But I am not going to rush into print this seven years, for this reason. The state of the scientific mind is most curious, Darwin is conquering everywhere, and rushing in like a flood, by the mere force of truth and fact. The one or two who hold out are forced to try all sorts of subterfuges as to fact, or else by evoking the *odium theologicum* . . But they find that now they have got rid of an interfering God—a master-magician, as I call it—they have to choose between the absolute empire of accident, and a living, immanent, ever-working God. Grove's truly great mind has seized the latter alternative already, on the side of chemistry. Ansted is feeling for it in geology; and so is Lyell; and I, in my small way of zoology, am urging it on Huxley, Rolleston, and Bates, who has just discovered facts about certain butterflies in the valley of the Amazon, which have filled me, and, I trust, others, with utter astonishment and awe. Verily, God is great, or else there is no God at all.

"* * * says somewhere, 'the ape's brain is almost exactly like the man's, and so is his throat. See, then, what enormously different results may be produced by the slightest difference in structure!' I tell him 'not a bit, you are putting the cart before the

horse, like the rest of the world If you won't believe my great new doctrine (which, by the bye, is as old as the Greeks), that souls secrete their bodies, as snails do shells, you will remain in outer darkness . I know an ape's brain and throat are almost exactly like a man's—and what does that prove? That the ape is a fool and a muff, who has tools very nearly as good as a man's, and yet can't use them, while the man can do the most wonderful thing with tools very little better than an ape's If men had ape's bodies they would have got on very tolerably with them, because they had men's souls to work the bodies with, while an ape's soul in a man's body would be only a rather more filthy nuisance than he is now You fancy that the axe uses the workman, I say that the workman uses the axe, and that though he can work rather better with a good tool than a bad one, the great point is, what sort of workman is he—an ape-soul or a human soul?' Whereby you may perceive that I am not going astray into materialism as yet"

"I am bringing up my children," he writes to an old friend, 'as naturalists—my boy as both naturalist and sportsman; and then, whether he goes into the army or emigrates, he will have a pursuit to keep him from cards and brandy-pawnee, horse-racing, and the pool of hell "

[To Rev E P Campbell] Eversley *March* 12, 1863—"Your patterns of flies are excellent (Brown Mackarel especially), and would kill well on chalk on still and bright days. I send you my pet drake for average blowing weather, and a caperer and alder which can't be beat At Inveraray last August—hardly anything River like a turn-pike road Salmon asleep They had to gaff to supply the house I had one jolly turn, though—poached a 14-pounder with a triangle, had an hour and three-quarters of him, and killed him Gilly and I fell into each other's arms—and regretted we had no whusky!

"We are just from the Royal Wedding*—at least so I believe We had (so I seem to remember) excellent places Mrs Kingsley in the temporary gallery in the choir, I in the household gallery; both within 15 yards of what, I am inclined to think, was really the Prince and Princess But I can't swear to it I am not at all sure that I did not fall asleep in the dear old chapel, with the banners and stalls fresh in my mind, and dream and dream of Edward the Fourth's time At least, I saw live Knights of the Garter (myths to me till then) I saw real Princesses with diamond crowns, and trains, and fairies holding them up I saw—what did I not see? And only began to believe my eyes, when I met at the *déjeuner* certain of the knights whom I knew, clothed and in their right mind, like other folk, and of the damsels and fairies many, who, I believe, were also flesh and blood, for they talked and ate with me, and vanished not away

"But seriously, one real thing I did see, and felt too—the serious

* The Prince of Wales's marriage at Windsor

grace and reverent dignity of my dear young Master, whose manner was perfect And one other real thing—the Queen's sad face, scarred with sorrow, yet determined to be glad. . . . I cannot tell you how auspicious I consider this event, or how happy it has made the Prince's household, who love him because we know him. I hear nothing but golden reports of the Princess from those who have known her long ."

In the summer of this year the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the Oxford Commemoration, and, according to custom, the Prince had suggested several names for the honorary degree of D C.L ; among them that of Charles Kingsley. Many friends in the University, Dean Stanley, Max Muller, &c, had long wished to see this honour conferred on him : but among the extreme High Church party there were dissentient voices ; and Dr Pusey took the lead in opposing the degree on the ground of Mr Kingsley's published works, especially "Hypatia," which he considered "*an immoral book*," and one calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine—the very charge that twelve years before had been brought against "Yeast" by an Oxford graduate of the same party. On a threat being made of a "non placet" in the theatre, Mr Kingsley decided to retire "I do not deny," he writes to Dean Stanley, "a great hankering for years past, after an Oxford D C L . . But all these things are right, and come with a reason, and a purpose, and a meaning, and he who grumbles at them or at worse, believeth not (for the time being at least) in the living God." Again, to one who craved to see honour upon honour showered upon him, he said—"Pray, pray take what God does *not* send as *not* good for us and trust Him to send us what is good . . " It was his rare wisdom not to allow himself to dwell on a past disappointment, but to root out the memory of it before it had time to rankle in his mind and sow any bitter seeds. He lived on a high level, and to keep there he knew that he must crush down the unforgiving spirit which springs from envy in the hearts of less noble men His intense faith too in the government of God, as shown in the smallest as well as the most important events of life, and in His education of His creatures by each and every one of these events, was coupled with a deep sense of his now unworthiness, made him "content" (a word he loved) with what he had already as all too good for him. The following year his Oxford friends chivalrously offered to propose his name again for the degree which he would have

valued so much: but he said, "it was an honour that must be given, not fought for," and therefore till the imputation of immorality was withdrawn from his book "Hypatia," he must decline their kind offer. When asked by Bishop Wilberforce, to preach one of a course of Lent sermons in the University Church at Oxford, he declined that honour too on the same grounds.

Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch was now the topic of general discussion, which led to Mr Kingsley's preaching a series of sermons on the subject to his people. These he published with a dedication to Dean Stanley.

"All this talk about the Pentateuch," he writes to Mr Maurice "is making me feel its unique value and divineness so much more than I ever did, that I burn to say something worth hearing about it, and I cannot help hoping that what I say may be listened to by some of those who know that I shrink from no lengths in physical science . . . I am sure that science and the creeds will shake hands at last, if only people will leave both alone, and I pray that by God's grace perchance I may help them to do so. My only fear is that people will fancy me a verbal-inspiration-monger, which, as you know, I am not, and that I shall, in due time, suffer the fate of most who see both sides, and be considered by both parties a hypocrite and a traitor . . ."

". . . There is," he says in his preface to these sermons, "without a doubt, something in the Old Testament, as well as in the New, quite different in kind, as well as in degree, from the sacred books of any other people—an unique element, which has had an unique effect upon the human heart, life, and civilisation. After all possible deductions for 'ignorance of physical science,' 'errors in numbers and chronology,' 'interpolations,' 'mistakes of transcribers,' . . . there remains that unique element, beside which all these accidents are but as the spots on the sun, compared to the great glory of his life-giving light; and I cannot but still believe, after much thought, that it—the powerful and working element, the inspired and Divine element, which has converted, and still converts millions of souls—is just that which Christendom in all ages has held it to be—the account of certain 'noble acts' of God's, and not of certain noble thoughts of man; in a word, not merely the moral, but the historic element; and that, therefore, the value of the Bible teaching depends on the truth of the Bible story. That is my belief. Any criticism which tries to rob me of that, I shall look at fairly, but very severely indeed.

"If all that a man wants is a 'religion,' he ought to be able to make a very pretty one for himself, and a fresh one as often as he is tired of the old. But the heart and soul of man wants more than that, as it is written, 'My soul is athirst for *God*, even for the living God.' Those whom I have to teach want a living God, who

cares for men, forgives men, saves men from their sins .—and Him I have found in the Bible, and nowhere else, save in the facts of life, which the Bible alone interprets. . The hearts and minds of the sick, the poor, the sorrowing, the truly human, all demand a living God, who has revealed Himself in living acts; a God who has taught mankind by facts, not left them to discover Him by theories and sentiments; a Judge, a Father, a Saviour, an Inspirer; in a word, their hearts and minds demand the historic truth of the Bible—of the Old Testament no less than of the New. . ." ("Gospel of the Pentateuch" Macmillan)

CHAPTER XXI.

1864-65.

AGED 45, 46

Illness—Controversy with Dr Newman—Apologia—Journey to the South of France—Biarritz—Pau—Narbonne—The Sacred Sea—Béziers—Pont du Gard—Nismes—Avignon—University Sermons at Cambridge—Letters on the Trinity—On Subscription—The Literary World—Wesley and Oxford—Visit of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands to Eversley Rectory—Lines written at Windsor Castle on the Death of King Leopold.

"He heeded not reviling tones
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones.
. . . .
He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend
And thro' thick veils to apprehend
A labour working to an end."—TENNYSON.

THE illness and depression consequent on long overwork from which Mr Kingsley was suffering were a bad preparation for the storm which burst upon him this year. The controversy, which eventually produced Dr Newman's famous "*Apologia pro vita sua*," is before the world, and no allusion would be made to it in these pages, but from the fear that such silence might be construed into a tacit acknowledgment of defeat on the main question. This one fact, too, must be mentioned, that it was the information conveyed to Mr Kingsley of Dr Newman's being in bad health, depressed, and averse from polemical discussion, coupled with Dr Newman's own words in the early part of the correspondence, in which he seemed to deprecate controversy, which appealed irresistibly

to Mr Kingsley's chivalrous consideration, and put him to a great disadvantage in the issue.

"His righteous indignation," says Dean Stanley, "against what seemed to him the glorification of a tortuous and ambiguous policy, betrayed him into the only personal controversy in which he was ever entangled, and in which, matched in unequal conflict with the most subtle and dexterous controversialist of modern times, it is not surprising that for the moment he was apparently worsted, whatever we may think of the ultimate issues that were raised in the struggle, and whatever may be the total results of our experiences, before and after, on the main question over which the combat was fought—on the relation of the human conscience to truth or to authority."

For the right understanding of Mr Kingsley's conduct throughout, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that it was for truth and truth only that he craved and fought. With him the main point at issue was not the personal integrity of Dr Newman, but the question whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue "Truth for its own sake." While no one more fully acknowledged the genius and power of his opponent than Mr Kingsley himself, or was more ready to confess that he had "crossed swords with one who was too strong for him," yet he felt to the last that the general position which he had taken up against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church remained unshaken.* Among those who watched the conflict, Mr Kingsley had many personal friends in the Roman Catholic as well as the Anglican Church, who felt he had right on his side, though they dared not say so openly in face of his powerful antago-

* It may be doubted whether any words of Mr Kingsley's convey a more serious accusation against the Church of Rome, than Dr Newman's own before he left the Church of England, when he warns those who make advances to her, that "*we shall find too late that we are in the arms of a pitiless and unnatural relative who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach . . . for in truth she is a church beside herself . . . crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural as madmen are—or rather she may be said to resemble a demoniac—possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own, in outward form and in natural powers what God made her, but ruled by an inexorable spirit who is sovereign in his management over her, and most subtle and most successful in the use of her gifts. Thus she is her real self only in name, and till God vouchsafes to restore her, we must treat her as if she were that evil one who governs her.*" (J. H. Newman's "Prophetical Office of the Church," p. 101.)

nist. Private letters of generous sympathy from strangers, lay and clerical, flowed in—some, too, from working-men who having come in contact with the teaching of Roman Catholic priests, could vouch for the truth of his statements. Last but not least, a pamphlet was published by the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, entitled "But is not Kingsley right, after all?" This pamphlet was never answered.

For more than a year past Mr Kingsley, ill from overwork of brain, had been urged to take a thorough rest, and at this moment Mr Froude invited him to go with him to Spain.

"Dearest Anthony," he replies, "this is too delightful. . . . When you propose, what can I do but accept? . . . I have always felt that one good sea voyage would add ten years to my life. All my friends say, go, but I must not be the least burden to you. Remember that I can amuse myself in any hedge, with plants and insects and a cigar, and that you may leave me anywhere, any long, certain that I shall be busy and happy. I cannot say how the thought of going has put fresh life into me . . ."

[TO HIS WIFE.] PARIS. *March* 25.—"The splendour of this city is beyond all I could have conceived, and the beautiful neatness and completeness of everything delight my eyes Verily these French are a civilised people . . ."

BAYONNE: *March* 26.—" . . . I have seen so much since I wrote this morning, I hardly know where to begin At Coutras, the other side of Bordeaux, I felt at once I was in a new world Everything a month earlier than with us; the fruit trees in full flower; pink and crimson almond trees by dozens everywhere. The air strangely clear, the houses low-roofed, and covered with purple-ribbed tiles like the old Roman . Into Bordeaux we did not go, but only into the Landes—where fancy . little long-woolled sheep, cows you could put under your arm, boys on stilts tending them, with sheepskin coats and sheepskin pads for their feet,—the only birds magpies. But thrivingness and improvement everywhere; immense new plantations of the pinus, new clearings for cultivation, new smart cottages, beautiful new churches, railway stations laid out with shrubberies of foreign trees What a go-a-head place France is! It gladdens my heart to look at it. Saw the first cork-trees about forty miles from Bayonne planted, barked all round about nine feet high for the cork. It don't hurt them, in fact they rather like it, and it gives the new wood room to expand. . . . Coming off the Landes between Morceux and Dax, saw a low ridge of clouds below the other clouds, which were the Pyrenees I could soon distinguish the line of eternal snow—could see vast *arrêtes* and glaciers blazing in the sun one hundred miles off—gorges that faded into infinite cloud land; peaks just cut off by the lower banks of vapour. It was an awful sight for the first time. They were intensely clear in the rainy atmosphere, and clear all but the

tops of a few of the highest After Dax they faded, as we rounded their lower outworks, which run to the sea . I have just discovered a huge vulture chained to a tree in the courtyard in the rain, sulking, and poking, and dripping (sketch enclosed) . . They have the most exquisite little yellow oxen here, rather bigger than a donkey They put brown holland pinafores on their backs, and great sheep-skin mats on their heads, where the yoke comes, and persuade them as a great favour to do a little work But they seem so fond of them that the oxen have much the best of the bargain. God bless you all with all Easter blessings ."

April, 1864 — " A pleasant day at Biarritz. It was blowing great guns in from dead W N W I never saw a finer sea, rushing through caverns and cracks in a strange sandstone full of nummulites and flat layers of flint Flowers wonderful. Cliffs covered with white and red stocks I shall stop here for a week or so, to botanise and breathe sea-champagne The Basques speak a lingo utterly different from all European languages, which has no analogue, and must have come from a different stock from our ancestors. The women are very pretty—brown aquiline, with low foreheads, and have a quaint fashion of doing up their back hair in a gaudy silk handkerchief, which is cunningly twisted till one great triangular tail stands out stiff behind the left ear. This is a great art The old ones tie their whole heads up in the handkerchief and look very pretty, but browner than apes from wearing no bonnets It has rained to-day, again, and the vulture (whom I have sketched much) has been dancing about trying to dry himself, and expanding great concave wings as big as windmill sails He must be a glorious bird in his native Pyrenees The hills here are covered with the true Cornish heath, pale blue vernal squills, a great white *Potentilla verna*, and a long blue flower, which seems to me a borage or bugloss I am drying all I find The Spanish mountains are covered with snow, and look magnificent The rocks are covered with *Echinus lividus*, a sea-urchin that bores in limestone! We are going to chisel some out

" . A day as pleasant as one can be without you; sea and rocks wonderful —A new and most beautiful and curious zoophite, ditto seaweed God bless you I wish I was home again . Yesterday we went to the bar of the Adour, and saw the place where Hope carried the Guards across and made a bridge of boats in the face of 15,000 French When one sees such things, who dare sneer at 'old Peninsular officers'? To-day I was looking through the glass at the Rhune mountain, which Soult entrenched from top to bottom, and Wellington stormed, yard by yard, with 20,000 men, before he could cross the Bidassoa, and to have taken that mountain seemed a deed of old giants. We drove through Landes, and saw the pine trees hacked for turpentine, and a little pot hung to each, with clear turpentine running in, and in the tops of the young trees great social nests of the pitzocampo moth-caterpillar, of which I have got some silk, but dared not open the

nest, for their hairs are deadly poison, as the old Romans knew . Oh, the blessed, blessed feeling of having nothing to do! I start sometimes and turn round guiltily, with the thought, 'Surely I ought to be doing something—I have forgotten something,' and then to feel that there is nothing to do even if I wanted! It will make me quite well . ."

[To his youngest Daughter] "My Darling Mary,—I am going to write you a long letter about all sorts of things. And first, this place is full of the prettiest children I ever saw, very like English, but with dark hair and eyes; and so nicely dressed, with striped stockings, which they knit themselves, and Basque shoes, made of canvas, worked with red and purple worsted. . . . All the children go to a school kept by nuns; and I am sure the poor nuns are very kind to them, for they laugh and romp, it seems to me, all day long. In summer most of them wear no shoes or stockings, for they do not want them; but in winter they are wrapped up warm; and I have not seen one ragged child or tramp, or any one who looks miserable They never wear any bonnets. The little babies wear a white cap, and the children a woollen cap with pretty colours, and the girls a smart handkerchief on their back hair, and the boys and men wear blue and scarlet caps like Scotchmen, just the shape of mushrooms, and a red sash. The oxen here are quite yellow, and so gentle and wise, the men make them do exactly what they like I will draw you an ox cart when I come home The banks here are covered with enormous canes, as high as the eaves of our house. They tie one of these to a fir pole, and make a huge long rod, and then go and sit on the rocks and fish for dorados, which are fish with gilt heads There are the most lovely sweet-smelling purple pinks on the rocks here, and the woods are full of asphodel, great lilies, four feet high, with white and purple flowers I saw the wood yesterday where the dreadful fight was between the French and English—and over the place where all the brave men lay buried grew one great flower-bed of asphodel. So they 'slept in the meads of asphodel,' like the old Greek heroes in Homer There were great 'lords and ladies' (arums) there, growing in the bank, twice as big as ours, and not red, but white and primrose—most beautiful. You cannot think how beautiful the commons are, they are like flower gardens, golden with furze, and white with *potentilla*, and crimson with sweet-smelling *Daphne*, and blue with the most wonderful blue flower which grows everywhere. I have dried them all. Tell your darling mother I am quite well, and will write to her to-morrow. There, that is all I have to say. Tell Grenville they have made a tunnel under the battle-field, for the railroad to go into Spain, and that on the top of the tunnel there is a shaft, and a huge wheel, to pump air into the tunnel, and that I will bring him home a scarlet Basque cap, and you and Rose Basque shoes . "Your Own Daddy."

[To his Wife] Pau —"Writing from a place which, for

beauty, beats everything I ever saw, and all the better for finding your dear letter here, and one from Grenville, which I shall answer at once. At its foot, below the beautiful *château* where Henry IV., 'Le Monstre Henri,' was born, a valley of flat grass, filled with poplars, the Gave, a glacier torrent rolling over acres of grey gravel. On the south bank of the town the loveliest *châteaux*, parks, *allées*, flower-gardens, trees full of singing-birds, whose notes are new to me, and trees covered with purple flowers. Wisterias, and yellow Banksia roses over every wall. Frogs barking, rattling, making a dozen noises unknown at home. Opposite, broken wooded hills covered with *châteaux*. Ten miles off, a purple wall with white streaks, which is not the Pyrenees, but is about as high as Snowdon; twenty miles off, an abyss of cloud and snow, which is the Pyrenees. It is a place to live in! a great town, city one ought to say, as it is royal from all ages, and in the loveliest spot one can imagine. C. and I flee to the mountains to-morrow. . . Then Bagnières, Tarbes, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Béziers (all the scenes of the Albigense horrors, which I have wished to realise to myself for years), and so to the Mediterranean. But I have no plans and don't intend to have any. If I had wits I should tell you about Orthez, and the noble ruin we saw there, one of the Duke's great battle-fields. But you should make Rose read up this country in Napier's 'Peninsular War,' beginning at the passage of the Bidassoa, and following me hither and to Toulouse. How I shall devour it when I get home. . ."

[TO HIS YOUNGEST BOY.] PAU.—"MY DEAR LITTLE MAN,—I was quite delighted to get a letter from you so nicely written. Yesterday I went by the railway to a most beautiful place, where I am staying now. A town with an old castle, hundreds of years old, where the great King Henry IV. of France was born, and his cradle is there still, made of a huge tortoiseshell. Underneath the castle are beautiful walks and woods—all green, as if it was summer, and roses and flowers, and birds singing—but different from our English birds. But it is quite summer here because it is so far south. Under the castle, by the river, are frogs that make a noise like a rattle, and frogs that bark like toy-dogs, and frogs that climb up trees, and even up the window-panes—they have suckers on their feet, and are quite green like a leaf. Far away, before the castle are the great mountains, ten thousand feet high, covered with snow, and the clouds crawling about their tops. I am going to see them to-morrow, and when I come back I will tell you. But I have been out to-night, and all the frogs are croaking still, and making a horrid noise. Mind and be a good boy, and give Nurse my love. There is a vulture here in the inn, but he is a little Egyptian vulture, not like the great vulture I saw at Bayonne. Ask mother to show you his picture in the beginning of the bird book. He is called *Neophra Egyptiacus*, and is an ugly fellow, who eats dead horses and sheep. There is his picture.—Your own Daddy, "C. KINGSLEY."

[To his Wife.]—"I have taken a new turn, and my nerve and strength have come back, from three days in the Pyrenees. What I have seen I cannot tell you. Things unspeakable and full of glory. Mountains whose herbage is box, for miles, then enormous silver firs and beech, up to the eternal snow. We went up to Eaux-Chaudes—a gigantic Lynmouth, with rivers breaking out of limestone caverns hundreds of feet over our heads. There we were told that we must take horses and guides up to the Plateau to see the Pic du Midi. We wouldn't, but drove up to Gabas, and found the mountain air so jolly that we lounged on for an hour—luckily up the right valley, and behold, after *rochers moutonnés*, and moraines, showing the enormous glaciers which are extinct, we came to a down, which we knew by inspiration was the Plateau. We had had a good deal of snow going up—climbed three hundred feet of easy down, and there it was right in front, nine thousand feet high, with the winter snow at the base—the eternal snow holding on by claws and teeth where it could above. I could have looked for hours. I could not speak. I cannot understand it yet. Right and left were other eternal snow-peaks; but very horrible. Great white sheets with black points mingling with the clouds, of a dreariness to haunt one's dreams. I don't like snow mountains. The Pic above is jolly, and sunlit and honest. The flowers were not all out—only in every meadow below *Gentiana verna*, of the most heavenly azure, and huge oxslips; but I have got some beautiful things. To-day we saw Eaux Bonnes—two great eternal snow-peaks there, but not so striking. Butterflies glorious, even now. The common one—the great Camberwell beauty (almost extinct in England), a huge black butterfly with white edge; we couldn't catch one. The day before yesterday, at Eaux Chaudes, two bears were fired at, and a wolf seen. With every flock of sheep and girls are one or two enormous mastiffs, which could eat one, and do bark nastily. But when the children call them and introduce them to you formally, they stand to be patted, and eat out of your hand; they are great darlings, and necessary against bears and wolf. So we did everything without the least mishap—nay, with glory—for the folk were astonished at our getting to the Plateau on our own hook. The Mossoos can't walk, you see, and think it an awful thing. A Wellington College boy would trot there in three-quarters of an hour. Last night, *pour comble*, we did something extra—a dear little sucking earthquake, went off crash—bang, just under my bed. I thought something had fallen in the room below, though I wondered why it hove my bed right up. Got out of bed, hearing a woman scream, and hearing no more, guessed it, and went to bed. It shook the whole house and village; but no one minded. They said they had lots of young earthquakes there, but they went off before they had time to grow. Lucky for the place. It was a very queer sensation, and made a most awful noise."

Narbonne.—"It is strange to be sitting here and writing to

you, just as if I had been travelling all my life. The novelty of the thing has worn off, and I long to be home. . . . We were yesterday at Carcassonne, a fortified place, whose walls were built by Roman, Visigoth, Mussulman, Romance (*i.e.*, Albigense), and then by French kings. Such a remnant of the old times as I have dreamed of, with its wonderful church of St Nazare, where Roman Corinthian capitals are used by the Romance people—9-10 century. We went down into real dungeons of the Inquisition, and saw real chains and torture rings, and breathed more freely when we came up into the air, and the guide pointed to the Pyrenees and said '*Il n'y a point de démons là.*' I shall never forget that place. Narbonne is very curious, once the old Roman capital, then the Albigense. Towers, Cathedral, Archbishop's palace—all wonderful. Whole quarries of Roman remains. The walls, built by Francis I., who demolished the old Roman and Gothic walls, are a museum of antiquities in themselves. If you want to have a souvenir of Narbonne, read in my lectures Sidonius's account of Theodoric the Visigoth and his court here. His palace is long gone. It probably stood where the Archbishop's palace does now. . . .'

NISMES.—" . . . It is all like a pleasant dream. If I had but you and Rose to show it to! But I have no one to share with me the mere pleasure of existence of this sunny South. I am sitting, 8.30, at an open window. Garden, trees, flowers, fountain outside, with people sitting out on the benches already, doing nothing but simply *live*, from 7 to 10 the whole population of this great city will be in the streets, not sunning but mooning themselves, quite orderly and happy, listening to music, and cutting their little jokes, along the boulevards, under the beautiful trees these French have the sense to plant. I understand them now. They are not Visigoths these fellows. They are the descendants of the old Roman Gauls, the lovers of the town, and therefore they make their towns liveable and loveable with trees and fountains, and bring the country into the town, while the Teutons take the town out into the country, and love each man his own garden and park, like us English—the only real Teutons left in the world. But what a country they have made of it, these brave French! For one hundred miles yesterday, what had been poor limestone plain was a garden. A scrap or two I saw of the original vegetation a donkey would have starved on. But they have cleared it all off for ages, ever since the Roman times, and it is one sea of vines, with olive, fig, and mulberry planted among them. Where there is a hill it is exactly like the photographs of the Holy Land and Nazareth—limestone walls, with nothing but vineyards and grey olives planted in them, and raised stone paths about them. The only green thing—for the soil is red, and the vines are only sprouting—is here and there a field of the Roman plant, lucerne, as high as one's knee already.

"I came by Béziers, where the Inquisitor cried, 'Kill them all, God will know His own,' and they shut them into the Madelaine and killed them all—Catholics as well as Albigenses, till there was

not a soul alive in Béziers, and the bones are there to this day!

"But this land is beautiful—as they say, '*Si Dieu venait encore sur la terre, il viendrait demeurer à Béziers*,' and, indeed, it is just like the Holy Land. Then we came to immense flats—still in vine and olive, and then to sand hills, and then upon the tideless shore broke the blue Mediterranean, with the long lateen sails, as in pictures. It was a wonderful feeling to a scholar* to see the 'schoolboy's sea' for the first time, and so perfectly, in a glory of sunshine and blue ripple We ran literally through it for miles between Adge and Cette—tall asphodel growing on the sand-hills, and great white iris and vines . . .

"My first impression of the Pont du Gard was one of simple fear 'It was so high that it was dreadful,' as Ezekiel says Then I said, again and again, 'A great people and a strong. There hath been none like before them, nor shall be again for many generations' As, after fifteen miles of the sea of mulberry, olive, and vine, dreary from its very artificial perfection, we turned the corner of the limestone glen, and over the deep blue rock-pool, saw *that thing* hanging between earth and heaven, the blue sky and green woods showing through its bright yellow arches, and all to carry a cubic yard of water to Nismes, twenty miles off, for public baths and sham sea-fights ('*naumachiæ*') in the amphitheatre, which even Charlemagne, when he burnt the Moors out of it, could not destroy—Then I felt the brute greatness of that Roman people, and an awe fell upon me as it may have fallen on poor Croc, the Rook, king of the Alemans—but that is a long story—when he came down and tried to destroy this city of the seven hills, and ended in being shown about in an iron cage as *The Rook*. But I doubt not when he and his wild Alemans came down to the Pont du Gard they said it was the work of dwarfs—of the devil? We walked up to the top, through groves of *Ilex*, *Smilax*, and *Coronella*, and then we walked across on the top. The masonry is wonderful, and instead of employing the mountain limestone of the hills, they have brought the most splendid Bath oolite from the hills

* "There it is—the sacred sea The sea of all civilisation, and almost all history, girdled by the fairest countries in the world, set there that human beings from all its shores might mingle with each other, and become humane—the sea of Egypt, of Palestine, of Greece, of Italy, of Byzant, of Marseilles, and this Narbonnaise, 'more Roman than Rome herself,' to which we owe the greater part of our own progress, the sea, too, of Algeria, and Carthage, and Cyrene, and fair lands now desolate, surely not to be desolate for ever—the sea of civilisation Not only to the Christian, nor to the classic scholar, but to every man to whom the progress of his race from barbarism toward humanity is dear, should the Mediterranean Sea be one of the most august and precious objects on this globe; and the first sight of it should inspire reverence and delight, as of coming home—home to a rich inheritance in which he has long believed by hearsay, but which he sees at last with his own mortal corporal eyes"—("Prose Idylls")

opposite. There are the marks cut by the old fellows—horse-hoofs, hatchets, initials, &c., as fresh as paint. The Emperor has had it all repaired from the same quarries, stone for stone. Now, after 1600 years, they are going to bring the same water into Nismes by it. When we crossed I was in a new world. *Genista Anglica*, the prickly needle furze of our commons (rare with us), is in great golden bushes; and box, shrubby thyme, a wonderful blue lily, bee-orchis, and asters, white, yellow purple (which won't dry, for the leaves fall off)—Then wild rosemary, and twenty more plants I never saw. We went below into a natural park of ilex and poplar (two or three sorts), and watched such butterflies and the bridge, till C—— said, 'This is too perfect to last,' which frightened me and made me pray. And there was reason—for such a day I never had in my life of beauty and wonder . . . and yet there is one thing more glorious and precious than the whole material universe—and that is a woman's love. . . ."

. . . .

"I stopped at Nismes, and begin again at Avignon. We saw to-day the most wonderful Roman remains. But the remarkable thing was the Roman ladies' bath in a fountain bursting up out of the rock, where, under colonnades, they walked about, in or out of the water as they chose. All is standing, and could be used to-morrow, if the prudery of the priests allowed it. Honour to those Romans; with all their sins, they were the cleanest people the world has ever seen. But to tell you all I saw at Nismes would take a book. Perhaps it will make one some day. . . Good-bye. I shall write again from this, the most wonderful place I have yet seen. . ."

AVIGNON, *Sunday*.—"We are still here, under the shadow of that terrible fortress which the Holy Fathers of mankind erected to show men their idea of paternity. A dreadful dungeon on a rock. The vastest pile of stone I ever saw. Men asked for bread, and they gave a stone, most literally. I have seen La Tour de la Glacière, famous for its horrors of 1793, but did not care to enter. The sight here are the walls—very nearly perfect . . To-morrow for the Mediterranean again, *via* the plain of Crau, where Zeus threw great stones on the savages, who attacked Hercules as he came back from Spain with Gorgons' heads—a place I have longed to see for years . ."

He returned home better, but not well, and worked on. He lectured at Aldershot Camp on the "Study of History," and preached the usual sermons before the Queen at Windsor Castle, and at the Chapels Royal, London. In the autumn, being appointed one of the select preachers at Cambridge for 1865, he prepared four sermons on David. "Wish me well through these University Sermons," he writes to Mr Maurice, "they lie heavy on my sinful soul."

"I was present," said Mr Evelyn Shuckburgh, "at the University sermons on David, and well remember the crowds of us undergraduates round the church-door before it was opened, all wishing to have a good place to see and hear him, and the rapt attention with which he was listened to, and the thrill of half-expectation, half-amusement, which seemed to go round the church as he uttered the words, 'Muscular Christianity—a clever phrase invented by I know not whom——'"

The same friend speaks of the impression made upon him by "that keen, fiery, worn face, the noble spirit ever fretting its tenement of clay," and how he used to wonder what drew the deep lines in it, which he only came to understand in after years

The letters of 1865 that have been recovered are few. Mr Kingsley was so broken in strength, that to get through his professional and parish work was as much, nay, more than he could manage, and in the summer he was forced to take three months' rest and change with his family on the Norfolk coast

[TO T. HUGHES, Esq]—"The doctors forbid my preaching I gave my Whitehall sermon to the Consumptive Hospital as to an old and dear friend, but I have refused all others I am getting better after fifteen months of illness, and I hope to be of some use again some day—a sadder and a wiser man, the former, at least, I grow every year. I catch a trout now and then out of my ponds (I am too weak for a day's fishing), so I am not left troutless ."

[TO REV. F D MAURICE]—"Your letter comforted me, for (strange as it may seem for me to say so) the only thing I really care for—the only thing which gives me comfort—is theology, in the strict sense, though God knows I know little enough about it

"As to the Trinity. You first taught me that the doctrine was a live thing, and not a mere formula to be swallowed by the undigesting reason, and from the time that I learnt that a Father meant a real Father, a Son a real Son, and a Holy Spirit a real Spirit, who was really good and holy, I have been able to draw all sorts of practical lessons from it in the pulpit, and ground all my morality, and a great deal of my natural philosophy upon it, and shall do so more The procession of the Spirit from the Father and the Son, for instance, is most practically important to me If the Spirit proceeds only from the Father, the whole theorem of the Trinity, as well as its practical results, fall to pieces to my mind. I don't mean that good men in the Greek Church are not better than I On the contrary, I believe that every good man therein believes in the procession from both Father and Son, whether he thinks that he does or not But in this case, as in others, one has extreme difficulty in remembering, and still more in making others understand, that a man may believe the facts which the doctrine connotes without believing the doctrine, just as he may believe

that a horse is a horse, for every practical purpose, though he may have been mistaught to call it a cow It is this slavery to formulæ —this mistaking of words for conceptions, and then, again of conceptions for the facts, which seems our present curse, and how much of it do we not owe to the Calvinists, who laid again on our necks the yoke of conceptions which we were bursting at the Reformation, because neither we nor our fathers could bear it? . . . I am taking a regular course of metaphysic, as a tonic after the long debauchery of fiction-writing. I say to you, once for all, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee—not all, but a little, and I know you will not take me by the throat. If you did you would break my heart; which could be much more easily broken than people think If a man is intensely in earnest after truth, be it what it may, and also intensely disgusted with his own laziness, worldliness, and sensuality, his heart is not difficult to break . .

"You say, 'The *Articles* were not intended to bind men's thoughts or consciences!' Now, I can't help feeling that when they assert a proposition, *e.g.*, the Trinity, they assert that that and nothing else on that matter is true, and so bind thought, and that they require me to swear that I believe it so, and so bind my conscience In the case where they condemn an error, it seems to me quite different. There they proscribe *one* form of thought, and leave all others open by implication, binding neither thought nor conscience The Romish doctrine of Purgatory is false; but denying that does not forbid me to believe other doctrines of Purgatory to be true, and to speculate freely on the future state. So that what you say applies clearly (to me) to the cases in which the Articles deny. It applies also to all cases in which the Articles do not affirm, *e.g.*, endless torture. Also to all in which it uses words without defining them, *e.g.*, the Article on Predestination, which I sign in what I conceive to be the literal sense not only of it, but of the corresponding passage in St Paul, without believing one word of the Calvinistic theory, or that St Paul was speaking of the future state at all For myself, I can sign the Articles in their literal sense *toto corde*, and subscription is no bondage to me. But all I demand is, that, in singing the Articles, I shall be understood to sign them and nothing more; that I do not sign anything beyond the words, and demand the right to put my construction on the words, answerable only . . . to God and my conscience. Lord * * * answered, when I asked him why the Articles had not defined inspiration, 'Because they never expected that men would arise heretics enough to deny it!' I had to reply—and I think convinced him—that that line of thought would destroy all worth in formula, by making signing mean, 'I sign the XXXIX. Articles, and as many more as the Church has forgotten to, or may have need to, put in' But the mob, whose superstitions are the very cosmogony of their creed, would think that argument conclusive, and say—of course you are expected to believe, over and above, such things as endless torture, verbal dictation, &c., which are more

of the essence of Christianity than the creeds themselves, or the Being of a God. Meanwhile, each would make a reservation—the 'Evangelical' of the Calvinist School would say in his heart—of course every man is expected to believe conversion, even though not mentioned; and the Romanist, of course, every man must believe in the Pope, though not mentioned. And so the reigning superstition, not the formulæ actually signed, becomes the test of faith. But how we are to better this by doing away with subscription, I don't see yet. As long as the Articles stand, and as long as they are interpreted by *lawyers only*, who will ask sternly, 'Is it in the bond?' and nothing else, I see hope for freedom and safety. If subscription was done away, every man would either teach what was right in his own eyes—which would be somewhat confusing—or he would have to be controlled by a body, not of written words, but of thinking men. From whom may my Lord deliver me!"

"I feel," he said elsewhere, "a capacity of drifting to sea in me which makes me cling nervously to any little anchor, like subscription. I feel glad of aught that says to me, 'You must teach this and nothing else; you must not run riot in your own dreams!'"

These words show how his own mind was exercised at times; but it may be a comfort to those who, in like wise, are borne down by the weight of the mystery of life, to know of the calm assured faith with which at the last, when pausing on the very threshold of the next world, he stood face to face with the great realities of life and death, and could say again and again, "It is all right—all under rule." Perhaps George Fox's words best express the habitual attitude of his heart and mind for many years. "And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death; but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: and in that I saw the infinite Love of God."

"Never, I fancy," said one who knew him well, "at any time did the great and terrible battle of faith and doubt wholly cease within him. Probably few escape the stress of that conflict now-a-days; but I think he knew more about it than most of us. For his reverence for what is called 'consistency' was very limited, and his mind was always busy with the workings of those life-problems which had left their mark upon his brow, and wrought into his very manner a restless energy which foretold a shortened career. Nevertheless there is no doubt but that the victory remained with faith."

[To Rev. F. D. Maurice.]—"Many thanks for your letter. I am very sorry I differ from you about Savonarola. It seems to me that his protest for the kingdom of God and against sin was little worth, and came to nought, just because it was from the

merely negative inhuman monks' standpoint of the 13th century, that he would at best have got the world back to St Bernard's time, to begin all over again, and end just where Savonarola had found them Centuries of teaching such as his had ended in leaving Italy a hell on earth; new medicine was needed, which no monk could give. A similar case, it seems to me, is that of the poor Port-Royalists. They tried to habilitate the monk-ideal of righteousness. They were civilised off the face of the earth, as was poor Savonarola, by men worse than themselves, but more humane, with wider (though shallower) notions of what man and the universe meant. ."

[To REV J MONTAGU] *Nov* 30, 1865—"I shall be delighted to do all I can for * * *, but I fear I am a very Esau now with the Press, going my own way, and joining no literary clique, without which one must submit to hatred and abuse.... Really, I have no influence; and as for 'living in the literary world,' it is just what I don't and won't Not the writing merely, but what a man writes, make him an object of interest to me ... So you are leading a humdrum life—happy man! Free from ambition, disappointment, fears, shame, foolish exaltation, vanity and vexation of spirit! Had I not a boy going to Cambridge, I would never write another word, but live between my microscope and my roses. God bless you ..."

[To DR RIGG] *December* 16, 1865—"I shall be very glad to see Wesley's Journals or anything which explains him to me He has long seemed to me a true son of Oxford, possibly the precursor of the late great Oxford movement Had he been born fifty years ago, and under the influences which he himself originated (*qu e. imposs*) he would have been a great high churchman, the fellow but the superior of Newman and Pusey. It is these thoughts which make a man liberal—when one considers how man is the creature of circumstances, and we have nought but what we have received. Only to escape atheism and despair, let us remember that the Creator and Ordainer of the circumstances is not chance or nature, but the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and of us.'

In the autumn Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, widow of King Kamehameha IV, who knew all Mr Kingsley's books, came to stay two days at Eversley Rectory. While there she went over to the Wellington College, where, it was said, if her little son had lived, he would have been sent for his education. "It is so strange to me," she said to Mrs Kingsley, "to be staying with you and to see Mr Kingsley My husband read your husband's 'Water-babies' to our little Prince."

In November, while Mr Kingsley was preaching before the Court at Windsor Castle, a telegram arrived announcing the death of the Queen's uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians.

With his mind full of this great European event, Mr Kingsley wrote the following Impromptu (printed here by the kind permission of her Imperial Highness) in the album of the Crown Princess of Prussia.

November 10, 1865

"A king is dead! Another master mind
Is summoned from the world-wide council hall.
Ah for some seer, to say what lurks behind—
To read the mystic writing on the wall!

"Be still, fond man: nor ask thy fate to know.
Face bravely what each God-sent moment brings.
Above thee rules in love, through weal and woe,
Guiding thy kings and thee, the King of kings

"C. KINGSLEY."

CHAPTER XXII.

1866—67.

AGED 47-48

Cambridge—Death of Dr Whewell—Monotonous life of Country Labourers—Penny Readings—London Sermons—Strange Correspondents—Letters to Max Muller—The Jews in Cornwall—Prussian War—The Meteor Shower—The House of Lords—*Fraser's Magazine*—Darwinism—St Andrews and British Association—Abergeldie—How to treat Stammering.

"We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we, in our march,
Fain to drop down and die
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand!
If in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing! To us thou wert still
Cheerful and helpful and firm
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHILE the Professor was giving his usual course of lectures in the Lent term of 1866 at Cambridge, a great blow fell upon

the University in the death of Dr Whewell, Master of Trinity, and he writes home·

"I am sorry to say Whewell is beaten by his terrible foe It is only a question of hours now. The feeling here is deep and solemn. Men say he was the leader in progress and reform, when such were a persecuted minority. He was the regenerator of Trinity; he is connected with every step forward that the University has made for years past Yes. He was a very great man and men here feel the awful suddenness of it. He was very kind to me, and I was very fond of him

. . .

"I spoke a few solemn words to the lads before lecture, telling them what a mighty spirit had passed away, what he had been to Cambridge and science, and how his example ought to show them that they were in a place where nothing was required for the most splendid success, but love of knowledge and indomitable energy. They heard me with very deep attention . . "

The companionship of his eldest son, then an undergraduate of Trinity, made the fond father's short Cambridge residences doubly interesting to him, and he writes to his wife.

"M is developing fast He has just asked me for a copying pass to the Fitzwilliam, where he wants to draw the statues He has been regretting that he has read so little, and is craving after natural history, and for the first time in his life, he says, after *Art* Ah! what a blessing to see him developing under one's eyes, and to be able to help him at last by teaching him something one's self It is quite right that the schoolmasters should have the grounding and disciplining, but the father who can *finish* his boy's education, and teach him something of life besides, ought to be very thankful I am well, and as busy as a bee, not an hour unemployed "

" . Delightful evening last night; dined at Paget's, and then gave a lecture on the Norman Conquest, at an admirable institute got up by High Church bachelors and undergraduates for getting hold of shopmen and middle-class lads That class abounded in the room, and were much delighted, as far as appearances could go, with what I told them of the Conquest and the doughty deeds, and grand old Norse blood of their own ancestors I thoroughly enjoyed myself Spoke for one hour and a quarter My morning lecture was a very difficult one—all about the changes in Europe at the Congress of Vienna But Mr Maurice said I made it all clear ."

His residences at Cambridge, short as they were, gave him not only the advantage of associating with scholars and men of mark in the University, but of paying visits in the neighhood to houses where good pictures and charming society refreshed and helped him through the toil of his professorial

work—to Wimpole, to Ampthill Park, to Barton Hall, and other country houses, where he and his were always made welcome. His intense enjoyment of all works of art, and his eloquence and insight in their presence, were inspiring to those who were with him. When he went to any public collection, a crowd would soon gather round him, and, riveted by his appearance and kindling eye as he stood before some fine picture, would hang on his every word. He, meanwhile, lost in his subject, would be quite unconscious of the impression he was making.

"Once I went over the picture gallery at Woburn with him," writes Mr George Howard "It was a great treat to me, as his talk over the historical portraits was delightful He then made a remark which has since seemed to me quite a key to the criticism of historical portraits 'That it was formerly the habit of portrait painters to flatter their sitters by making them as like the reigning king or queen as they could.' . . ."

During his Eversley parish work, done single-handed the greater part of this year, he was more than ever painfully struck by the monotonous, colourless existence of English labourers, varied only by the annual Benefit-club day, and evenings at the public-house. The absence of all pleasure from their lives weighed heavily on his heart He felt, especially, for the women, excluded, as they are, from even the poor amusements of their husbands; and for their sake quite as much as for his men and boys, he began a series of Penny Readings at the School. At the first Reading he made an appeal to the men's chivalry, speaking of the life of toil their wives and mothers led, of his desire to give them the amusement which they so sorely needed, and offering free admittances to all widows and hard-worked mothers of families. These meetings took place once a fortnight, and though set on foot for the poor, brought all classes pleasantly together during the autumn and winter nights, they had music (the best that could be got), the best poetry, the most heroic stories Sometimes he would give simple lectures on health, accounts of his own travels, and, when his eldest son went abroad, letters of his written expressly for the Penny Readings at home, were read Village concerts, too, were got up by his children, which friends from London helped for his sake, and, the sight of a well-lighted and decorated room to cottagers who saw nothing at home from one year's end to another but the darkness visible

students standing the whole length of the service, watching him with rapt attention.

His correspondence was, as usual, of a singular character. One day came a long letter from a London newspaper reporter, ending "I have written you a very long and tedious letter, Mr Kingsley, and were I writing to an ordinary man, I should be mad to address him at this length and in this vein. But *you* understand things, and I am almost certain that you will understand me and my long-windedness. Thank you again. Think gently of Bohemia and its Free Lances" Another thanking him for "Alton Locke," signed "A Chartist and Cabman." Again—"From one who can never forget you," who "in a time of overwhelming misery" had read "Alton Locke."—"You were the means of saving me from ruin and destruction, to which I was fast drifting." From Australia, a barrister writes, about his Sermons "which had presented life and its duties to him in a new light, and which he and other laymen appointed by the Bishop read aloud in remote places, where they had no clergymen." A Wesleyan Mission superintendent in South Africa ends his letter thus:

"I am only saying what thousands elsewhere could reiterate, that in the far-off corners of the world, in the regions of heathen darkness, and of the very shadow of death, and to men whose lot has been cast on the very verge, or beyond it, of civilised life, your books have, under God's blessing, conveyed light and peace and comfort"

"The debt I owe you," writes a newspaper compositor from Leeds, "of which you know nothing, is this, that under God's blessing you have been the means of preventing me from becoming perhaps one of the dregs and scum of idle scoundrelism, and of raising me to a position from which I can estimate, faintly it may be, what is due from man to his own manhood, and to his fellow man and to God. Before I read 'Alton Locke' I was idle and dissolute. . . "

Letters came from China, India, and from the other side of the Rocky Mountains Some were simply addressed to Charles Kingsley, England But all told the same tale.

In the summer he went with Lord Hardwicke to a banquet given at Southampton to ex-Governor Eyre, which was severely commented on by the Press.

"You are kind enough," he writes to Mr Dixon, a Sunderland cork-cutter, "to compliment me for following Carlyle's advice about one 'sadly tried' I *have* followed the sage of Chelsea's teaching, about my noble friend, ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica I

have been cursed for it, as if I had been a dog, who had never stood up for the working man when all the world was hounding him (the working man) down in 1848-9, and imperilled my own prospects in life in behalf of freedom and justice. Now, men insult me because I stand up for a man whom I believe ill-used, calumniated, and hunted to death by fanatics. If you mean Mr Eyre in what you say, you indeed will give me pleasure, because I shall see that one more 'man of the people' has common sense to appreciate a brave and good man, doing his best under terrible difficulties."

[TO THE SAME.] "If you knew the continual labour in which I live, you would forgive my omitting to answer a letter at once. Your letter did interest me and deeply. I felt pleased and proud to find one more man who had the true ambition. Not the mere political ambition, laudable as well as lawful in a free Englishman, which he can share with scamps, and spouters, and self-seekers, but the true ambition which cries after *wisdom* rather than riches, and knows what Solomon meant when he spoke of her in his proverbs; the ambition to know what is beautiful, good, and true, that he may go and do likewise. Ah! that more men in all ranks would choose the part which you have chosen. Then they would look on the inequalities—I do *not* mean the injustices—but the necessary inequalities of position in this world as slight matters, while they toiled after the divine equality of virtue and wisdom which is open to all men in a free land, and try to take their place among 'the *aristocracy of God*.' Your record of your sight of our dear and lost Prince Consort touched me deeply. As for the uselessness of the monument (in Hyde Park), I do not quite agree. I think it is good to have in a land great beacons of that kind, which attract the attention, and impress the imagination of the most brutal and careless. This ought to be done, and not to leave the other undone."

[TO PROF. MAX MULLER.] *Nov.* 16, 1866.—"DEAREST MAX, —Story, bless you, I have none to tell you, save that in Cornwall these same old stories, of Jews' tin and Jews' houses, got from the miners, filled my young brains with unhistoric nonsense, like Mara-zion, the bitterness of Zion, which town the old folk, I can't tell why, call Market Jew still."

" . . What you say about metamorphic language is most true (even in my little experience). You do not mention 'Jews' tin.' This is lumps of smelted tin (if I recollect right) with a coating of hydrated oxide of tin, which is caused by lying in water and bog. Jews' tin is found inside Jews' houses, or in the diluvium of old stream works. May this not be merely, according to your etymology, 'house tin,' the tin found in the houses? Ah! that I had legs as an antelope and time as a butterfly, I would take you to lonely places and show you old ruined houses, and pit workings, and stream workings, and cromlechs, and stone circles, and real British villages, the old kraal of flat granite slabs, and inside it the

circular huts of ditto, about ten feet diameter, the stones leaning inward, probably thatched with heather, which now, by decomposing into peat soil, has buried the whole half-way up, and bridges of single granite blocks, polished by the feet of ages And our 'portion should be among the smooth stones of the brook,' and we would pour out to them 'our drink offering' as we talked over old nature-worship, and lost ourselves and our toil in the abysses of the ages But that will not be yet

" . . My dear Max, what great things have happened for Germany, and what great men your Prussians have shown themselves Much as I was wroth with them about Schleswig-Holstein, I can only see in this last campaign a great necessary move for the physical safety of every North German household, and the honour of every North German woman. To allow the possibility of a second 1807-1812 to remain, when it could be averted by any amount of fighting, were sin and shame, and had I been a Prussian I would have gone down to Sadowa as a sacred duty to wife and child and fatherland"

The great meteor shower of November 1866 was of intense interest to him In trembling excitement he paced up and down his church-yard, where he had a greater sweep of horizon than elsewhere, long before the hour arrived; and when the great spectacle began, called his wife and children out of their beds to watch with him. He preached on the subject in his own church and at the Chapel Royal *

"The seeming generation of these magnificent objects," he writes to Professor Adams, 'out of a point of nonentity and void, was the most beautiful and striking sky phenomenon which I ever witnessed Yet the actual facts of their course are far more wonderful and awful than even that appearance I tried to picture to myself the thought and feelings of a mediæval observer, however rational or cool-headed he might have been, in presence of that star shower; and when I thought of the terror with which he had a right to regard it, and the fantastic explanation which he had a right to put upon it, I thanked you astronomers for having 'delivered us by science from one more object of dread.'"

[To Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh] Eversley: *December* 17, 1866—"I write to express my great pleasure in your book on 'The Constitutionalism of the Future' The views which you put forth are just those to which I have been led by twenty years of thought and observation; its manner, I wish I could copy In it, clearness and method are not merely ornamented, but strengthened by a vein of humour, which is a sure sign of mastery of the subject, and of that faculty which no education can give, called genius I wish that in the writings of our mutual friend, Mr Mill, I could see some touch of that same humour.

* "Water of Life and other Sermons" (Macmillan)

Mr ——'s party have let loose that spirit of envy, which is the counterfeit of your righteous idea of equality relative, and tempts men to demand that impossible equality absolute, which must end in making the money lenders the only privileged class. To men possessed by envy, your truly scientific, as well as truly religious method, of looking for the facts of God's world, and trying to represent them in laws, will be the plot of a concealed aristocrat. Mr Mill seems to me to look on man too much as the creature of circumstances This it is, which makes him disparage, if not totally deny, the congenital differences of character in individuals, and still more in races He has, if I mistake not, openly denounced the doctrine of difference and superiority in race. And it is this mistake (as it seems to me) which has led him and others into that theory that the suffrage ought to be educational and formative, which you have so ably combated.

"Of course if it is assumed that all men are born into the world equals, and that their inequality, in intellect or morals, is chargeable entirely to circumstance, that inequality must be regarded as a wrong done by society to the less favoured. Society therefore has no right to punish them by withholding the suffrage, for an inferiority which she herself has created; she is bound to treat them as if they were actually what they would have been but for her, and if they misuse their rights, she must pay the penalty of her previous neglect and cruelty. This seems to me to be the revolutionary doctrine of 1793-1848, which convulsed Europe; and from its logic and morality there is no escape as long as human beings are asserted to be congenitally equal, and circumstances the only cause of subsequent inequality. I held that doctrine strongly myself in past years, and was cured of it, in spite of its seeming justice and charity, by the harsh school of facts. Nearly a quarter of a century spent in educating my parishioners, and experience with my own and other's children, in fact the schooling of facts brought home to the heart—have taught me that there are congenital differences and hereditary tendencies which defy all education from circumstances, whether for good or evil. Society may pity those who are born fools or knaves, but she cannot, for her own sake, allow them power if she can help it And therefore in the case of the suffrage, she must demand some practical guarantee that the man on whom it is bestowed is not dangerously knavish or foolish. I have seen, also, that the differences of race are so great, that certain races, *e g*, the Irish Celts, seem quite unfit for self-government, and almost for the self-administration of justice involved in trial by jury, because they regard freedom and law, not as means for preserving what is just and right, but merely as weapons to be used for their own private interests and passions. They take the letter of freedom which killeth, without any conception of its spirit which giveth life Nay, I go further, and fear much that no Roman Catholic country will ever be fit for free constitutional government, and for this simple reason. De Tocqueville and his

school (of whom I speak with great respect) say that the cause of failure of free institutions in the Romance countries has been, the absence of the primary training in municipal self-government. That I doubt not. But what has been the cause of that want?—the previous want of training in self-government of the individual himself. And as long as the system of education for all classes in the Romance countries is one of tutelage and espionage (proceeding from the priestly notions concerning sin), so long will neither rich nor poor have any power of self-government. Any one who knows the difference between a French *lycée* and an English public school ought to see what I mean, and see one main cause of the failure of all attempts at self-government in France. May I without boring you go on to another subject, which seems to me just now of great importance? I think the giving intellect and civilisation its due weight, by means of plurality of votes, as you so well advise, practically hopeless just now. But is there no body or influence in the state which may secure them their due weight nevertheless? I think that there is, namely, the House of Lords. You seem to regard, as the majority do, the Peers, as standing alone in the state, and representing only themselves. I, on the contrary, look at them as representing every silver fork in Great Britain. What I mean is this. A person or body may be truly representative without being elected by those whom they represent. You will of course allow this. Now the House of Lords seems to me to represent all heritable property, real or personal, and also all heritable products of moral civilization, such as hereditary independence, chivalry, &c. They represent, in one word, the hereditary principle. This, no House of Commons, no elective body, can represent. It can only represent the temporary wants and opinions of the many, and that portion of their capital which is temporarily invested in trade, &c. It cannot represent the hereditary instinct which binds man and the state to the past and future generations. If you watch the current of American feeling and society you will see full proof of this. If the family bond should break up there, soon the bond will break up which makes a nation responsible in honour for the deeds of its ancestors, and therefore regardful of the obligation of international treaties. Now a body is required which represents the past and the future, and all material or spiritual which has been inherited from the past or bequeathed to the future. And this body must itself be an hereditary one.

"1. That such a body must be non-elected, to keep it safe from the changes of temporary popular opinion. An elective upper chamber is a monster which is certain to become a den of demagogues and money-lenders. 2. That it must be hereditary, because it is impossible for men to represent that which they are not themselves. The Peers are the incarnation of the hereditary principle. I look on them therefore as what they are in fact, not a caste, not even a class, but a certain number of specimens of a class chosen out

by the accident (and a very fair choice, because it prevents quarrels and popular intrigues) of being eldest sons I look on them as the representatives, not only of every younger brother, &c., of their own kin, and of every family which has ever intermarried, or hopes to intermarry with them (though that would include the great majority of well-educated Britons), but as the representatives of every man who has saved up enough to buy a silver fork, a picture, a Yankee clock, or anything, in fact, which he wishes to hand to his children I hold that while Mr Bright may, if he likes, claim to be represented merely by the House of Commons, his plate and house is represented by the House of Lords, and that if the House of Lords were abolished, Mr Bright's children would discover that fact by the introduction of laws which would injure the value of all heritable property, would tax (under the name of luxuries) the products of art and civilization, would try to drive capital into those trades which afforded most employment for *un*-skilled labour, and supplied most the temporary necessities of the back and belly, and would tend to tax the rich for the sake of the poor, with very ugly results to civilization This picture may seem overdrawn I answer, this is already the tendency in the United States. The next fifty years will prove whether that tendency can be conquered or not in a pure democracy, such as they have now for the first time become, since they have exterminated their southern hereditary aristocracy; and their northern hereditary aristocracy the Puritan gentlemen of old families, have retired in disgust from public life . ."

In 1867 he gave three Lectures at the Royal Institution on the Ancien Régime,* and worked hard at the Ice problems of the Bagshot Sands, at his theory of raised beaches, and in correspondence on Darwinism. He also undertook for a few months the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*" for Mr Froude he himself contributing one of his most lovely idylls, "A Charm of Birds" [" Prose Idylls "]

"Could you give me anything, however short?" he writes to Professor Newton "You must tell me instantly where I can get most information about our birds of passage. Especially I want to know why the three phyllopneustes build dome-shaped nests? With what other birds are they embryologically connected? Also, is the hyppolais a warbler embryologically, or is he a yellow finch connected with serins and canaries, who has taken to singing? Can you tell me where I can find any Darwinite lore about the development of birds? Can you tell me anything about anything? For, as you won't write me an article for this month, I must write one myself"

[To Rev J Ll Davies] *May* 23, 1867 —"I will surely be

* "Historical Lectures and Essays" (Macmillan)

with you, please God, on Sunday . . . I am writing a sermon on the Wheat and the Tares,* entreating general toleration of all parties, and bringing it to bear on the Bishop of London's Fund question I presume that you will not object to this line of preaching . . . The older I grow, the more tolerant I get, and believe that Wisdom is justified of all her children, and poor dear old Folly of some of hers likewise . . ."

He was selected by Lord Spencer to preach to the Volunteers at the Wimbledon meeting this year. In September he was refreshed by a visit to Scotland, which included some days with the British Association at St Andrews, and with M. Van de Weyer at Abergeldie Castle.

[TO HIS WIFE.] ST ANDREWS: "I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the sea-birds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The University and City received the British Association and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes After the early dinner—a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire, 'East Neuk.' We escaped early. I hate being made a lion of To-day to church at one, and dine at Principal Tulloch's after, to meet Stanley, who is in great force in his beloved St Andrews, which he called, in a very charming speech last night, his second university. Jowett comes to-morrow with a reading party. Blackwood (of the Magazine) has been most civil to me. . . . He has told me much that is curious about De Quincey, Hogg, Wilson, &c. Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been. But the racket of the meeting is terrible; the talking continual . . . so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tilliepronie to-morrow, with the Provost of Dundee, and worse, the dear Red Lion Club crying to me to stop and dine. These dear Scots folk—I should like to live always among them; they are so full of vigorous life and heart I am very well, but longing for the heather. Tell Maurice golf is the queen of games, if cricket is the king; and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw. Kiss all the darlings for me Grenville especially."

"Best of all," said Dean Stanley in a letter from Dundee, speaking of the banquet, "was Kingsley's speech, comparing the literature of science to camp followers picking up scraps from the army, plundering, begging, borrowing, and stealing, and giving what they got to the bairns and children that ran after them, ending with a very delicate and well-timed serious turn of 'the voice of God revealed in facts.'"

* "Discipline, and other Sermons." (Macmillan.)

From Abergeldie Castle he writes to his wife, who was starting their youngest son to his first school:—

"I am quite unhappy to-day thinking of your parting with the dear boy, for I can understand, though my man's coarser nature cannot feel as intensely, the pang to you of parting with a bit of yourself. More and more am I sure, and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the *mother* is the more important [parent], and in the case of the *boy* everything; the child *is* the mother, and her rights, opinions, feelings, even fancies about him, ought to be first regarded You will write to me all about his starting, but I have no fear of his being anything but happy ."

[TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER] "MY MARY,—This is the real castle where I am, and in the bottom of that tower a real witch was locked up before she was burnt on Craig-na-Ban, overhead At the back of the house, under my window, which is in the top of the tower, the Dee is roaring, and the salmons are *not* leaping, and a darling water-ouzel, with a white breast, is diving after caddises. And as soon as I have had luncheon I am going to fish with two dear little girls, who catch lots of trout with a fly; and a real gilly in a kilt, who, when he and I caught a salmon two days ago, celebrated the event by putting on his Prince of Wales's tartan and uniform, taking an enormous bagpipe, and booming like an elephantine bumble-bee all round the dinner-table, and then all about the house It is very pleasant—like a dream—real stags in the forest looking at you, and real grouse, and blackcock, and real princesses walking about, but I long to be home again with you all, and that is truth Love to Rose, and tell her to write to me to Aboyne —Your affectious pater, "C K"

[TO L T, Esq]—"As for stammering, I have seldom known a worse case than my own I believe it to be perfectly curable, by the most simple and truly scientific rules—if persevered in The great obstacles to cure are—1 Youth, which prevents attention and force of will 2 In after life, nervous debility of any kind But with the cure of stammering, nervous debility decreases, owing to the more regular respiration, and therefore more perfect oxygenation of the blood, and so the health improves with the speech Try a simple experiment, it is an old and notorious method Before beginning to speak, take two or three deep breaths, and always breathe at a stop, so as to prevent doing what all old stammerers do, speaking with an empty lung Take a pair of very light dumb-bells and exercise your chest with them, taking care to *in*-spire deeply when you raise them over your head, and when (consequently) the ribs are raised, and lungs expanded Do this slowly and quietly, and I think you will find, though it will not cure you, yet it will relieve and literally *comfort* your breathing enough to give you confidence in my hints"

CHAPTER XXIII.

1868.

AGED 49.

Attacks of the Press—Lectures on Sixteenth Century—The Land Question—Letters on Military Education—Sandhurst—Comtism—On Crime and its Punishment—Parting with his eldest Son—Rev. William Harrison's Reminiscences

> "Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
> Divine or human, exercised in pain,
> In strife, and tribulation, and ordained
> If so approved and sanctified, to pass
> Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

"I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was, 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which conscience prompted His sense of right amounted to chivalry"—LIFE OF PROFESSOR FORBES.

THE professorial lectures this year were on the 16th century, and were crowded, as usual, but some severe strictures on his teaching in two leading newspapers, inclined him (though the attacks in each case were traceable to personal animosity), for his own honour, and for that of his University, to resign his post. Before doing this, he consulted some of the Cambridge authorities; and on their advice he decided to retain the Professorship for at least another year. Writing to his wife from Cambridge he says.

"I have been very unhappy about your unhappiness about me, and cannot bear to think of your having a pang on my account But you must remember that these battles and this abuse, painful as they may be, are what every man has to go through who attains any mark, or does any good in the world. Think how far more obloquy was gone through by Buckland, Milman, Maurice, Hare, Stanley, Robertson, Arnold They have all had to fight their fight but they conquered, and so shall I, please God, in spite of my mistakes . . In the meantime I will keep out of war, and *do the duty that lies nearest me*, that all may be well. So pray comfort yourself and think cheerfully and hopefully of the future, which after all is not so very dark, if one looks at it fairly. . . I have got well through my lecture on Paracelsus.* I should think there

* "Historical Lectures and Essays" (Macmillan)

were a hundred men there, and the Public Orator and Wright. Then I heard a noble lecture from Mr Maurice."

His calmness and magnanimity under attacks of the press was remarkable :—

"I find myself," said Mr Matthew Arnold on hearing of his death, "full of the thought of something in which Kingsley seemed to me unique. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known, the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this; it will always keep his memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honour peculiarly his own. . . His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them again, the injustice which he and they had in some quarters to experience will be no longer busy."

Happily he was well and vigorous this year, and had so much work on hand in his parish and with his pen, that he had not time to be disturbed by attacks from without. In preparation for one lecture in his proposed course for 1869, he read through Comte's voluminous works. He began his little history of the Hermits, and a series of papers for children on Natural Science, called "Madam How and Lady Why," and answered countless letters

[To Mr T. Dixon.] *January* 17, 1868.—"I send you a letter about the land question, which you can use as you like I think if you will go over it with any neighbouring farmer, and if he will alter prices, from my south country estimates to your north country ones, it may be valuable to quiet the minds of many who think they could do better than now, if the land was in their hands, being ignorant that agriculture is the least paying trade (in England) that a man can follow *owing to the general exhaustion of all the good soils* But *emigration* is the thing . I am pleased with what you say of your father Give me the man who, like the old middle-age master workers, is not ashamed to teach his men by doing their work with them *That* spirit is dying now in manufacturers and shopkeepers Really, the country squires, who are many of them good practical farmers, and do not think it below them to use their own hands at hard labour, are the only examples left My father would have put his hand to a spade or an axe with any man, and so could I pretty well, too, when I was in my prime, and my eldest son is now working with his own hands at farming, previous to emigrating to South America, where he will do the drudgery of his own cattle-pens and sheep-folds, and if I were

twenty-four and unmarried, I would go out there too, and work like an Englishman, and live by the sweat of my brow."

[TO CAPTAIN —— (who consulted him about Military Education)] *June* 12, 1868.—" . . . What Sandhurst wants is discipline and public spirit. The former can be got The latter not till a great war, which will make the officer again necessary and valuable in the eyes of the people. . . .

" . . . What should be done with Sandhurst is 1. Either to make it a mere finishing college, for one year for young men who have already been through public schools, and have there learnt self-government, by having got into the fifth or sixth forms, and to treat such young men with the full liberty and confidence which they have at the universities This would be the best plan; but failing that, Sandhurst should be turned into a thorough public school, taking lads in at 13 or 14, or even 12, and conducting their whole education till they enter the army In either case, all the teachers and other officers should be military men, who should not be shelved by becoming Sandhurst professors, but have their time there, which should not be more than five years, counted to them as if they were with their regiments, and all such teachers should have gone through the Staff College Only those lads who passed through Sandhurst with honour should go into the army by direct commission. Those who did not should be turned into the world (as from other public schools), and not be allowed to enter by purchase, as having already proved themselves incompetent Much as I dislike any professional education, whether for the church or the army, or any other business, I think that this plan would be far better than the present The chaplain, if he is to have any moral influence, should be always a young man, a scholar, a gentleman, and an athletic genial man—such as can be found by dozens at the universities. And his post should be only for five or seven years, never a permanent and shelving one. . "

[TO REV. F. D. MAURICE] *Sept* 10, 1868—"I have been reading with great delight your 'Lectures on Conscience.' I am very glad to see that Rolleston of Oxford, in an address he has just sent me, gives in his unqualified adhesion to the doctrine that 'the I' is the man, and has nothing to do with physiology at all. The present tendency of physiologists to deny psychology and metaphysic, for the sake of making man a function of his own brain, which is done by a psychology and a metaphysic of their own inventing, though they call it by a different name, must be combated, or we shall all drift together into some sort of Comtism. . . . I am hard at work at Comte. A great deal of what he says is by no means new to me meanwhile, so that I am not dazzled by it, though at times it is difficult not to be cowed by his self-sufficient glibness and cheerfully naive sophistry But I cannot but hope that my love for natural science, and practice in inductive processes, may be of use to me in forming a fair estimate of him on his own ground As far as I have gone, I suspect more and

more that he is not an inductive (the only true positive) philosopher, but a mere systematizer and classifier. As for the 'laws' on which he determines the 'evolution' of the middle age and sixteenth century, they seem to me a set of mere maxims worthy of Polonius. His great discovery of the three stages of the human mind I don't believe at all, even though fetichism were the first stage, which is not proved. I hope to come up to Cambridge to lecture the whole of the Lent Term on these matters. My notion is, to take your 'Kingdom of Christ,' Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' and Bunsen's 'God in History,' and show the men how you all three hold one view (under differences), and Comte and all who are on his side an absolutely different one. Whether God will give me understanding to do this is another question; but I shall think of nothing else between now and then . . ."

October 23.—"I want much to have serious talk with you about Comte and his school. My heart is very full of it, as well as my head. The very air seems full of Comtism. Certainly the press is; and how to make head against the growing unbelief in any God worth calling a God is more than I can see. Bunsen's Life has at once elevated and humiliated me. . . ."

[To Sir Henry Taylor.] *Dec.* 26, 1868.—"I have to thank you for your able pamphlet 'On Crime and its Punishment.' As against any just and rational treatment of crime, two influences are at work now. 1. The effeminacy of the middle class, which never having in its life felt bodily pain (unless it has the toothache) looks on such pain as the worst of all evils. My experience of the shop-keeping class (from which juries are taken) will hardly coincide with yours. You seem to think them a hardier and less dainty class than your own. I find that even in the prime of youth they shrink from (and are often unable to bear, from physical neglect of training) fatigue, danger, pain, which would be considered as sport by an average public schoolboy. I think that Mill, and those of his school, are aware of this, and look on it with disfavour and dread, as an instinct of that 'military class' whom they would (whether justly or not) destroy; and that from the 'extreme left' of thought you would have heavy opposition on this ground; and also because, 2nd, the tendency of their speculations is more and more to the theory that man is not a responsible person, but a result of all the circumstances of his existence; and that therefore if any thing or person is responsible for a crime, it is the whole circumambient universe. Doubtless, men who utterly believed this might be as Draconic towards human beings as towards wasps and snakes, exterminating the bad as failures of nature, not as criminals. But the average folk, who only half believe this theory, supplement it by a half belief in the human responsibility of a criminal, a confusion which issues in this: The man is not responsible for his faults. They are to be imputed to circumstance. But he is responsible for, and therefore to be valued solely by, his virtues. They are to be imputed to himself. An ethical theorem,

which you may find largely illustrated in Dickens's books, at least as regards the lower and middle classes. Hence the tendency of the half-educated masses in England will be (unless under panic) toward an irrational and sentimental leniency"

He had parted in the summer with his eldest beloved son, who, inheriting his father's thirst for travel and passionate longing to see the prairies and tropic forests of the New World, decided to go out to the estate of a cousin in South America for farming and exploring. It was the first break-up of the happy family circle, and the prospect of a Christmas at Eversley without his boy inspired the lines which begin:

> "How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day?
> . . . . .
> . How to those—
> New patriarchs of the new-found under-world,
> Who stand, like Jacob, on the virgin lawns,
> And count their flocks' increase? To them that day
> Shall dawn in glory, and solstitial blaze
> Of full midsummer sun · to them, that morn,
> Gay flowers beneath their feet, gay birds aloft,
> Shall tell of nought but summer, but to them,
> Ere yet, unwarned by carol or by chime,
> They spring into the saddle, thrills may come
> From that great heart of Christendom which beats
> Round all the worlds; . . .
> . for here or there,
> Summer or winter, 'twill be Christmas Day" *
> . . .

His parish cares were now shared by the Rev William Harrison,† his intimate friend and companion during the last seven years of his life, who thus recalls his impressions of Mr Kingsley's character:

"Soon after I entered upon my duties as curate at Eversley, in May 1868, old parishioners, who could recall the days prior to Mr Kingsley's residence among them, began to tell me of the many great reforms he had effected in the parish in the years during which he had worked there I do not think that the majority of his people ever fully understood that their rector's words were eagerly listened for in the outside world, and that his name was known far and wide For these things never affected his manner towards them They loved him emphatically for himself. for what he was, and had been to them They loved him because he was always the same—earnest, laborious, tender-hearted; chivalrous to every woman; gentle to every child; true to every man;

* "*Christmas Day*"

† Rector of Clovelly, Priest of the Chapel Royal

ready for, and vigorous in, every good work; stern only towards vice and selfishness, the first to rejoice in the success of the strong and healthy, and the first to hasten to the bedside of the sick and dying.

"He knew his people intimately—their proper callings, tastes, failings, and virtues. He was interested, as a matter of fact, and not from the mere desire to please, in the occupations of every-one, and had the right word for each and all. Men at once felt at ease with him, because there was such unmistakable ring of sincerity, such evident understanding of their wants, and such real acquaintance and sympathy with what they were thinking and doing, in all that he said. The poor could tell him freely what they felt and what they wanted, seeing at once that he knew more about them than men of his social standing generally know. At the same time there was a natural stateliness in his bearing which precluded the possibility of undue familiarity in any one towards him. He is too frequently misunderstood to have been a mere clerical 'Tom Thurnall', a character which he has drawn with great skill, and with which certainly he had many points of sympathy. That he was unfettered by conventional modes of thought and speech, and exhibited at moments a certain element of fierceness, with a detestation of all cant and unmanliness, cannot be denied. But there was, when I knew him, a lofty courtesy and abiding seriousness about him, in his very look and appearance, and in all he said and did, which marked him out from other men, and secured to him at all times the respectful attention and reverence alike of friends and strangers. 'I am nothing,' he once said to me, 'if not a Priest.' I think that the tenderness of his nature has never been sufficiently dwelt upon. In his warm and manful love for physical strength, and for capability of any kind, his imaginative forbearance toward dulness and weakness has, as it seems to me, been sometimes lost sight of. Indeed, even towards wrong-doing and sin, although terribly stern in their presence, he was merciful in an unusual degree. He would often say, after sternly rebuking some grave offender, 'Poor fellow! I daresay if I had been in his place I should have done much worse.'

"It is almost needless to say that every natural object, from the stones beneath his feet, to the clouds above his head, possessed a peculiar and never-failing interest for him. As he strode through the heather, across his well-beloved moors, he would dilate on all he saw and heard in his vigorous and poetic way. Nature appealed to him from many diverse sides. For not only would his mind busy itself with the more scientific and abstruse thoughts which a landscape might suggest, but he could find all an artist's contentment and pleasure in the mere beauty of its forms and colours. He had retained the freshness of boyhood, and approached and noted everything with delight. It was refreshing to see how much enjoyment he could extract from things which most men would never perceive or notice, with what untiring and reverent perse-

verance he would seek to know their *raison d'être*; and with what a glow and glory his fruitful imagination clothed everything.

"He certainly possessed the power of investing natural objects at the right moment with his own thought, either for joy or pathos, in a most striking manner. Thus I recollect on one occasion (amongst the Welsh mountains) the eagerness with which he knelt down by the side of a tinkling waterfall, and said in a whisper of delight, 'Listen to the fairy bells!' And thus, again, I recall with tender sorrow an incident that occurred in one of the last walks he ever took, on those dark winter days which preceded his own illness, and when a great and overwhelming sorrow was hanging over him We were passing along one of the Eversley lanes. Suddenly we came on a large tree, newly cut down, lying by the roadside. He stopped, and looked at it for a moment or so, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish!'

"Doubtless there is more or less truth in the assertion that Mr Kingsley was a Broad Churchman. But assuredly in no party sense; and the only time I ever heard him approach to anything like an exact definition of his position, he described himself as 'an old-fashioned High Churchman.' It was his pride to belong to the Church of England, '*as by law established*,'—he was never tired of quoting the words, nor of referring to the Prayer Book on all disputed points. I have never known any one speak more emphatically and constantly of the value of the Creeds, and the efficacy of the Sacraments, to which he alluded in almost every sermon I heard him preach. The two most distinctive features of his religious teaching were, I think, that the world is God's world, and not the Devil's, and that manliness is entirely compatible with godliness Yet, whilst his name will indissolubly be associated with the latter doctrine, it must not be supposed that he was lacking in gentleness and delicate sympathy. There was in him a vein of almost feminine tenderness, which I fancy increased as life advanced, and which enabled him to speak with a peculiar power of consolation to the sad and suffering, both in private and from the pulpit. With Puritanism he had little sympathy: with Ritualism none The former was to his rich imagination and warm chivalrous nature ludicrously defective as a theory of life. The latter was, in his opinion, too nearly allied in spirit to Romanism ever to gain his support or sanction in any way; and of Rome he was the most uncompromising opponent I have ever known None of the great parties in the Church—it is an important fact—could lay claim to him exclusively. Intrepid fearlessness in the statement of his opinions, a dislike to be involved in the strife of tongues, unexpected points of sympathy with all the different sections of the Church; a certain ideal of his own, both with regard to personal holiness and church regimen,—these things always left him a free lance in the ecclesiastical field

"The opinion may be taken for what it is worth, but it certainly

is my opinion, that whilst Mr Kingsley's convictions, during his career as a clergyman, remained substantially the same, as may be proved by a careful comparison of his later with his earlier writings, his belief in Revealed Truth deepened and increased, and his respect for the constituted order of things in Church and State grew more and more assured.

"Surely if ever room could be haunted by happy ghosts it would be his study at Eversley, peopled as it must ever be with the bright creations of his brain. There every book on the many crowded shelves looked at him with almost human friendly eyes. And of books what were there not?—from huge folios of St Augustine to the last treatise on fly-fishing. And of what would he not talk?—classic myth and mediæval romance, magic and modern science, metaphysics and poetry, West Indian scenery and parish schools, politics and fairyland, &c., &c.—and of all with vivid sympathy, keen flashes of humour, and oftentimes with much pathos and profound knowledge. As he spoke he would constantly verify his words. The book wanted—he always knew exactly where, as he said, it 'lived'—was pulled down with eager hands; and he, flinging himself back with lighted pipe into his hammock, would read, with almost boylike zest, the passage he sought for and quickly found. It was very impressive to observe how intensely he realised the words he read. I have seen him overcome with emotion as he turned the well-thumbed pages of his Homer, or perused the tragic story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his beloved Hakluyt. Nor did the work of the study even at such moments shut him in entirely, or make him forgetful of what was going on outside. 'It's very pleasant,' he would say, opening the door which led on to the lawn, and making a rush into the darkness, 'to see what is going on out here.' On one such occasion, a wild autumnal night, after the thrilling recital of a Cornish shipwreck he had once witnessed, and the memory of which the turbulence of the night had conjured up, he suddenly cried, 'Come out! come out!' We followed him into the garden, to be met by a rush of warm driving rain before a south-westerly gale, which roared through the branches of the neighbouring poplars. There he stood, unconscious of personal discomfort, for a moment silent and absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment, 'What a night! Drenching! This is a night on which you young men can't think or talk too much poetry.' Nevertheless, with this appreciation of nature in her wilder moods, he possessed all a poet's love for her calmness. Indeed I think that anything that was savage in aspect was deeply alien to his mind. . . . Order and cultivation were of supreme value in his eyes, and, from a point of artistic beauty, I believe he would have preferred an English homestead to an Indian jungle. Nay, even town scenes had a very great charm for him; and one bright summer day, after his return from America, whilst walking in Kensington Gardens, he declared that he considered they were as

are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy,' so he has said in one of his sermons, and so I have heard him say again and again in his daily life. And here I must speak, with the deepest gratitude and love, of the friendship he bestowed on me, unwavering, helpful, exalting, tender, truthful. The memories of that friendship are too many and too sacred for me to dilate upon. Its sweetness and worth have made life a new thing to me, but cannot well be expressed in words. . . ."

CHAPTER XXIV.

1869—1870.

AGED 50-51.

Work of the year—Resignation of Professorship—Subjection of Women—Letters to Mr Maurice and John Stuart Mill—Canonry of Chester—Social Science Meeting at Bristol—West Indian Voyage—Return home—Eversley a changed Place—Flying Columns—Heath Fires—First residence at Chester—Botanical Class—Field Lectures—The Church and Education—Women's Rights—Medical Education of Women—Franco-Prussian War.

> "But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale,
> And love the high embowéd roof
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight
> Casting a dim religious light:
> There let the pealing organ blow
> To the full-voiced choir below,
> In service high and anthems clear
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."
>
> MILTON.

THE close of the year 1869 saw the beginning of a new chapter of his life as Canon of Chester. It had been a year of severe intellectual work and great activity, but the resignation of the Professorship relieved his mind from a heavy load of responsibility, and the prospect of a voyage to the West Indies, on the invitation of Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Trinidad, by fulfilling one of the dreams of his life, helped to carry him through his labours. He lectured on Natural Science to the boys at Wellington and Clifton Colleges, at various Industrial and Mechanics' Institutions in the diocese, and to ladies at Winchester, on Health, on Ventilation, and on

"Thrift," in which last he treated not only of thrift in the household, but of the highest thrift—thrift of all those faculties which connect us with the unseen and spiritual world—"thrift of the heart, thrift of the emotions," as contrasted with "a waste the most deplorable and ruinous of all" for women, the reading of sensation novels—"that worst form of intemperance, intellectual and moral"* His parish prospered; the penny readings and entertainments for the labourers became more popular. He gave his last course of lectures at Cambridge, "in preparing which," he said, "I worked eight or nine months hard last year, and was half-witted by the time they were delivered" Of these an undergraduate writes, "Your last series, and especially the grand concluding one on Comte, have made an impression just at the moment when it was needed."

He quitted Cambridge thankful for his nine years' experience there, and with a feeling of deep gratitude to men of all classes in the University He alone was dissatisfied with his work there. His pupils felt differently

"The very name of 'Kingsley's Lecture,'" writes one, "impelled one to the lecture-room. There was a strange fascination about him which no young man could resist. There was no lecture-room half so full, and there was none half so quiet; one could hear a pin fall"

"It was not only," said another, "the crowded room and breathless attention that told the interest, but many of us now, at the interval of fifteen years of busy life in our positions as clergymen, in dealing at home and at Missions with men of thought and mind, can trace back, as I can, their first impressions of true manly Christianity to his stirring words . . "

[TO REV F. MAURICE] *Jan* 16, 1869—"It was a real pleasure to me to hear you had read my clumsy little papers (Madam How and Lady Why) I wished to teach children—my own especially—that the knowledge of nature ought to make them reverence and trust God more, and not less (as our new lights inform us) They are meant more as prolegomena to natural theology, than as really scientific papers, though the facts in them are (I believe) true enough But I know very little about these matters, and cannot keep myself '*au courant*' of new discoveries, save somewhat in Geology, and even in that I am no mineralogist, and palæontologist. Science is grown too vast for any one head . . .

"R and I now mean to sail, if God permits (for one must say that very seriously in such a case), by the April mail. Ah! that you were coming too, and could be made to forget every thing for a while, save flowers and skies and the mere sensation of warmth.

* Vide Sanitary and Social Essays (Macmillan)

the finest medicine in the world! What you say about not basing morality on psychology I am most thankful for. I seem to get a vista of a great truth through it. For it is enough for me. Heaven knows. But this I know: that I want to reconsider everything, and must have time to do it; that I should like to devote the next twenty years to silence, thought, and, above all, prayer, without which no spirit can breathe."

[To J. STUART MILL, Esq.] "I have had the honour of receiving 'from the author' your book on the 'Subjection of Women.' I shall only say, in thanking you for it, that it seems to me unanswerable and exhaustive, and certain, from its moderation as well as from its boldness, to do good service in this good cause. It has been a deep pleasure to me to find you, in many passages in which you treat of what marriage ought to be, and what marriage is, corroborating opinions which have been for more than twenty-five years the guides and safeguards of my own best life. I shall continue to labour, according to my small ability, in the direction which you point out, and all the more hopefully because your book has cleared and arranged much in my mind which was confused and doubtful. . . ."

". . . I wish much to speak to you on the whole question of woman. In five-and-twenty years my ruling idea has been that which my friend Huxley has lately set forth as common to him and Comte, that 'the reconstruction of society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object much worth striving for.' One of the first questions naturally was, What does science—in plain English, nature and fact (which I take to be the acted will of God)—say about woman, and her relation to man? And I have arrived at certain conclusions thereon, which (in the face of British narrowness) I have found it wisest to keep to myself. That I should even have found out what I seem to know without the guidance of a woman, and that woman my wife, I dare not assert; but many years of wedded happiness have seemed to show me that our common conclusions were accordant with the laws of things, sufficiently to bring their own blessing with them. I beg you therefore to do me the honour of looking on me, though (I trust) a Christian and a clergyman, as completely emancipated from those prejudices which have been engrained into the public mind by the traditions of the monastic or canon law about women, and open to any teaching which has for its purpose the doing women justice in every respect. As for speaking at the meeting, my doing so will depend very much on whether there will be, or will not be, newspaper reporters in the room. I feel a chivalrous dislike of letting this subject be lowered in print, and of seeing pearls cast before swine—with the usual result . . ."

He visited Mr Mill this year at Blackheath, and with him attended the first Woman's Suffrage Meeting in London. It was a visit of deep interest.

"When I look at his cold, clear-cut face,' he remarked of Mr Mill to Dr Carpenter, "I think there is a whole hell beneath him, of which he knows nothing, and so there may be a whole heaven above him "

In August Mr Gladstone writes to him:

"I have much pleasure in proposing to you that you should accept the Canonry of Chester, vacated by the appointment of Dr Moberly to the See of Salisbury. . I know that the act will be very agreeable to her Majesty."

Many were the congratulations he received. The answer to one friend is characteristic:

"You never were more right than when you said that I should not like to be a bishop . . . And even a deanery I shrink from; because it would take me away from Eversley; the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home; for go where I will in this hard-working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley churchyard."

In October he went to Bristol to the Social Science Congress, as President of the Educational Section His address, which made a profound sensation at the time, was printed, and about 100,000 copies distributed by the Education League In it he dwelt on:

". . The duty of the State to educate all alike in those matters which are common to them as citizens; that is, in all secular matters, and in all matters also which concern their duties to each other as defined by law. Those higher duties which the law cannot command or enforce, they must learn elsewhere; and the clergy of all denominations will find work enough, and noble work enough, in teaching them. We shall have always work enough in such times as these in teaching what no secular education can ever teach; in diffusing common honesty, the knowledge of right and wrong, and the old-fashioned fear of God as the punisher of those who do ill, and the rewarder of those who do well. . . ."

On the 2nd of December he and his daughter embarked at Southampton for the West Indies It would be a twice told tale to those who have read his "At Last" to do more than thus glance at his enjoyment of the voyage and its new experiences, of the historic memories which the sight of the Azores woke up of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, and many of England's forgotten worthies; and of all he felt at finding himself on the track of the "old sea heroes"

"At last I, too, was crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, would be fulfilled, and I should see the West Indies and the Spanish Main. From childhood I had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances, and alas! their tragedies; and now, at last, I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise. . . ."

[To his Wife.]—Mail Steamer Shannon: "Latitude 25°, longitude 50°, *i.e.*, in the Doldrums or Calms of Cancer, past the Gulf-weed, and among the flying-fish. . . . We are having the most charming passage which even old hands remember at this time of year, and the steamer is full of delightful and instructive people, so that I am learning something every day. We have already invitations to Barbadoes, to Jamaica, to Cuba, Grenada, Tobago—so that we might spend months in the West Indies; but I shall be home, please God, by the time I promised. I have done duty, and preached twice, and I hope not in vain. I go up with your prayer-book every morning on the paddle-box on deck, before any passengers are up, so that I have a quiet gracious time—up at six, and breakfast at nine. . . . It all seems at times like a dream, then as if one had been always on board; then I want to show or tell you something, and forget for the moment you are three thousand miles off, in frost, perhaps, and snow, while we are in rich showery Midsummer, with such sunrises and sunsets. . . ."

"On St Thomas's Day we became aware," he writes, "of the blue mountains of North Trinidad ahead of us; to the west the island of the Dragon's Mouth, and westward again, a cloud among the clouds—the last spur of the Cordilleras of the Spanish Main. There was South America at last; and as a witness that this, too, was no dream, the blue waters of the Windward Isles changed suddenly into foul bottle green. The waters of the Orinoco, waters from the peaks of the Andes far away, were staining the sea around us. With thoughts full of three great names, connected as long as civilized men shall remain, with those waters—Columbus, Raleigh, Humboldt—we steamed on . . ."

Christmas found him the guest of his friend Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad, at the Cottage, Port of Spain, the earthly paradise which he had reached at last, and where he could revel in his Palm worship.

". . . Those groo groo palms, a sight never to be forgotten—to have once seen palms breaking through, and as it were defying the soft rounded forms of the broad-leaved vegetation by the stern force of their simple lines; the immovable pillar-stem, looking the more immovable beneath the toss, the lash, and flicker of the long leaves, as they awake out of their sunlit sleep, and rage impotently for a while before the mountain gusts, to fall to sleep again. Like a Greek statue in a luxurious drawing-room, sharpcut, cold, virgi-

nal; showing, by the mere grandeur of form, the voluptuousness of mere colour, however rich and harmonious: so stands the palm tree, to be worshipped rather than to be loved. . . ."— . . . "*At Last.* . . ."

[To his Wife.]—The Cottage: Trinidad, *January* 23, 1870. " . . . You may conceive the delight with which I got your letter, and M——'s. . . . I have not been so well this seven years. I have been riding this week six to eight hours a day, through primeval forests, mud, roots, gullies, and thickets. . . . As for what I have seen, no tongue can tell. We have got many curiosities, and lots of snakes. I have only seen one alligator, about five to six feet long, and only marks of deer and capo But I have seen one of the mud volcanoes; and as for scenery, for vastness and richness mingled, I never saw its like. Oh that I could transport you to the Monserrat hills for one hour. . . . The woods are now vermilion with *bois immortel*; in a fortnight they will be golden with *poui*. I have seen a tree which for size beats all I have ever dreamed of, a sand-box, forty-four feet round and seventy-five feet (we got down a liana and measured it) to the first fork, which did not seem half up the tree. But with too many of these giants, you can get no good view, their heads being lost in the green world above. But I have seen single trees left in parks over one hundred and twenty feet, with vast flat heads, which are gardens of orchids, &c., and tons of lianas hanging down from them, and the spurs of their roots like walls of board as high as a man. On Tuesday we start again for the north coast, then a short dash to the east, and then home. I have seen enough already to last me my life. I keep saying, I cannot *not* have been in the tropics. And as I ride, I jog myself, and say, You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are? and my other self answers, Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more, and I don't care about it at all. So I am in a state of intellectual repletion, indigestion, and shall take full twelve months to assimilate and arrange the mass of new impressions. I assure you I am very careful. I had to lie off a mangrove swamp in burning sun, very tired, after having ridden four hours, and been shoved over the mud in a canoe among the calling crabs, by three niggers, and I did not feel it the least, though the mud stank, and the wind was off shore, because before I got into the canoe, I took a good dose of quinine, which I always carry. Moreover, there are some wonderful Angostura bitters (the same which cured Humboldt of his fever) which people take here before dinner, or when wet, tired, or chilly, and their effect is magical. They are tonic, not alcoholic. I have kept a great number of notes, and must make more. But this week I have travelled too fast, and have had no luggage, save at my saddle-bow. It is a glorious life in the forest, and I should like six months of it without stopping, if it did not rain.

January 24.—" . . . How strange a thing is man. I longed to get

here I have been more than satisfied with being here, and now I long to get back again. I long to find us running past those glorious Windward Islands, and away from St Thomas to the cold north-east. But—this will be a possession—'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' and this will make me young again. . . . I had the most delightful of days at the Pitch Lake with Admiral Wellesley, and he wanted to carry me off in the 'Royal Alfred' to Granada, &c, which would have been glorious. Remember me to every one in the parish . . The Botanic Gardens are a perpetual treasure, because they are full of most rare trees and fruits from all the tropics, India, South Sea Islands, &c. I have learned more botany than I expected"

Seven weeks of intense enjoyment, spent in the society of the distinguished friend to whom he owed this unique episode in his life, passed only too quickly; and early in February he took leave of Trinidad, refreshed in brain, strengthened in health, and enriched with memories which were fresh as ever on his death-bed The voyage home was successful, and when the Land's End was visible, regrets for the lovely western paradise were all swallowed up in bright thoughts of "the cold northern home as we ran northwards for the Needles We had done it, and within the three months, as we promised As the king in the old play says, 'What has been, has been, and I've had my hour.' At least we had seen it, and we could not unsee it We could not *not* have been in the tropics "

He now settled down with renewed vigour to parish work; finding, to his great joy, his beloved son Maurice returned from South America for a short holiday before starting off afresh for Colorado. The Penny Readings benefited by their respective travels The Rector loved to give his people the results of his own and his children's new experiences in life; for Eversley, too, had advanced a step in intelligent sympathy with the great world outside It was the same Eversley, and yet different to what it had been when he first came there twenty-eight years before His own personal influence, and the influence of new circumstances, had told upon it It was no longer the secluded spot it had been in his curate days, or even at a later period, when he loved to dwell on its "monotony" as "so pleasant in itself, morally pleasant and morally useful."* The old monotony was broken occasionally by very startling incidents—the camp at Aldershot sending flying columns to the Flats and Bramshill Park. Engineering

* Vide "My Winter Garden" Prose Idylls (Macmillan.)

parties camped out and wells were sunk on the newly-enclosed glebe land, as for an advancing army; artillery waggons rumbled past the quiet Rectory, and bugle calls were heard at all hours by the Rector and his people. Now and then, too, the monotony was broken by quite another excitement, when a great heath fire broke out on the Flats, and made havoc among the firs at Bramshill Park.

"At such a time," says a friend, "the Rector was all activity. On one occasion the fire began during the time of divine service. A messenger posted down in hot haste, to call the men out of church; and Mr Kingsley, leaving his curate to finish the service, rushed to the scene of action, taking a flying leap, in surplice, hood, and stole, over the churchyard palings. The fire was an extensive one; but he, armed with a bill-hook, and now divested of everything ecclesiastical, was everywhere, organizing bands of beaters, and, begirt with smoke and flame, resisting the advance of the fire at every advantageous point. For many nights subsequently watchers were placed in the woods, and at a late hour (between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.) Mr Kingsley would sally forth and go the rounds, carefully inspecting the country as he went, cheering the watchers with kind hearty words of encouragement—himself intensely interested in the general picturesqueness of the event, and excited by the feeling that the alarm might be given at any moment, and the firs which he loved so dearly be wrapped in flame."

On being invited to be President of the Devonshire Scientific Society for 1871, he writes:

"I accept joyfully the honour which is offered me, and the date thereof. I only feel a dread at so great a pleasure, so far off, and at what may happen meanwhile; for 'life is uncertain' say folks. 'Life is certain,' say I, because God is educating us thereby. But this process of education is so far above our sight, that it looks often uncertain and utterly lawless. Wherefore fools (with M. Comte) conceive there is no living God, because they cannot condense His formulas into their small smelling-bottles. My eldest son, who has learnt his trade well at Cirencester and in the River Plate, is just going off to try his own manhood in Colorado United States. You will understand, therefore, that it is somewhat important to me just now, whether the world be ruled by a just and wise God, or by $(x + \eta + \zeta) = 0$. It is also an important question to me whether what is said to have happened to-morrow (Good Friday) be true or false. But I am old-fashioned and superstitious, and unworthy of the year 1870 . . ."

On the 1st of May he went for three months' residence to Chester, where Dean Howson received him with a kindness,

all the more generous because of the strong prejudice he had once felt against him

"I had," said the Dean, "read 'Alton Locke' on its first appearance, and I must confess that when a letter came to me from him to tell me that he had been appointed a Canon of Chester, I was full of fear There seemed to me an incongruity in the appointment I fancied that there was no natural affinity between the author of 'Alton Locke' and cathedral life. Here I soon found that I had made a mistake . . To describe Canon Kingsley's work and usefulness in Chester, I must note the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he entered upon his connection with the place. . . . With this enthusiasm I must note his old-fashioned courtesy, loyalty, and respect for official position. I suppose his political and social views would have been termed 'liberal,' but his liberalism was not at all of the conventional type I should have described him as a mixture of the Radical and the Tory, the aspect of character which is denoted by the latter word being, to my apprehension, quite as conspicuous as that which is denoted by the former. Certainly he was very different from the traditional Whig I have spoken of his respect for official position. I believe that to have caused inconvenience to me, to have done what I did not like, to have impeded me in my efforts to be useful, would have given him the utmost pain That he was far my superior in ability and knowledge made no difference I happened to be Dean, and he happened to be Canon; and this was quite enough . . I record this, that I may express my gratitude, but I note it also as a mark of character . "

It was a happy and important circumstance to Mr Kingsley that Chester cathedral was the first with which he was connected Choral services had hitherto had little attraction for him, the slovenliness which in bygone years characterised them, having often shocked him from the æsthetic and still more from the religious point of view. But this was not the case at Chester There he found all in harmony with his ideal of Christian worship, and it filled his heart with thankfulness that the lot had fallen to him in a cathedral, where the dignity of the services, the reverence of all who conducted them, from its Visitor, Bishop Jacobson, much beloved, down to the little chorister boys—impressed him deeply; and he could say with truth, as day by day he entered the venerable cloisters, "How amiable are Thy dwellings, O Lord, Thou God of hosts My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord, for one day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." The daily services were his great

refreshment, and seemed to hallow the week to him; and many peaceful moments did he spend in the old Chapter-house, in reading and prayer, before the clergy and choir assembled for worship, at eight o'clock, A.M. He found the Sunday services, including the vast nave congregation in the evening, exciting and exhausting; but through all he experienced an abiding satisfaction of soul, a sense of the fitness of things, which was quite unexpected to himself and to those who had known his previous habit of life and feeling. Without professing to understand music, he loved it, as a man of his genius and fine organisation necessarily must, and at Chester this love deepened daily.

A few days after arriving he took the chair at a meeting of the Archæological Society, and on being asked whether he belonged to the old Cheshire branch of the Kingsley family,

"His own feeling," he said, "in coming to Chester was that he was coming home, for although he was landless, his ancestors had not been. He confessed to a feeling of pride in his connection with Cheshire, and to the mention of his name in the old Tarporley hunting song:

"'In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment, and wind-fallen trees;
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
Bow-bearer-in-chief to Earl Randall the First.

"'This Horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose a-hunting to ride—
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.'

"He was glad to come to a county where many of his kin had lived. He was by no means an ambitious man, as the world called a man ambitious—he had no higher ambition than to live and die Canon of Chester. All he wanted was time to do his work and write his books; and if anything set on foot in this ancient city—any movement connected with literary and scientific societies or mechanics' institutes—he might be able to help in his humble way, he was at the service of the good citizens of Chester. He did not wish to thrust himself forward, to originate anything grand, or be in anybody's way, but if they could find him reasonable work, as he was a rather over-worked man, he would be happy to do it, without any regard to creed, politics, or rank in any way whatsoever. He thanked the gentlemen who had said so much in his favour, and hoped he should not forfeit the good opinion they had somewhat hastily formed of him."

"I am very happy here," he writes to Mr. Froude. "I have

daily service, which is very steadying and elevating. Plenty of work in the place. I have started a botanical class for middle-class young men, which seems to go well, an opportunity of preaching to shrewd, able Northern men, who can understand and respond; and time to work at physical science—the only thing I care for much now—for it is the way of God who made all; while,—

"'All the windy ways of men
Are but dust which rises up
And is lightly laid again.'"

Besides the daily services and the preparation of his sermons, which were an occupation in themselves, he was anxious to start some week-day work that would bring the cathedral and the town in close contact. As usual his heart turned to the young men of the city, whose time on long spring and summer evenings might be turned to account, and he offered to start a little class on physical science, expecting to have perhaps at most sixteen to twenty young shopmen and clerks. Botany was the chosen subject, and in a small room belonging to the City Library, he began—the black board and a bit of chalk being the usual accompaniments to the lectures, which he illustrated throughout. The class soon increased so much in number that they had to migrate to a larger room, and a walk and a field lecture were added once a week. This was the beginning of the Chester Natural History Society, which now numbers between five and six hundred members, with president, secretary, monthly meeting report, regular summer excursions, winter courses of lectures, and a Museum.

Among the letters from Chester is one to the Rev. J. Pullblank, who asked him to preach for his schools in Liverpool:

"It is due to myself to ask you to tell your Vicar that I shall preach for any self-supporting Church of England schools with all the more pleasure, because I advocate 'secular education' as necessary only where the Church has not done her work; and desire to make up, as a Churchman, somewhat of those '*lâches*' of hers (one must use a French word sometimes, because one does not, alas! know English well enough), which have caused this education cry and league. My dear young gentleman, in whom I have seen high and truly liberal instincts, believe a stauncher conservative (though a radical) than most men are, when I say, It is all our own fault. We parsons of the Church of England have had 300 years of the most splendid opportunity, with the freest and justest Government in the world to back us by Establishment. And what have we done? Not ill. But not well. We

have 'tolerably well' written against us in the Chancery of Heaven, when, with such opportunities as we have had since good Queen Bess's time, we ought to have had a great 'Optime' scored against us Now, in the 'Day of the Lord' the revolutionary shaking of all things which shall sift them as wheat, to see what has worth, and what has not, judgment is going to begin at the house of God; and we parsons, who have only half-done our work (God knows we have not been altogether sluggards), shall have an evil time of it, perhaps, for a generation or two. But what of shopkeepers, manufacturers, merchants? Even of lazy honest old squires and peers, whom the former abuse and envy, though they are not a whit better, if not actually worse? Is it not written, If judgment begin at the house of God, where shall the unrighteous and the sinner appear? Where you are, therefore, remember that you are in the very centre of the barbaric mercantile system of England, whose rule is, 'They that make haste to be rich,' instead of 'piercing themselves through with many sorrows,' do their best as wise and prudent citizens Remember that *that* is a lie; and without offending any one (and the most solemn truths can be spoken without offence, for men in England are very kind-hearted and reasonable), tell them so, and fight against the sins of a commercial city. Till they are cured, education, falsely so called, will do no good, and no harm either"

The following letter on "Woman's Rights" to Mr John Stuart Mill, who, hearing that he had withdrawn from the movement, wrote to ask his reasons, gives Mr Kingsley's latest views on this question The proceedings of some of its advocates were so distasteful to him that he refused to attend their meetings; and the only branch of the subject which had his entire sympathy and support was the medical education of women. This he had held for years before the question of "Women's Suffrage" was mooted, to be one of deep importance

"MY DEAR MR MILL,—As you have done me the unexpected honour of asking my opinion on an important matter, I can only answer you with that frankness which is inspired by confidence and respect. . . . There exist, in all ranks in England, and in none more than in the highest rank, women brave, prudent, pure, wise, tried by experience and sorrow, highly cultivated and thoughtful too, whose influence is immense, and is always exercised for good, as far as they see their way. And unless we can get these, of all ranks, and in each rank, down to the very lowest, to be 'the leaders of fashion,' for good, instead of evil, we shall not succeed I am pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better rather than the worse women against us—while foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, and of often questionable morals . . . are inclined to patronise us in the most noisy and demonstrative way. I am aware of the

physical and psychical significance of this fact. I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to—I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet—'to reconstruct society according to science,' we must steer clear of the hysteric element, which I define as the fancy and emotions unduly excited by suppressed sexual excitement. It is all the more necessary to do this, if we intend to attack 'social evils,' *i e*, sexual questions, by the help of woman raised to her proper place. That you mean to do so I take for granted. That I do, I hope you take for granted. If not, I should be glad some day to have the honour of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι, the principle of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i e*, the canon law, is civilized off the earth

"Meanwhile, all the most pure and high-minded women in England and in Europe have been brought up under the shadow of the canon law, have accepted it, with their usual divine self-sacrifice, as their destiny by law of God and nature, and consider their own womanhood outraged when it, their tyrant, is meddled with. It is to them, therefore, if we wish (as I do) for a social revolution, that we must address ourselves mildly, privately, modestly, rationally Public meetings drive them away, for their experiences, difficulties, wrongs, are too sacred to be detailed even before women of whom they are not sure, much more before men, most of all before a press which will report, and next morning cynically comment on, the secrets of their hearts A free press, with all its innumerable advantages, is the great barrier (I say it to you deliberately) to the moving in this matter of that great mass of matrons for whom, in the long run, the movement is set on foot, and by whom alone it can be carried out At least, so it seems to me, who fight not for the maiden so much as for the matron, because if the mother be benefited, the child is benefited in her And therefore I deprecate the interference in this movement of unmarried women. . But I see with pain this movement backed up by men and women who, unknown themselves to the English nation, and knowing nothing of it and its actual opinions and habits for good and evil, in a word, sectarians (whether they know it or not) seem ready to scramble back into a society which they have in some cases forfeited, by mixing themselves up with questions which it is not for such as they to speak of, either in the study or the forum I object, also, to the question of woman's right to vote or to labour, and, above all, to woman's right to

practise as physicians and surgeons, being mixed up with social, *i e*, sexual questions. Of woman's right to be a medical practitioner, I hold that it is perhaps the most important social question hanging over us I believe that if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question as to the relation of the sexes, according to natural laws, and therefore according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature, will be made clear. . . But for that very reason I am the more anxious that women should not meddle with these sexual questions—first, before they have acquired a sound, and also a general, scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and facts on these matters, second, before they have so accustomed the public to their ministrations as to show them that they are the equals o men in scientific knowledge and practical ability (as they are); and more, that they know, as women, a hundred woman's secrets which no one but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilisation that a man should have the right of trying to interpret. Therefore, I deprecate, most earnestly, all the meddling, however pure-minded, humane, &c, which women have brought to bear on certain questions during the last six months I do not say that they are wrong Heaven forbid! But I do say, that by so doing they are retarding, it may be for generations, the cause which they are trying to serve. And I do say, for I have seen it, that they are thereby mixing themselves up with the fanatical of both sexes, with the vain and ambitious, and, worst of all, with the prurient. Prurience, sir, by which I mean lust, which, unable to satisfy itself in act, satisfies itself by contemplation, usually of a negative and seemingly virtuous and Pharisaic character, vilifying, like St Jerome in his cell at Bethlehem, that which he dare not do, and which is, after all, only another form of hysteria—that is the evil which we have to guard against, and we shall not do so unless we keep about this whole movement a tone of modesty, delicacy, lofty purity, which (whatever it knows, and perhaps it knows all) will not, and dare not, talk aloud about it That tone will not be kept if we allow the matrons, and after them the maidens (by whom I mean women still under the influence of their fathers and mothers) or women having by their own property a recognised social position, to be turned out of sight in this movement by 'emancipated' women.

"I know that the line is very difficult to draw. I see how we must be tempted to include, nay, to welcome as our best advocates, women who are smarting under social wrongs, who can speak on behalf of freedom with an earnestness like that of the escaped slave But I feel that we must resist that temptation; that our strength lies not in the abnormal but in the normal type of womanhood And I must say that any sound reformation of the relations between woman and man must proceed from women who have fulfilled well their relations as they now exist, imperfect and unjust

as they are—that only those who have worked well in harness will be able to work well out of harness, and that only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things, will be fit to be rulers over many things; and I hold this—in justice to myself I must say it—not merely on grounds 'theological' so-called, but on grounds without which the 'theological' weigh with me very little—grounds material and physiological—on that *voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*, to which I try, humbly, though confusedly, to submit all my conclusions.

"Meanwhile I shall do that which I have been doing for years past—try to teach a noble freedom to those whom I see most willing, faithful, conscientious in their slavery through the path of self-sacrifice, and to influence their masters likewise to see in that self-sacrifice something far more divine than their own self-assertion—to show them that wherever man and wife are really happy together, it is by ignoring and despising, not by asserting, the subordination of woman to man, which they hold in theory—to set forth in every book I write (as I have done for twenty-five years) woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine guide, purifier, inspirer of the man And so, perhaps, I may be as useful to the cause of chivalry, dear equally to you and me, as if I attended many meetings and spoke, or caused to be spoken, many speeches"

His correspondence this year was voluminous, principally on botanical problems connected with his West Indian experiences; and on the Franco-Prussian war.

" . . . As for the war, I dare not give an opinion on it It is the most important event since the the Revolution of 1793, and we are too near it yet to judge of it fairly. My belief is, that it will work good for generations to come But at what an awful price! . . ."

[TO PROFESSOR MAX MULLER]—"Accept my loving congratulations, my dear Max, to you and your people The day which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready. Verily God is just, and rules too, whatever the press may think to the contrary My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from that which does concern them, the retaking Elsass (which is their own), and leaving the Frenchman no foot of the Rhine-bank To make the Rhine a word not to be mentioned by the French henceforth, ought to be the one object of wise Germans, and that alone In any case, with love to dear G——, I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany."

[TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY]—"And now a few words on this awful war I confess to you, that were I a German, I should feel it my duty to my country to send my last son, my last shilling, and after all my own self to the war, to get that done which must be

done, done so that it will never need doing again. I trust that I should be able to put vengeance out of my heart—to forget all that Germany has suffered for two hundred years past, from that vain, greedy, restless nation; all even which she suffered, women as well as men, in the late French war; though the Germans do not forget it, and some of them, for their mothers' or aunts' sakes, ought not. But the average German has a right to say: —Property, life, freedom, has been insecure in Germany for two hundred years, because she has been divided. The French kings have always tried to keep her divided, that they might make her the puppet of their ambition. Since the French Revolution, the French people (all of them who think and act, viz., the army and the educated classes) have been doing the same. They shall do so no longer. We will make it impossible for her to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany. We will make it an offence on her part after Alfred de Musset's brutal song—to mention the very name of the Rhine. As for the present war, it was inevitable, soon or late The French longed for it. They wanted to revenge 1813—15, ignoring the fact that Germany was then avenging—and very gently—1807. Bunsen used to say to me—I have seen the tears in his eyes as he said it—that the war must come; that he only prayed God that it might not come till Germany was prepared, and had recovered from the catastrophes of the great French war. It has come, and Germany is prepared —and would that the old man were alive, to see the 'battle of Armageddon,' as he called it, fought, not as he feared on German, but on French soil. It must have come The Germans would have been wrong to begin it; but when the French began, they would have been 'niddering' for ever not to have accepted it If a man persists for years in brandishing his fist in your face, telling you that he will thrash you some day, and that you dare not fight him—a wise man will, like Germany, hold his tongue till he is actually struck; but he will, like Germany, take care to be ready for what *will* come. As for Prussia's being prepared for war, being a sort of sin on her part—a proof that she intended to attack France, such an argument only proves the gross ignorance of history, especially of German history, which I remark in average Englishmen Gross ignorance, too, or willing oblivion of all that the French have been threatening for years past, about 'rectifying their frontier.' The Germans had fair warning from the French that the blow would be struck some day And now that it is struck, to turn the other cheek in meekness may be very 'Christian' towards a man's self; but most unchristian, base, and selfish, towards his women, his children, and his descendants yet unborn. There can be no doubt that the French programme of this war was to disunite Germany once more, and so make her weak and at th mercy of France. And a German who was aware of that—as all sensible Germans must have been aware—had to think not of the text which forbids us to avenge private injuries, but of that which

says, 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' not of the bodily agony and desolation of the war, but of Him who said, 'Fear not them that can kill the body,' and after that have nothing left to do; but fear him—the demon of selfishness, laziness, anarchy, which ends in slavery, which can kill both body and soul in the hell of moral and political degradation. As for this being a 'dynastic war,' as certain foolish working men are saying—who have got still in their heads the worn out theory that only kings ever go to war—it is untrue. It is not dynastic on the part of Germany. It is the rising of a people from the highest to the lowest, who mean to be a people, in a deeper sense than any republican democrat, French or English, ever understood that word. It is not dynastic on the part of France The French Emperor undertook it to save his own dynasty; but he would never have done so, if he had not been of opinion (and who knows the French as well as he?) that it would not be a dynastic war, but a popular one Else, how could it save his throne? What could it do but hasten his fall, by contravening the feelings of his people? But it did not contravene them Look back at the papers, and you will find that Paris and the army (which between them, alas! constitute now the French people) received the news of war with a delirium of insolent joy. They were mistaken, and have received Trulla's answer to Hudibras:

> "'And mounting on his trunk astride,
> Quoth she, "I told you this would come
> Of all your vapouring vile scum."'

The Emperor was mistaken . . in spite of all his cunning. He fancied that after deceiving the French people—after governing them by men who were chosen because they could, and dared deceive, that these minions of his, chosen for their untruthfulness, would be true, forsooth, to him alone; that they would exhibit, unknown, in a secret government, virtues of honesty, economy, fidelity, patriotism, which they were forbidden to exercise in public, where their only function was, to nail up the hand of the weather-glass, in order to insure fine weather, as they are doing to this day in every telegram So he is justly punished, and God's judgments are, as always, righteous and true. .

September 5—"Since Waterloo, there has been no such event in Europe I await with awe and pity the Parisian news of the next few days As for the Emperor, while others were bowing down to him, I never shrank from expressing my contempt of him. His policy is now judged, and he with it, by fact, which is the 'voice of God revealed in things,' as Bacon says, and I at least, instead of joining the crowd of curs who worry where they lately fawned, shall never more say a harsh word against him Let the condemned die in peace if possible, and he will not, I hear, live many months—perhaps not many days Why should he wish to live? This very surrender may be the not undignified farewell to life of one who knows himself at his last."

CHAPTER XXV.

1871.

AGED 52.

Lecture at Sion College—Correspondence—Expeditions of the Chester Natural Science Society—Lectures on Town Geology—A Lump of Coal—Camp at Bramshill—Prince of Wales's Illness—Sermon on Loyalty and Sanitary Science—Lectures at Bideford, Woolwich, and Winchester

"To conclude, therefore, let no man, out of a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy, but rather let men endeavour at endless progress or proficience in both." BACON

"Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not! Look up, my wearied brother. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind Heaven is kind, as a noble mother, as that Spartan mother, saying when she gave her son his shield, 'With it, my son, or upon it!' Thou, too, shalt return home in honour. Doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield." CARLYLE

IN January he gave a lecture on "The Theology of the Future,"* at Sion College, London, which made a profound impression, and brought hope and comfort to many In it he asserted his own belief in final causes, and urged on the clergy the necessity of facing the scientific facts of the day, and the great work of reconciling Science and the creeds

"I wish to speak," he says, "not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first I understand what can be learnt from the physical universe of man's duty to God and his neighbour, by the latter I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible, but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible, and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology. "

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"I sometimes dream," he adds, "of a day when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. And if it be said that the doctrine of evolution,

* "Scientific Lectures and Essays." (Macmillan)

by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes—let us answer boldly, Not in the least We might accept what Mr Darwin and Professor Huxley have written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do. . . ." (See Preface to "Westminster Sermons")

The correspondence of this year shows his accustomed rapid thinking on every sort of subject. And but for his power of sleeping at any moment and for any length of time, the brain could not have held out even so long against the intense excitement of his varied work. His mind was occupied with the distribution of plants—with the existence of a Palæo-tropic belt of land round the world—a Palæo-tropic civilization of an immensely remote epoch, &c, &c., besides the questions of the day, social, sanitary, political. His lectures were more brilliant than ever.

[To Sir C. Bunbury, *Feb. 7*, 1871.]—"I received your most pleasant letter at Sandringham. . . . I do not think I undervalue, or have overlooked, any difficulties in the supposed junction of the South American and African lands; but I find just as great difficulties in the other theory, of a junction between the sunken 'Lemuria' of the Indian Ocean with South America *viâ* Polynesia. Not that I deny it. I rather hold to a vast belt of land all round the tropics, at an immensely remote epoch; for when I see a Ravenala in Guiana, and another in Madagascar (with none between either way), common sense makes me suspect the former has travelled from Madagascar to Guiana, or *vice versâ;* but at what an antiquity! Before the Andes rose, before humming birds existed, &c.—— When, on the other hand, I see the jaguar, ocelot, and other spotted cats in South America, I cannot but suspect them of having come from Africa, the home of the leopard, and if it is answered, that the leopard and spotted cats are also Indian, and may have come across the Pacific, I must demur, from the fact, that not only no cats, but no mammals at all are left in Polynesia a very serious difficulty . . ."

[To Professor Max Muller]—"About St Michael's Mount, I believe that the present general form of the Mount is owing entirely to rain-wash and tide-wash There was land between it and Marazion, and beyond it to S and S W. a whole continent, in fact, for ages, during which the flora and much of the fauna was the same as at present But—since the Mount assumed its present form and size, there was a period during which oak, &c, forests, formed all along the lowlands close to the sea Then a subsidence (as between the Mount and the shore, and a dozen other places), put those forests far below low-tide mark : then an

elevation which carried them up again close to low-tide mark, and lifted the beaches, which had been formed behind them, high and dry. How deep the forests sank I cannot tell The last 'sob' of the earth lifted the beaches above them fifteen or twenty feet. As for time, I know nought of it. I always count by hundreds of thousands of years, and believe man to be of any antiquity which he may be proved to be of. . . ."

[To Dr Rigg]—"I return your proofs of the Lecture on Pantheism. . . . I could have wished, that you had defined Pantheism as distinct not only from Theism and Atheism but from Positivism, It is Positivism—of a loose maundering kind—which is really growing among young men. When Huxley proclaims himself a disciple of Kant and Berkeley, they think in their hearts, then he is a retrograde dreamer—'almost as bad as that fool of a Christian, Kingsley.' But I warn you that your words will be of little use. The desire to get rid of a personal God is based on grounds which the many do not talk of, and which you do not touch. They say, boldly enough among themselves, and sometimes to me as civilly as they can, 'We will have nothing to do with God, as long as He is one who sends the many to Tartarus, the few to Olympus We will have nothing to do with a future state, as long as it is said to contain a Tartarus, and that an endless and irremediable one. The Olympus is beautiful, possible, but unprovable. The Tartarus is horrible to our moral sense, and shall be exterminated from the human mind.' . . ."

[To Sir Charles Bunbury.]—"As to '*La petite Culture.*' . . . I hold that there should be large farms and small farms; and the proportion of one to the other should be left very much to the demands of the markets, and the experience of which culture is the most profitable on a given estate. Here the landlord could exercise a discretion, and say to the large farmer, 'You shall not absorb more land into a great farm; there are portions which would do better if cultivated on a more special system;' or to the small farmer, 'You shall not subdivide my land into 10 or 40 acre holdings, because you will be compelled, from the lightness of the soil, merely to do (and do badly) with it what the large farmer is doing well, and with less outlay per acre'. . I would, if I could, restore the feudal system, the highest form of civilization—in ideal, not in practice—which Europe has seen yet. I would bind the tenant to the landlord, the landlord to the lord-lieutenant, and him and all to the Crown, by more than the old 'Trinoda Necessitas' of military service, roads and bridges I would add to them the duty of public education, of agricultural drainage on a large scale, and of sanitary reform or sanitary police . . In a word, I would make every man, as in the Middle Age, responsible to some superior who represented to him the Crown . . .

[To the same]—"I quite agree with you that my semi-feudal ideal has become impossible. But still it is an ideal; and one

which will probably 'realize' itself in some more highly civilized country hereafter . . . And this brings in another and a painful thought Are we not tending to that anarchy of irreverence which France is now paying for in tears and blood? The anarchy which is brought on by being governed by the Press, *i.e.*, by men who, having failed in regular work of any kind, establish themselves as anonymous critics of all who labour, under an irresponsiblity and an immunity which no despot ever enjoyed? Professing to speak the mind of the people, they live by pandering to its no-mind, *i.e.*, its merest fancies and prejudices I see a possibility of all government becoming as impossible in England as it has been for two generations at least in France.

"But as an old supporter of the Ballot (with the cynical reservation that it will do practically, *i.e.*, morally, neither good nor harm) I shall be glad to see the Ballot Bill carried, and an old grievance (even if a fancied one) removed."

The next letters show the tender reverence with which he dared approach the sorrows of his friends. He always felt dumb, he said, in the presence of death and bereavement.

[TO MISS ——.] *May* 1871 —"We are shocked at the news, and all felt deeply for you. And now, what shall I say? I am not going to tell you impertinent commonplaces as to how to bear sorrow. I believe that the wisest plan is sometimes not to try to bear it—as long as one is not crippled for one's everyday duties —but to give way to sorrow utterly and freely Perhaps sorrow is sent that we *may* give way to it, and in drinking the cup to the dregs, find some medicine in itself, which we should not find if we began doctoring ourselves, or letting others doctor us. If we say simply, 'I am wretched—I ought to be wretched,' then we shall perhaps hear a voice, 'Who made thee wretched but God? Then what can He mean but thy good?' And if the heart answers impatiently, 'My good? I don't want it. I want my love;' perhaps the voice may answer, 'Then thou shalt have both in time'"

[TO MRS —— ——]—"I write to you because I know that every expression of human sympathy brings some little comfort, if it be only to remind such as you that you are alone in the world, but that your loss draws toward you all the more those who love or even esteem you I know nothing can make up for such a loss as yours But you will still have love on earth all around you; and *his* love is not dead It lives still in the next world for you, and perhaps with you For, why should not those who are gone, if they are gone to the Lord, be actually nearer us, not further from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways, of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream? Yes! Do not be afraid to believe that he is near you, and you near him, and both of you near God, who died on the cross for you. That is all I can

say But what comfort there is in it, if one can give up one's heart to believe it! May God bless you, and give you strength and faith to bear and to believe it.'

[To —— ——, Esq.]—" . . . One thing you know as well as I, and it is the only thing of which I can remind you, that in such a world as this, with such ugly possibilities hanging over us all—there is but one anchor which will hold, and that is utter trust in God. Keep that, and we may both get to our graves yet, without *misery* though not without *sorrow*."

The work at Chester this year assumed larger proportions, for the successful botanical class of 1870 had been the nucleus of the "Scientific Society" of 1871, and he followed it up this year by geological lectures, which were still more fully attended. Expeditions now were taken to more distant spots The railway authorities gave most willing assistance; and, at the appointed place and hour, a happy party, numbering sometimes from sixty to a hundred, would find the Canon and his daughters waiting for them on the platform at the station, he with geological hammer in hand, botany box slung over his shoulder, eager as any of his scholars, but feeling the responsibility of providing teaching and amusement for the many who hung upon his words Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years perhaps without exchanging a word, now meeting upon equal and friendly terms, in pursuit of one ennobling object, and travelling in second-class carriages together without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited, with nosegays of wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow-creatures Perhaps the moral gain of these field lectures, uniting Cathedral and town as they did in closer bonds, was as great as their scientific results.

By the Dean's kindness the King's School was used for the lectures on Town Geology, on The Soil of the Field, The Pebbles in the Street, The Stones in the Wall, The Coal in the Fire, The Lime in the Mortar, The Slates on the Roof.* Many of those who were present at the lecture on coal must recall the look of inspiration with which his burning words were accompanied, and the poetry he threw into his theme, as he followed the various transformations of the coal, till it reached the diamond; when, with kindling eyes, he lifted a

* "Scientific Lectures and Essays." (Macmillan.)

lump of coal off the table and held it up to his breathless listeners :

"A diamond, nothing less !—We may consider the coal upon the fire as a middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond ; and indulge safely in the fancy, that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant. A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more poetical, the more steadily we look at it. . . . Gas and sunbeams ! Strange, but true. The life of the growing plant—and what that life is who can tell ?—laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil, of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas It drank them in through its rootlets ; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap, and bud, and leaf, and wood. But it had to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, and absorbed them, buried them in itself—no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre So it is. Lord Lytton told us in a beautiful song how 'The wind and the beam loved the rose' But Nature's poetry is more beautiful than man's. The wind and the beam love the rose—or, rather, the rose takes the wind and the beam, and builds up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance What next? The rose dies, the timber tree dies—decays down into vegetable fibre, is buried, and turned to coal, but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay, shut up age after age, invisible, but strong, working at its own prison cells, transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal, coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what not, till its day of deliverance comes. Man digs it, throws it on the fire a black, dead-seeming lump A corner, an atom of it warms, till it reaches the igniting point, the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen And then, like a dormant live thing awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bottom of the earth It drinks the oxygen in at every pore, and burns. And so the spell of ages is broken The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes with the free atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since Strange it all is, yet true But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands—that truth is stranger than fiction."

No man ever had a more appreciative audience—intelligent,

enthusiastic, affectionate. "They spring to touch," he would say, "at every point," and never did he receive such a warm grasp of the hand as from men of all ranks in the old city of Chester. His yearly residences were among the dearest episodes of his life, and after he was transferred to Westminster he could never speak of Chester without tears in his eyes.

During the Race week Mr Kingsley wrote a remarkable letter to the young men of Chester on "Betting," called "White Fools and Black Fools," * since printed as a tract and widely distributed. The letter began thus—

MY DEAR YOUNG MEN,—The human race may, for practical purposes, be divided into three parts—(1) Honest men, who mean to do right, and do it; (2) Knaves, who mean to do wrong, and do it; (3) Fools, who mean to do whichever of the two is the pleasanter. And these last may be divided again into—

"Black fools, who would rather do wrong, but dare not, unless it is the fashion.

"White fools, who would rather do right, but dare not, unless it is the fashion"

* * * * * *

Gambling was a vice which he strongly reprobated.

". . Of all habits gambling, he writes to his son, is the one I hate most and have avoided most Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically *savage*. Historically it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian. (1) It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbour's pocket without giving him anything in return. (2) It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits—or anything else—to your neighbour's harm If you know better than your neighbour you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits I say the devil is the only father of it. . . . Even before I took holy orders, before even I thought seriously at all, I found myself forced to turn my back on racecourses, not because I did not love to see the horses run—in that old English pleasure, taken simply and alone, I can fully sympathise—but because I found that they tempted me to betting, and that betting tempted me to company and to passions, unworthy not merely of a scholar and a gentleman, but of an honest and rational bargeman or collier. . ."

* Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

He was President this year of the Devonshire Scientific Society. In the course of his address he expressed, with deepest love and respect for Mr Darwin, his regret at certain of his speculations on the descent of man:

"The question of the physical 'Origin of Man' I decline to touch here It is strictly a physiological and anatomical question, not to be discussed in a mixed assembly. It seems, moreover, less important to me than it does to many persons on both sides, whom I revere and love However physical science may decide the controversy, I say boldly, as a man and as a priest, that its decision will not affect one of my duties here, one of my hopes for hereafter . . ."

On his return from Chester the quiet parish of Eversley was startled into new life by the formation of a military camp in Bramshill Park and on Hartford Bridge Flats, at the opening of the autumn manœuvres, during which the Prince of Wales camped out with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. The tumult of enthusiasm and pride of the parishioners at the Prince's presence and gracious courtesy (which will never be forgotten in Eversley) had scarcely subsided, when England was electrified by the news of H R H. being struck down with fever and at the point of death, and rector and people grieved and prayed and wept together. When all danger was over, and the heart of the nation rebounded with joy, Mr Kingsley preached on the day of thanksgiving at the Chapel Royal, St James's, a sermon on "National Sorrows and National Lessons," in which he presses the subject of sanitary reform

"'Let our hearts,' he said, 'be bowed as the heart of one man to say that, so far as we have power, so help us God, no man, woman, or child in Britain, be he prince or be he beggar, shall die henceforth of preventible disease. Let us repent of and amend that scandalous neglect of the well-known laws of health and cleanliness which destroys thousands of lives yearly in this kingdom without need or reason, in defiance alike of science, of humanity, and of our Christian profession . . . Is not that a national sin to bow our hearts as the heart of one man? Oh, if his Royal Highness's foul and needless disease, by striking at once at the very highest, shall bring home to us the often-told, seldom-heeded fact that this same disease is striking perpetually at hundreds among the very lowest whom we leave to sicken and die in dens unfit for men, unfit for dogs—if this illness shall awaken all loyal citizens to demand and to enforce, as a duty to their sovereign, their country, and their God, a sanitary reform in town and

country, immediate, wholesale, imperative—if it shall awaken the ministers of religion to preach *that*—I hardly ought to doubt it—till there is not a fever alley or a malarious ditch left in any British city, then, indeed, this fair and precious life will not have been imperilled in vain, and generations yet unborn will bless the memory of a prince who sickened as poor men sicken, and all but died as poor men die, that his example and, it may be, hereafter his exertions, might deliver the poor from dirt, disease, and death . . .'"*

In the autumn he gave a lecture at the Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich, on "The Study of Natural History," in which he pressed upon his hearers the importance of the "inductive habit of mind" which, working steadily and by rule from the known to the unknown, is so specially valuable to military men, to whom the advantage of the knowledge of botany—for instance, when leading an exploring party or engaged in bush warfare—would be great, if only by showing what plants are poisonous, what are eatable, what would yield vegetable acids as preventives of scurvy, what for medicine or styptics, what timbers are available to resist wet or the attacks of insects, &c., &c. Again, how great the use of "geology and mineralogy and meteorology, in finding road metal—in finding water, of what sort and at what depth—and in ascertaining, with a view to malaria, rainfalls and all those questions which so deeply affect the health of troops, whose lives are too often ignorantly sacrificed by being placed in barracks built in spots purely pestilential"

" . . . I may be a dreamer and I may consider, in my turn, as wilder dreamers than myself, certain persons who fancy that their only business in life is to make money, the scientific man's only business to show them how to make money, and the soldier's only business to guard their money for them Be that as it may, the finest type of civilized man which we are likely to see for some generations to come, will be produced by a combination of the truly military with the truly scientific man I say, I may be a dreamer · but you at least, as well as my scientific friends, will bear with me; for my dream is to your honour . . ."*

At Christmas he gave a lecture for the Winchester Scientific Society, on Bio-geology, which, while rich in facts, was still the very poetry of science After a masterly review of the Bio-geology of Hampshire—its plants, reptiles, &c, with glances at the European and Atlantic flora, he wound up, as

* "All Saints' Day and other Sermons" (C K Paul & Co.)

usual, with theology, which to his mind was taught even by the law of Natural selection:

"... And so, the longer one watches the great struggle for existence, the more charitable, the more hopeful one becomes, as one sees that consciously or unconsciously, the law of Nature is, after all, self-sacrifice. Unconscious in plants and animals—as far as we know. . . . But in man the law of self-sacrifice—whether unconscious or not in the animals—rises into consciousness just as far as he is a man—and the crowning lesson of bio-geology may be—when we have worked it out—after all, the lesson of Christmastide—of the infinite self-sacrifice of God for man . . ."*

Thus his key-note, whether at Sion College to the clergy, at Chester to his middle-class pupils, at Woolwich to military men, or to the Scientific Societies of Devon and Hampshire, was ever the same, *i.e.*, that Science is the Voice of God—her facts, His words—to which we must each and all reply, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1872.

AGED 53.

Death of Friends—Lectures—Wordsworth's Poetry—Lecture at Birmingham and its results—Last Lectures at Chester—Correspondence on the Athanasian Creed—Letter to Thomas Cooper—A Poem.

"No man can justly blame me for honouring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breast I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees by the instinct of Nature do love their hives, and birds their nest. But, God is my witness, that according to my uttermost talent and poor understanding, I have endeavoured to set down the naked truth impartially, without either favour or prejudice, the two capital enemies of right judgment. The one of which, like a false mirror, doth represent things fairer and straighter than they are; the other, like the tongue infected with choler, makes the sweetest meats to taste bitter. My desire hath been to have Truth for my chiefest friend, and no enemy but Error."

BISHOP BRAMHALL.

THE year began at Eversley with the usual winter's parish work, night-schools, Penny Readings, &c., which were only interrupted for a few days by his going to Chester, for the opening of the Cathedral nave.

* See "Scientific Lectures and Essays." (Macmillan.)

CHESTER: *January* 24, 1872.—"Service this afternoon magnificent. Cathedral quite full Anthem, 'Send out Thy Light.' Cathedral looks lovely, and I have had a most happy day. Every one glad to see me, and inquiries after you all. I do love this place and people, and long to be back here for our spring residence. . . ."

The deaths of Mr Maurice and other friends saddened him, and warned him of the consequences of an over-worked brain. Of one he said, "here is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone, as I am surely going" At the great gathering round Mr Maurice's grave at Highgate, many eyes were fixed on Charles Kingsley, his much-loved disciple.

"As I think," said one of those present, "of that warrior face of his, like the countenance of one of those old Vikings of whose glories he loved to sing, with the light of the western sky shed on it, as he stood, strong as he was, with ill-concealed emotion, by the grave of his beloved master, Frederick Maurice, on Easter Monday, 1872, the man's whole aims, character, and work seemed revealed to one in a moment."

On returning to Chester, he found the Natural Science Society so well established that though he still conducted all its expeditions, his lectures were few; for over-work of brain had brought on symptoms, which led him to apprehend paralysis, and forced him to confine his labour more to preaching and the never-ceasing correspondence. He gave his Presidential Address to the Natural Science Society, then numbering 250 members, on his return from a short visit to the English Lakes and the grave of Wordsworth, when he expressed his gratitude that his own "soul had been steeped from boyhood in the poetry of that great poet, great philosopher, great divine—had learnt from it how to look at and feel with Nature, and had been preserved by Wordsworth's influence from those shallow cynical and materialist views of the universe, which tempt the eager student of science in his exclusive search after the material and the temporary to neglect the spiritual and eternal. . . ." After speaking of the great physical laws, of light, heat, gravitation, &c,

"they are," he said, "but the dead body, at least, the dead machinery of the universe; and grander to us and still more sacred is the living soul of the universe, which the microscope and the scalpel can show no man, which the microscope and the scalpel may have tempted him in grim hurry to forget; grander

and more sacred than all the machinery of nature is the poetry of nature

"'A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense of something
Still more deeply interfused'"

. . . . .

" . . Go forth, my dear friends, with microscope, hammer, dredge, and collecting box; find all you can, learn all you can God speaks to you through physical facts; but do not forget to take with you at times a volume of good poetry—say 'Wordsworth's Excursion,' above all modern poetry For so you will have a spiritual tonic, a spiritual corrective, which will keep your heart healthy and childlike, to listen to that other and nobler voice of God which speaks through the æsthetical aspects of nature.

So, instead of bewailing, like poor Keats, that there was an awful rainbow once in heaven, whose charm was gone now that the laws of refraction had been discovered, you will be ready, however thoroughly you may be acquainted with those laws, to say with Wordsworth,

"'My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die'"

* * * * *

And so he toiled on, and those who watched him most closely and loved him best felt that if rest ever came it would come too late "Better," however, he felt himself, "to wear out than rust out"

In the autumn, being President of the Midland Institute for the year, he gave his Inaugural Address at Birmingham. It was on the Science of Health *—one of his best and most suggestive lectures, and it bore fruit at once, for at its conclusion one of his hearers immediately offered to devote the sum of £2500 to found classes and lectures on Human Physiology and the Science of Health. A draft scheme of the application of the gift to lectures, open to artisans on the lowest possible scale of payment, was made by Mr Arthur Ryland and submitted to Mr Kingsley, who replied.

October 31—"Your friend will be doing, I believe, solid and lasting good to generations yet unborn, and I trust that the noble example may be followed in every great town of these realms. I

* "Sanitary and Social Essays" (Macmillan)

think the first title, 'The Teaching of Physiology to the Working Classes,' is the better of the two But I would define it as 'Human Physiology,' or, better, as 'The Science of Health' . . A grant might be given to a mothers' or married women's class, from which men would be excluded. I am solicitous for some such exclusively woman's teaching. . An essay, now and then, on the subject, open to all comers of a certain grade, would be most useful, and stir up many minds even more than lectures It will be necessary to take care that the lectures are really practical lectures on the science and art of health If not they are likely to become mere lectures on comparative anatomy, or other non-practical, or at least, purely scientific branch. You will have to find, and you will have some trouble in finding, men who really know about drains, bedrooms, etc , and who are not above talking of them . . "

The particulars of a further proposal to found a trust for promoting the teaching the laws of health to teachers in common schools, was submitted to Mr Kingsley in October 1874, who concluded his answer, after pointing to the scheme which he thought would give the whole subject a fixed academical status, with these characteristic words: "Alas! alas! why can we not have a Professor of it at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures?"

The immediate and unexpected result of this Address, on the subject so near his heart, was perhaps the highest earthly reward ever granted to him, *the* blue ribbon of his life, and had he lived to see how the work has been since carried out at Saltley College and elsewhere his soul would have been satisfied. He may see it now—God knows!

In November he gave a lecture on Heroism,* for the funds of the Chester City Library and Reading-room, and the next evening, after the last Chapter at which he was ever present, he gave a final lecture to the Scientific Society on Deep-Sea Dredging.

He was asked this year to join the committee for the defence of the Athanasian Creed, which gave him the opportunity of expressing the views he had held for years on the Intermediate State and his hopes as to the future life The following are short extracts from the correspondence which ensued —

"This seems to me the time for sound Churchmen to use a fresh weapon in defence of the Athanasian Creed, by bringing forward

* "Sanitary and Social Essays" (Macmillan.)

a somewhat neglected Catholic doctrine—that of the intermediate state, or states"

. . . . . .

"I have long held that the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed by the Church of England will exercise a most potent and wholesome influence not only on the theology, but on the science, both physical and metaphysical, of all English-speaking nations for generations to come. I feel for, though I cannot feel with, the objections of many excellent persons to the so-called damnatory clauses; but I believe that those objections would gradually die out, if there were appended to the Creed, in our Prayer-Book, an explanatory clause, which expressed, or at least allowed, the true and ancient Catholic doctrine concerning the future state."

. . . .

" . My rule has been to preach the Athanasian Creed from the pulpit in season and out of season; to ground not merely my whole theological, but my whole ethical teaching, formally and openly on it, to prevent, as far as I could, people from thinking it a dead formula, or even a mere string of intellectual dogmas And if I were (from my experience) to dare to offer a suggestion, it would be to call on all clergy who value the Creed to preach it continually, and make their congregations feel something at least of its value But I only speak with hesitation, and am ready to be convinced if I am wrong." . .

"The Athanasian Creed is now construed by the people, in the light of Puritan Eschatology—*i e*, of the doctrine which the Puritans (as far as I know) introduced first, namely, that the fate of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death I need not tell you that this is not the Catholic doctrine, that the Church has held, from a very early age, the belief in an intermediate state That belief was distorted and abused, in later times, as the Romish doctrine of purgatory. But the denunciation of that doctrine in the Thirty-nine Articles (as Dr Newman pointed out, if I recollect rightly, in Tract 90), does not denounce any primitive doctrine of purgatory, nay, rather allows it, by the defining adjective 'Romish' That this Puritan Eschatology is no part of the Creed of the Church of England, is proved by her final rejection of the Article affirming endless punishment .

"Now, it is plain again that men have no right to read the Athanasian Creed in this Puritan sense In whatsoever age it was composed, it was composed by one who believed in the intermediate state, and there is nothing in its language to hint that he held that there was no hope in that state for the unorthodox whom he denounced, nothing to hint that he held with the old Crusaders, that an infidel went straight to hell

. .

"The Creed says, and truly, that the knowledge of God, and it alone, is everlasting life It does not say that that knowledge may not be vouchsafed hereafter to those who have sought honestly

for it, in this life, but through unfortunate circumstances, or invincible ignorance, have failed to find it Provided the search be honestly continued in the unknown realms beyond the grave, the Athanasian Creed does not deny that the seeker, it may be after heavy pains and long wanderings, shall not at last discover his Saviour and his God, and discover that for him he had been yearning though he knew it not It is almost needless for me to point out how such an interpretation of the Athanasian Creed would relieve the consciences of thousands, without (it seems to me) forfeiting our strict honesty, or our claim to Catholic orthodoxy—how it would make the Creed tolerable to thousands to whom (under its Puritan misrepresentation) it is now intolerable . . ."

" I have reason to believe that the English mind is specially ripe just now for receiving once more this great Catholic doctrine of the intermediate state, and that by preaching it with all prudence, as well as with all manfulness, we should cut the ground from under our so-called 'Liberal' adversaries' feet I say—with all prudence For it is plain that unguarded latitude of expression might easily awaken a cry that we were going to introduce 'the Romish doctrine of purgatory,' and to proceed to 'pardons' and 'masses for the dead' But that if we keep cautiously within the limits permitted by truly catholic antiquity, we shall set in motion a mighty engine for the Church's help in her need, I, as a student of public opinion, have no doubt whatsoever"

* * * * * * *

"The Church of England has left this question of the Future State, in many points, an open question, the more markedly so, because the Puritan influences of the sixteenth century were pressing her to define and narrow her formularies about it

* * * * * * *

His last letter to Thomas Cooper, thanking him for his volume of "Plain Pulpit Talk," was written this year. In it he says·

"I see the thorough right old morality—common to Puritans, old Anglican Churchmen, apostles, and prophets, that you hold right to be infinitely right; and wrong ditto wrong, that you call a spade a spade, and talk to men about the real plagues of their own hearts, as Carlyle says, you 'do not rave against extinct Satans, while quite unaware of the real man-devouring Satan at your elbow' My dear friend, go on and do that, and whether you call yourself Baptist or Buddhist, I shall welcome you as one who is doing the work of God, and fighting in the battle of the Lord, who makes war in *righteousness*. But more You are no Buddhist. . . I happen to be, from reason and science as well as from Scripture and Catholic tradition (I use a word I don't like), I happen to be, I say, an orthodox theologian, and to value orthodoxy more, the more I think, for its own sake Page 128 is a speech of

which no sound divine, either of the Church of England or of the middle age, ought to be ashamed But, my dear friend, whatever you do, don't advocate disestablishing us We are the most liberal religious body in these realms In our pale men can meet who can meet nowhere else. . . But if we—the one remaining root of union—disestablish and become a sect like the sects, then competition, not Christ will be God, and we shall bite and devour one another till atheism and M. Comte are the rulers of modern thought I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness, and remember (I am sure you will, though orators at public meetings would not) that my plea is quite disinterested. If the Church of England were disestablished and disendowed to-morrow, vested interests would be respected, and I and others living on small incomes till our deaths I assure you that I have no family livings, or an intention of putting my sons into them. My eldest son—a splendid young fellow—is roughing it successfully and honourably as an engineer anywhere between Denver, U.S, and the city of Mexico. My next and only other son may possibly go to join him"

While on a visit this year, he was asked to write some answers to the following questions in a book of literary autographs The answers are characteristic:

"Who is your favourite character in history? David.
"The character you most dislike? Myself
"Favourite kind of literature? Physical science
"Favourite author? Spenser.
"Favourite artist? Leonardo da Vinci.
"Favourite composer? Beethoven.
"Favourite dramatic performance? A pantomime.
"Favourite kind of scenery? Wide flats or open sea
"Place at home and abroad you most admire? Clovelly.
"Favourite reminiscence? July 6, 1839
"Favourite occupation? Doing nothing.
"Favourite amusement? Sleeping
"What do you dislike most? Any sort of work
"Favourite topics of conversation? Whatever my companion happens to be talking about
"And those you dislike most? My own thoughts.
"What you like most in woman? Womanliness.
"What you dislike most? Unwomanliness.
"What you like most in man? Modesty.
"What you dislike most? Vanity
"Your ambition? To die
"Your ideal? The One ideal.
"Your hobby? Fancying I know anything
"The virtue you most admire? Truth
"The vice to which you are most lenient? All except lying
"Your favourite motto or proverb? 'Be strong'

"CHARLES KINGSLEY"

His year closed at Eversley with three of his four children round him, his eldest daughter having returned from a visit to her brother in Colorado, and a perilous journey with him and some American friends who were "prospecting" for a railway through the heart of Mexico. The Report made by his eldest son on this survey and the prospects it seemed to hold out for his advancement were a great pride and joy to his father, and softened the keen pain of separation. Towards winter his aged mother's illness and other anxieties weighed heavily on him, they were anxieties, however, which never touched the sacred innermost circle of his home.

"I am blessed in all my children, thank God," he writes, to a friend, who had lost his wife; "and though my beloved one is still with me, and all in all to me, yet I have my sorrows, such as God grant you may never taste."

Once again this year his heart's spring had burst forth into song, and after the last meet of the fox-hounds, at which he was ever present, in front of Bramshill House—a sight he dearly loved—he put these lines into his wife's hand:

November 6, 1872

"THE DELECTABLE DAY.

"The boy on the famous grey pony,
Just bidding goodbye at the door,
Plucking up maiden heart for the fences
Where his brother won honour of yore

"The walk to 'the Meet' with fair children,
And women as gentle as gay,—
Ah! how do we male hogs in armour
Deserve such companions as they?

"The afternoon's wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back,
And to catch, down the turn of the valley,
The last weary chime of the pack.

"The climb homeward by park and by moorland
And through the fir forests again,
While the south-west wind roars in the gloaming
Like an ocean of seething champagne

"And at night the septette of Beethoven,
And the grandmother by in her chair,
And the foot of all feet on the sofa
Beating delicate time to the air

"Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day!
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler
To-morrow again have their way!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

1873—4.

AGED 54-5

Harrow-on-the-Hill—Canonry of Westminster—Congratulations—Parting from Chester—Sermons in Westminster Abbey—Voyage to America—Letter from John G. Whittier—Niagara—Salt Lake City—Yo Semite Valley and Big Trees—San Francisco—Illness—Rocky Mountains and Colorado Springs—Last Poem—Return Home.

"One of the kind wishes expressed for me is a long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible—then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near . Long life is the last thing that I desire. It may be that, as one grows older, one acquires more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what *ought* to be done and what *can* be done, and sits down more quietly when one gets the wrong side of fifty, to let others start up to do for us things we cannot do ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man can have who has (to his own exceeding comfort) turned down the hill at last, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him, and catch the lamp of Truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet." C K (Speech at the Lotus Club, New York, February, 1874)

SOME months of this year were spent at Harrow, where his youngest son, Grenville, was at school. While there, he received this letter from Mr Gladstone:

"I have to propose to you, with the sanction of her Majesty, that in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey I am sorry to injure the people of Chester, but I must sincerely hope your voice will be heard within the Abbey, and in your own right"

"This is good news indeed," writes his friend Dean Stanley, from Westminster . "How many waters, as the French say, have run under the bridge since we first met at Exeter College, many years ago What a meeting of those waters here, and what a world of interest have they now to run through from this happy confluence! "

"It is a great sphere," said Archbishop Tait, "for one who, like you, knows how to use it," while Bishop Wilberforce expressed his joy at his having received "so just an acknowledg-

ment of his merits, and so much better a pedestal from which to enlighten many: I am proud to have you in my old Collegiate Church."

There was a strong battle in his heart between the pain of giving up Chester, and the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, a position which included among many advantages the blessing he had long craved for, of laying down his pen as a compulsory source of income, at once and for all, and devoting his remaining writing powers and strength to sermons alone. After accepting he writes to Mr Shepherd of Chester:

"The programme of your Society for the year makes me at once proud and envious For now I have to tell you that I have just accepted the vacant stall at Westminster, and shall, in a week or two, be Canon of Chester no more Had I been an old bachelor, I would never have left Chester. I look back longingly to Chester Shall we ever go up Hope Mountain, or the Halkin together again, with all those dear, courteous, sensible people? My eyes fill with tears when I think of it Give them all my love . . "

"You would have been both glad and sorry," writes a member of the Scientific Society to Mrs Kingsley, "if you had been at the cathedral last night, and could have seen the sorrowful little groups all discussing the news that we had heard before, but which I, for one, had steadfastly refused to believe, till the dear Canon's own letter yesterday took away our last little hope 'What will become of the Natural Science Society? Who will keep up our interest in it? What shall we do now, just as we wanted so much help with the Museum?' I heard one group of people saying 'Look what he has done for us socially! Who will ever be to us what *he* has been in that respect?' said others 'Well, we have had the honour of his presence among us—no one can take that from us—let us try and remember that' The Bishop says that the Canon's removal is the greatest blow that the diocese could possibly receive . All Chester mourns ."

The same note of love and loyalty is struck, in letters from men and women of all ranks, and to one who had been with him in all his struggles upward, from the days of the earnest unknown curate life, through years of distrust, suspicion, and reproach from men of all parties in the Church, to find the like tone taken by Churchmen, from the Primate downwards, seemed but a just recognition of his character and work.

Some of his friends hoped that this distinction might be a stepping-stone to a higher post, but Mr Kingsley replied.

"So far from looking on it as an earnest of future preferment, I acquiesce in it as all I want, and more than I deserve. What better fate than to spend one's old age under the shadow of that

Abbey, and close to the highest mental activities of England, with leisure to cultivate myself, and write, if I will, deliberately, but not for daily bread? A deanery or bishopric would never give me that power It cannot be better than it is; and most thankful to God am I for His goodness"

To him in his great humility the outburst of sympathy on all sides was simply a surprise: but to those who knew the history of his life it was a triumph, which while it wiped out many bitter passages in the past, was tempered, alas! by the fear that the ease of circumstances which it seemed to promise came too late to save the overstrained brain. The candle had already burnt down, and though light and flame still flared up, they flared as from the socket. His eldest son, who, to his parents' great joy, had just reached England, on his return from an engineering survey in Mexico, was so much struck with his father's broken appearance, that he urged him to take a sea voyage before entering on a position of fresh responsibility. This, however, though it was strongly recommended by medical advisers, he refused, on account of the failing state of his aged mother, then in her 86th year but after her death he yielded to the entreaties of his wife and son, who knew there could be no rest for him while within reach of the daily post in England, and decided to take a holiday, after his first residence in Westminster.

In April he preached a sermon in the Abbey for the Temperance Society, in which he pleaded for the opening of Public Galleries on Sunday afternoons; and after speaking of Sunday drinking and some of its preventible causes, and of how far behind the Greeks and Romans we are in that education and recreation for the masses which the higher orders in England derive from works of art and objects of beauty, he added.

"Recollect the—to me—disgraceful fact, that there is not, through the whole of London, a single portico or covered place, in which people can take refuge [on the Sabbath day] during a shower Where they do take refuge the publican knows but too well . In such a world as this, governed by a Being who has made sunshine and flowers, and green grass, and the song of birds, and happy human smiles, and who would educate by them His human children, from the cradle to the grave;—will you grudge any particle of that education, even any harmless substitute for it, to those spirits in prison, whose surroundings too often tempt them, from the cradle to the grave, to fancy that the world is composed of bricks and iron, and governed by inspectors and

policemen? . . . Preach to those spirits in prison—but let them have, besides, some glimpses of the splendid fact that outside their prison-house is a world which God, not man, has made; wherein grows that tree of knowledge, which is likewise the tree of life; and that they have a right to some such share of its beauty, and its wonder, and its rest, for their own health of body and soul, and for the health of their children after them."

His first Westminster residence was in September, and twice each Sunday he preached to vast congregations. He preferred the quiet autumn months, as his audience was then composed chiefly of men of the middle and lower class. Before leaving London he writes:

"If I find I can get the ear of that congregation, it will be a work to live for, for the rest of my life What more can a man want? And as for this house, it is most pleasant, and the beauty outside under this delicious gleamy weather, quite lifts my poor heart up a-while . I regret much that I am leaving just as I seemed to be getting hold of the people But I do not think I could have stood the intense excitement of the Sundays much longer"

His last sermon in 1873 in the Abbey was on "The Beatific Vision," and those who heard it were impressed by the deep solemnity of his words and manner as he, in prospect of leaving Europe, bade farewell to a congregation which he had already begun to love.

"And now, friends—almost all friends unknown—and, alas! never to be known by me—you who are to me as people floating down a river, while I, the preacher, stand upon the bank, and call, in hope that some of you may catch some word of mine, ere the great stream shall bear you out of sight—oh! catch, at least, catch this one word—the last which I shall speak here for many months, and which sums up all which I have been trying to say to you of late. Fix in your minds—or rather ask God to fix in your minds—this one idea of an absolutely good God; good with all forms of goodness which you respect and love in man; good as you, and I, and every honest man, understand the plain word good. Slowly you will acquire that grand and all-illuminating idea; slowly and most imperfectly at best: for who is mortal man that he should conceive and comprehend the goodness of the infinitely good God! But see, then, whether, in the light of that one idea, all the old-fashioned Christian ideas about the relation of God to man; whether Providence, Prayer, Inspiration, Revelation, the Incarnation, the Passion, and the final triumph of the Son of God—whether all these, I say, do not seem to you, not merely beautiful, not merely probable, but rational, and logical, and necessary

moral consequences from the one idea of an Absolute and Eternal Goodness, the Living Parent of the universe. And so I leave you to the grace of God." ("Westminster Sermons")

"When Charles Kingsley was first appointed to the stall in Westminster," says Dean Stanley, "there was a great sense of triumph that a famous name was enrolled in the number of our body. It was felt down to the humblest verger When he came to live amongst us, this feeling was deepened into a no less universal sentiment of grateful attachment Every one felt that in him they had gained a friend. Every one was delighted with him, because he was delighted with everything. Much as he loved Eversley—much as he loved Chester, which he was leaving—he enjoyed Westminster as if he had never had anything else to enjoy. 'It was,' he said, 'like coming suddenly into a large inheritance of unknown treasures' Short as was the time he spent here—but four months divided between the two years of his occupation of the Canonry—the impression which he left on the place was, by the very reason of the brief space in which it was accomplished, a stronger proof perhaps of his power of fascination than the spell which he threw over the spots which were associated with him for longer periods of his life I was myself absent during the larger portion of his residence, but I could judge of its effects from the glow which it left behind on every heart and face—the glow on the hills after the sun has just set"

Before embarking for America he wrote his last articles on Sanitary Science,* to which great cause and to his sermons he proposed to devote the remaining years of his life.

A few extracts of his letters to his wife will keep up the thread of his American journey, on which his daughter, who had been in America before, arranged all the details of his movements

"ON BOARD THE 'OCEANIC,' *January* 30, 1874.—"*The* blessed Psalms this morning! Weather bright and warm, like June. No wind or motion, and the Irish coast most lovely. . ."

STATEN ISLAND *February* 12—"I have, thank God, nothing to say but what is pleasant and hopeful. We got here yesterday afternoon, and I am now writing in a blazing, sunny, south window, in a luxurious little room, in a luxurious house, redolent of good tobacco and sweet walnut-wood smoke, looking out on a snow-covered lawn, and trees, which, like the people, are all English, *with a difference* I have met with none but pleasant, clever people as yet, afloat or ashore. As for health, this air, as poor Thackeray said of it, is like champagne Sea-air, and mountain-air combined, days already an hour longer than in England, and

* See "The Tree of Knowledge and Nausicaa in London" Social and Sanitary Lectures. (Macmillan)

a blazing hot sun and blue sky It is a glorious country, and I don't wonder at the people being proud of it. To-day we go into New York by steamer. I enclose a log and chart of the voyage which should interest and teach Grenville. I dine with the Lotus Club on Saturday night, and then start for Boston"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS · *February* 19, 1874.—"Here is a little haven of rest, where we arrived last night Longfellow came to dinner, and we dine with him to-night. Yesterday, in Boston, dear old Whittier called on me and we had a most loving and like-minded talk about the other world. He is an old saint This morning I have spent chiefly with Asa Gray and his plants, so that we are in good company.

"New York was a great rattle, dining, and speechifying, and being received, and so has Boston been, and the courtesy, and generosity, and compliments would really turn any one's head who was not as disgusted with himself as I always (thank God) am Salem was very interesting, being next to Plymouth, *the* Pilgrim Fathers' town. People most intelligent, gentle, and animated. New England is, in winter at least, the saddest country all brown grass, ice-polished rocks sticking up through the copses, cedar scrub, low, swampy shores; an iron land which only iron people could have settled in The people must have been heroes to make what they have of it. Now, under deep snow, it is dreadful. But the summer, they say, is semi-tropic, and that has kept them alive. And, indeed already, though it is hard frost under foot, the sun is bright, and hot, and high, for we are in the latitude of Naples! I cannot tell you a thousandth part of all I've seen, or of all the kindness we have received; and I feel better than I have felt for years; but Mr Longfellow and others warn me not to let this over-stimulating climate tempt me to over-work. One feels ready to do anything, and then suddenly very tired But I am at rest now. . . ."

In a letter to Mrs Kingsley, in 1876, Mr Whittier the poet beautifully recalls the visit mentioned above:

"I shall never forget my first meeting with him in Boston. I began, naturally enough, to speak of his literary work, when he somewhat abruptly turned the conversation upon the great themes of life and duty. The solemn questions of a future life, and the final destiny of the race, seemed pressing upon him, not so much for an answer (for he had solved them all by simple faith in the Divine Goodness), as for the sympathetic response of one whose views be believed to be, in a great degree, coincident with his own. 'I sometimes doubt and distrust myself,' he said, 'but I see some hope for everybody else. To me the Gospel of Christ seems indeed Good Tidings of great joy to all people; and I think we may safely trust the mercy which endureth *for ever*' It impressed me strongly to find the world-known author ignoring his literary fame, unobservant of the strange city whose streets he was treading for

the first time, and engaged only with 'thoughts that wander through eternity' All I saw of him left upon me the feeling that I was in contact with a profoundly earnest and reverent spirit His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare—physical, moral, and spiritual—of his race I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature He seemed to me one of the manliest of men In this country his memory is cherished by thousands, who, after long admiring the genius of the successful author, have learned, in his brief visit, to love him as a man. I forbear to speak of the high estimate which, in common with all English-speaking people, I place upon his literary life-work My copy of his 'Hypatia' is worn by frequent perusal, and the echoes of his rare and beautiful lyrics never die out of my memory But since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author With profound respect and sympathy,

"I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G WHITTIER"

* * * * * *

NEW YORK. *March* 1—"Nothing can exceed the courtesy and hospitality everywhere. . On Thursday we are off to Philadelphia, then Washington Here the streets are full of melting snow But it is infinitely healthy, and I am suddenly quite well. . I never want medicine or tonic, and very little stimulant But one cannot do as much here as at home. One can go faster for a while but one gets exhausted sooner. As for the people they are quite charming, and I long to see the New Englanders again when the humming birds and mocking birds get there and the country is less like *Greenland* I have been assisting Bishop Potter at an ordination but I will not preach, at least not yet"

At Philadelphia he gave a lecture on Westminster Abbey in the Opera House to an audience of nearly 4000—every seat being occupied, and the aisles and steps crowded with people, who stood the whole time.

"On Monday, the 9th, I was asked by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to open the Session of the House with prayer, and I simply repeated two collects from the English Prayer-book, mentioning, as is the custom, the President of the United States, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, and ended with the Lord's Prayer We are housed and feasted everywhere I do not tire the least,—sleep at night, and rise in the morning as fresh as a lark I have not been so well for *years*, and am in high spirits But I am homesick at times, and would give a finger to be one hour with you, and G., and M. I dream of you all every night Sumner's death is a great blow. He and I were introduced to each other in the Senate *an hour* before his attack He was

most cordial, and we had much talk about Gladstone, and the Argylls"

MONTREAL: *March* 28—"Here we are safe, in this magnificent city, in intense frost, snow, and sunshine, on what I hope is our dear Maurice's wedding-day, thank God. We ran through the wonderful tubular St Lawrence bridge, one-and-a-half mile long, by moonlight, and got here at 10 30 I have been just walking on the St Lawrence, where ocean steamers will be lying in two month's time. . . . Tell G there is a hill 400 feet high, mostly cliff, in front of my window now (the old Mont Royal of the first settlers), with a few pines 100 feet high on the top, and though they must be a mile off, they look as if you could touch them, the air is so clear. We came yesterday through grand scenery, though obscured by snow showers in the upper mountains, 5000 to 6000 feet high, but got such a crimson sunset behind the Adirondacks, across Lake Champlain, as made me long for you to see it with me. There, this is a disjointed letter. but I wanted you to know we were safe; and my heart is so full of you, and of all at home. . . ."

QUEBEC: *April* 1—"In a beautiful little old city, with tin roofs and spires, we in the citadel, on the top of a cliff like St Vincent's Rocks, with the blazing sun above and blazing snow below, and the St Lawrence, a mile wide of snowy ice, at our feet, with sledges crawling over it like flies. We have crossed the river in a tandem sledge and driven out to the Falls of Montmorency, which look two miles off, and are six or seven, and seem the most awful and beautiful thing I ever saw The Fall, 260 feet high, fringed with icicles 50 feet long, roaring into a horrible gulf of ice, under an exquisite white ice cone 100 feet high, formed of its own spray. I looked in silence One had no more right—when we went to the top and looked *into* the gulf—to talk there than in church Every one, as usual, is most kind Dear Col Strange is most charming To-morrow we start for Ottowa to stay with Lord and Lady Dufferin Tell G I have eaten *moose*, but the Indians have only killed one this winter, because the snow is so light, only two feet instead of six! that the moose can get away from them There was a plague of lynxes round the city last winter, who came to eat the cats, the hares being dead of distemper. and they killed seventeen close round; this year there are none We saw a wolf track, and I think moose, from the railway"

In speaking of this visit, Colonel Strange wrote:

"You allude to his pleasure in seeing the semi-frozen fall of Montmorency, with its boiling caldron and marvellous cone of frozen foam, and it will seem so like him when I tell you that, as he stood on a little platform over the abyss, I left him to commune with the Nature he loved so well. A little time afterwards he said, 'Thank you; *you understand me* I would as soon a fellow

talked and shouted to me in church as in that presence' He knows many things now, what unconsciously he taught me and others His kindly large-hearted presence seems to come sometimes in the silent night into my study in the old citadel, where I sit, and remember him pacing the little room with brave kind words to me, upon my dear mother's death He spoke then of his readiness to go to *his own place* '

* * * * * * *

WASHINGTON. *April* 9—"Here we are safe and sound, having run 500 miles in thirty hours to Baltimore, from the delightful Dufferins . The long journeys do not in the least tire me, so have no fears for me We have come out of intense winter into damp spring The birds (such beauties) are coming fast from the Bahamas and Floridas, the maples are in crimson clouds of little flowers, the flowers are coming out in the gardens I have seen two wasps like West India ones, an inch and a half long, and heard a tree-toad, and am warm once more. All goes well We are staying with Senator Potter, to-morrow a dinner-party with the President . Thank God for our English letters I cannot but hope that there is a time of rest and refreshing for us after I return . To me the absence of labour and anxiety is most healthy, and the rail itself is most pleasant idleness"

NIAGARA *April* 23—"Safe and well, thank God, in the most glorious air, filled with the soft thunder of this lovely phantom, for such, and not stupendous, it seems as yet to me I know it could and would destroy me pitilessly, like other lovely phantoms, but I do not feel awed by it After all, it is not a quarter of the size of an average thunderstorm, and the continuous roar, and steady flow, makes it less terrible than either a thunderstorm or a real Atlantic surf But I long for you to sit with me, and simply look on in silence whole days at the exquisite beauty of form and colour "

ST LOUIS *May* 4—"Safe and well, thank God, in the capital of the West, and across the huge rushing muddy ditch, the Mississippi—having come here over vast prairies, mostly tilled, fat, dreary, aguish, brutalizing land, but with a fine strong people in it, and here is a city of 170,000 souls growing rapidly It is all very wonderful, and like a dream Only I wish already that our heads were turned homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do However, I cannot but feel that I have gained much if only in the vast experience of new people and new facts I shall come home, I hope, a wider-hearted and wider-headed man, and have time, I trust, to read and think as I have not done for many years At least so runs my dream . Ah, that you were here."

* * * * * *

"In the train, 20 miles from Cheyenne, 12 30 on Ascension Day, 5500 feet above the sea. All well, and getting strong in the 4—5000 feet air—Prairies more wonderful than I thought—rolling

grey grass, dwarf cactus and yucca—antelope, prairie dog, buffalo skeletons—no birds—sadness as of a desert sea. Every one most kind, and a charming party Rothery and I botanize away at everything we can find; but the prairie is not in flower yet. I will write at length from Salt Lake city. I shall have much to tell you there Tell Grenville the prairie dogs are too funny"

May 16.—"After such a journey of luxury—through a thousand miles of desert, plain, and mountain, treeless, waterless almost, sage brush and alkali. Then canons and gorges, into this enormous green plain, with its great Salt Lake; and such a mountain ring, 300 to 400 miles in circumference! The loveliest scene I ever saw As I sit, the snow-peaks of the Wasatch tower above the opposite houses five miles off, while the heat is utterly tropical in the streets Yesterday we were running through great snow-drifts, at from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea (we are 5,000 here), and all along by our side the old trail, where every mile is fat with Mormon bones Sadness and astonishment overpower me at it all. The 'city' is thriving enough . . But, ah! what horrors this place has seen Thank God it is all breaking up fast. The tyrant is 70, and must soon go to his account, and what an awful one! I am deeply interested in the good bishop here, and his mission among the poor little children, whose parents are principally Cornish, Worcestershire, and South Welsh. . . . Meanwhile our kind hosts insist on our being their guests right through, and let us pay for nothing. It is an enormous help, for they control both railways and telegraphs, and do and go exactly as they like The flowers are exquisite, yellow ribes all over the cliffs, etc, and make one long to jump off the train every five minutes; while the geology makes me stand aghast; geologizing in England is child's play to this. R is quite well, and the life of everything, and I am all right, but don't like a *dry* air at 95°, with a sirocco Interrupted by a most interesting and painful talk with a man who has been United States Governor here. It is all very dreadful. Thank God we in England know what love and purity is I preach to-morrow evening, and the Bishop of Colorado in the morning

"Your own love,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

"On the 15th," says his daughter, "we left Omaha in the magnificent Pullman car which was our home for the next fortnight, with a party of eleven American and five English for our Californian journey. Mr Cyrus Field and Mr J. A C. Gray, of New York, organised the expedition. Our first halt was at Salt Lake City, where my father preached the evening sermon at the Episcopal Church, on May 17th, to such a crowded congregation that there was not standing room in the little building, and numbers had to go away. The steps outside, and even

the pavement, being crowded with listeners, among whom were many Mormons as well as 'Gentiles' Brigham Young sent to offer my father the tabernacle to lecture or preach in, but of this offer he of course took no notice whatever.

"On the 20th we went up to Virginia city, and spent the day among silver mines and stamp mills, and dust, and drought, my dear father finding, even in the out-of-the-way spot, a warm and hearty welcome from many We arrived at Sacramento on the 21st. My father was delighted at finding himself once more in almost tropical heat, and spent all the afternoon driving about the city, and revelling in the gorgeous sub-tropical flowers which hung over every garden fence . Next morning, the 22nd, before starting on our Yo Semite trip, Mr Cyrus Field sent off a telegram to the Dean of Westminster, to my mother, and various friends in England —'We are, with Canon Kingsley and his daughter and other friends, just entering Yo Semite Valley, all in excellent health and spirits. Mr Kingsley is to preach for us in Yo Semite on Sunday' We started at 6 A M in two open stages with five horses, and drove 54 miles that day through exquisite country, botanizing all the way to Skeltons, a ranch in the forest. On the 23rd we were all up betimes; my father, the earliest of all, came up with his hands full of new and beautiful flowers, after a chat with the guides, who had driven the mules and ponies in from their grazing ground, and were beginning to saddle them for our day's ride. At 6 we started, and my father said he felt a boy again, and thoroughly enjoyed the long day in the saddle, which many of our friends found so tiring. We had to climb two mountains, ride along precipices, and ford four rivers in flood in 29 miles But rough as the ride was, it surpassed in beauty anything we had ever seen before, as we followed the windings of the Merced river between pine-clad mountains, still white with snow. On Whit-Sunday, my father gave a service, and preached a short sermon on verses 10-14, 16-18 of the 104th Psalm, the Psalm for the day.* We spent the 25th in riding all over the

* In Westminster Abbey, on Whit-Sunday, the Dean preached on Psalm civ. 2, 14, 15, 24 "On this very day," he says, "(so I learnt yesterday by that electric flash which unites the old and new worlds together), a gifted member of this Collegiate Church, whose discourses on this and like Psalms have riveted the attention of vast congregations in this Abbey, and who is able to combine the religious and scientific aspects of Nature better than any man living—on this very day, and perhaps at this very hour, is preaching in the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, where the glories of Nature are revealed on the most gigantic scale

Valley, and on Tuesday, 26th, we rode 24 miles to Clark's Ranch, near the Mariposa Grove. It was bitterly cold, for the snow had not melted on some of the high passes, which were 7,000 feet above the sea; but we found blazing fires and a good supper, and rode out the next day to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoias (Wellingtonias). My father and I agreed to see the first one together, and riding on ahead of our party a little, we suddenly came upon its huge cinnamon-red stem standing up pillar-like, with its head of delicate green foliage among the black sugar pines and Douglas spruce, and I shall never forget the emotion with which he gazed silently—and as he said 'awe struck'—on this glorious work of God."

During the last few days of his stay in San Francisco he caught a severe cold, which, turning to pleurisy, the doctors ordered him to leave the city as quickly as possible, and after reaching Denver he went south to Colorado Springs, by the narrow gauge railway, which his son had helped to build four years before. Here Dr and Mrs Bell helped his daughter to nurse him with the most devoted care in their English home at the foot of Pike's Peak, and when he was equal to the move took him up to a mountain ranch for change. His chief amusement during these weeks of illness was botany, and though he was not able to get many specimens himself, he took a keen delight in naming those brought in to him every day. On Sunday, the 5th July, he had recovered enough to be able to read a short service in the large dining-room of the Ranch, a service to which he often reverted with pleasure and emotion. On July 12th he preached in the Episcopal Church at Colorado Springs just opened. The church was crowded, many young Englishmen riding in twenty miles or more from distant ranches to hear him. He gave a lecture also in Colorado Springs for the

—in that wonderful Californian Valley, to whose trees, the cedars of Lebanon are but as the hyssop that groweth out of the wall—where water and forest and sky conjoin to make up, if anywhere on this globe, an earthly paradise Let me, from this pulpit, faintly echo the enthusiasm which I doubt not inspires his burning words. Let us feel that in this splendid Psalm and this splendid festival, the old and the new, the east and the west, are indeed united in one"

On Whit-Tuesday, Mrs Kingsley received the following telegraphic message from Mr Cyrus Field. "Yo Semite Valley, California, May 24th. We arrived here safely Saturday evening, all delighted with the magnificent scenery. Canon Kingsley preached in the Valley this Sunday afternoon We leave here Tuesday for the Big Trees Arrive in San Francisco, Friday"

benefit of the church to a large audience. The place was very dear to him from the fact of his eldest son having been one of the first pioneers there. Meanwhile he desired that his illness might be carefully concealed from his wife:

[TO HIS WIFE] *May* 31—"Safe at San Francisco after such adventures and such wonders in the Yo Semite and the Big Trees, and found the dear English letters waiting for us . . Tell Grenville I will write to him all about the sea lions, which I saw this morning. All is more beautiful and wonderful than I expected—and oh! the flowers"

June 9—"We start east to-morrow, thank God, and run the Sierras and the desert back again, and beautiful as California is (I think it destined to be the finest country in the world), I want to be nearer and nearer home I have got cones from the big trees with seeds in them for Lord Eversley and Sir Charles Bunbury, and we have collected heaps of most exquisite plants. The letters are delectable Tell all the servants that I wish heartily I was through and safe home again, for there is no place like England"

MANITOU *June* 18—"We are here in perfect peace at last, after the running and raging of the last three weeks, and safe back over those horrid deserts, in a lovely glen with red rocks, running and tinkling burn, whispering cotton woods, and all that is delicious, with Pike's Peak and his snow seemingly in the back garden, but 8000 feet over our heads . . . The heat is tremendous, but not unwholesome God's goodness since I have been out no tongue can tell . Please God, I shall get safe home and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace "

June 29—"A delightful party has clustered here, and we all go up to Bergun's Park to-morrow for a few days to get *cool*, for the heat here is tropic and we cannot move by day That has given me rest though, and a time for reading. God has been so gracious that I cannot think that He means to send my grey hairs down in sorrow to the grave, but will perhaps give me time to reconsider myself and sit quietly with you, preaching and working, and writing no more. Oh! how I pray for that! Tell the Dean I have been thinking much of him as I read Arnold's life and letters Ah, happy and noble man—happy life, and happy death! But I must live, please God, a little longer for all your sakes . "

BERGUN'S PARK. *July* 2—"Oh, my love, your birthday letter was such a comfort to me, for I am very home-sick, and counting the days till I can get back to you Ah, few and evil would have been the days of my pilgrimage had I not met you, and now I do look forward to something like a peaceful old age with you . . Flowers most lovely and wonderful Plenty of the dear common harebell, and several Scotch and English plants, mixed with the strangest forms We are, or, rather, Rose is, making a splendid

collection . . . M.'s letters make me very happy. Yes; I have much to thank God for, and will try and show my thankfulness by deeds . . ."

GLEN EYRIE · *July* 11—"Thank God our time draws nigh. I preach at Colorado Springs to-morrow, and lecture for the church on Wednesday; Denver Friday, and then right away to New York, and embark on the 25th . . . This is a wonderful spot; such crags, pillars, caves—red and grey—a perfect thing in a stage scene; and the flora, such a jumble—cactus, yucca, poison sumach, and lovely strange flowers, mixed with Douglas's and Menzies' pine, and *eatable* pinon, and those again with our own harebells and roses, and all sorts of English flowers. Tell Grenville I have seen no rattlesnakes; but they killed twenty-five here a year or two ago. Tell him that there are butterflies here just like our English, and a locust which, when he opens his wings, is exactly like a white admiral butterfly, and with them enormous tropic butterflies, all colours, and as big as bats We are trying to get a horned toad to bring home alive. There is a cave opposite my window which must have been full of bears once, and a real eagle's nest close by, full of real young eagles It is as big as a cartload of bavins. I will write again before we start over the plains. Oh! happy day!"

GLEN EYRIE · *July* 14.—"I cannot believe that I shall see you within twenty-one days, and never longed so for home I count the hours till I can cross the Great Valley, on this side of which God has been so good to me. But oh! for the first rise of the eastern hills to make me sure that the Mississippi is not still between me and beloved Eversley. I am so glad you like Westminster. Yes! we shall rest our weary bones there for awhile before kind death comes, and, perhaps, see our grandchildren round us Ah! please God, *that!* I look forward to a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene which will last me my whole life, and has taught me many things. . . . Give my love to William Harrison. I long to hear him preach in the Abbey, and to preach there myself likewise. . ."

On July 25 he embarked for England, and was apparently so far recovered that he was the life and soul of all on board; but the beginning of the end had come.

During his severe illness in Colorado he composed these lines; the last he ever wrote

I.

"'Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me
Barum, Barum, &c'

2.

"'She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Barum, Barum, &c
'I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?'

3

"'Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the race for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me'

4

"'That husbands could be cruel,' said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three,
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!'

5

"She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be,
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree."

CHAPTER XXVIII

1874—5

Aged 55

Return from America—Work at Eversley—Illness at Westminster—New anxiety—Last Sermons in the Abbey—Leaves the Cloisters for ever—Last return to Eversley—The Valley of the Shadow of Death—Illness and departure—Rest at last—Answered prayers—His Burial—Funeral sermons—Letters of sympathy—The true and perfect Knight—The Victory of Life over Death

"Death, beautiful, wise, kind Death, when will you come and tell me what I want to know?" C. K

"Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life, we came; through selfish stormy youth, and contrite tears—just not too late; through manhood not altogether useless, through slow and chill old age, we return whence we came, to the Bosom of God once more—to go forth again with fresh knowledge and fresh powers, to nobler work. Amen"
C. K.

It was sultry August weather when he returned to Eversley and in his great joy at being at home again, before he had regained his full strength, he plunged too eagerly into work

and Sunday services. There was much sickness in the parish; and he was out among his poor people twice and three times a day in the burning sun and dry easterly wind. When he went up to Westminster in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver came on, which alarmed his friends, and shook him terribly. From that time he was unable to preach more than once a week during his autumn residence; but, though altered and emaciated, he seemed recovering strength, when the dangerous illness of his wife cast a shadow over his home, touching him in his tenderest point, and filling him with fears for the future. When all immediate danger was over, he was persuaded to leave her and take a few days' change of air and scene, at Lord John Thynne's, in Bedfordshire, from whence he returned invigorated for his November work, in the Abbey. The congregations were enormous—the sermons powerful as ever, though their preparation was an increasing labour: but the change in his appearance was observed by many. "I went back," said one, "from the Abbey service, sad at the remembrance of the bent back and shrunken figure, and grieved to see one who had carried himself so nobly, broken down by illness"

His All Saints' Day sermon will never be forgotten by those who heard it It sounded like a note of preparation for the life of eternal blessedness in the vision of God upon which he himself was so soon to enter, revealing his own yearning after that blessedness, while glancing back to the darker passages and bitter struggles of his own inner life and warfare with evil. In it he speaks of the mystery of evil, of the soul puzzled, crushed, and "sickened by the thought of the sins of the unholy many—sickened, alas! by the imperfections of the holiest few."

"And have you never cried in your hearts with longing, almost with impatience, 'Surely, surely, there is an ideal Holy One somewhere—or else, how could have arisen in my mind the conception, however faint, of an ideal holiness? But where, oh where? Not in the world around strewn with unholiness. Not in myself, unholy too, without and within—and calling myself sometimes the very worst company of all the bad company I meet, because that company is the only company from which I cannot escape. Oh! is there a Holy One, whom I may contemplate with utter delight? and if so, where is He? Oh that I might behold, if but for a moment, His perfect beauty, even though, as in the fable of Semele of old, the lightning of His glance were death' . "

"And then, oh, then—has there not come to such a one—I

know that it has come—that for which his spirit was athirst—the very breath of pure air, the very gleam of pure light, the very strain of pure music—for it is the very music of the spheres—in those same words, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come;' and he has answered with a flush of keenest joy—'Yes, whatever else is unholy, there is a Holy One—spotless and undefiled, serene and self-contained Whatever else I cannot trust, there is One whom I can trust utterly. Whatever else I am dissatisfied with, there is One whom I can contemplate with utter satisfaction, and bathe my stained soul in that eternal fount of purity. And who is He? Who, save the Cause and Maker, and Ruler of all things, past, present, and to come? Ah, gospel of all gospels—that God Himself, the Almighty God, is the eternal realization of all that I and all mankind, in our purest and our noblest moments, have ever dreamed concerning the true, the beautiful, and the good' . . . Whosoever has entered, though but for a moment, however faintly, partially, stupidly, into that thought of thoughts, has entered in so far into the communion of the elect, and has had his share in the Everlasting All Saints' Day which is in heaven " *

He little thought when preaching that in less than three months' time he too should himself be entering the Holy of Holies.

On November 22nd, acknowledging a book from Chester·

"My young friend," he says, "you see the broad truth, and you have put it in very manly words. . . . Only—don't lose hold of that belief in the old faith, which is more precious to my *reason*, as well as to my moral sense, the older I grow, and have to do with sorrows and difficulties which you, in your youth and strength, do not know yet—and God grant you never may know. Be true to your own manly words . and in due time God will pay you all, for He is very just and very merciful. Give my love to all the dear Chester people."

To this "old faith" he clung more and more; and a friend about this time with whom he was speaking of the deep things of God, said she could never forget his look and voice, as folding his arms he bowed his head and said, "I cannot—cannot *live* without the Man Christ Jesus"

On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached his last sermon in Westminster, with intense fervour. It was the winding-up of his year's work in the Abbey: but neither he nor those who hung upon his words thought that it was the

* See "All Saint's Day and other Sermons." (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

winding-up of his public ministrations and the last time he would enter the pulpit. The text was Luke xix. 41, Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A great storm was raging over London that afternoon, and the gale seemed almost to shake the Abbey, which made the service to one who was keenly sensitive, as he was, to all changes of weather, especially those which would affect the fate of ships at sea, most exciting. He sketched the leading features of his past teaching in the Abbey—dwelling on the Kingship and Divine Government of Christ over races, nations, individuals—His infinite rigour and yet infinite tenderness of pity—the divine humanity which possessed Him as He wept over the doomed city, and cried out, "How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." He closed with these words:

"And what is true of nations and of institutions—is it not true of individuals, of each separate human brother of the Son of Man? . Ah—and is there a young life ruined by its own folly—a young heart broken by its own wilfulness—an elder man or woman too, who is fast losing the finer instincts, the nobler aims of youth, in the restlessness of covetousness, of fashion, of ambition? Is there one such poor soul over whom Christ does not grieve? to whom, at some supreme crisis of their lives, He does not whisper—'Ah, beautiful organism—thou, too, art a thought of God—thou, too, if thou wert but in harmony with thyself and God, a microcosmic *City of God!* Ah! that thou hadst known—even thou—at least in this thy day—the things which belong to thy peace?' Shall I go on? shall I add to the words of doom? 'But now they are hid from thine eyes' Thou hast gambled with thine own destiny too long. Thou hast fixed thy habits. Thou hast formed thy character. It is too late to mend Thou art left henceforth to the perpetual unrest which thou hast chosen—to thine own lusts and passions; and the angels of peace depart from thy doomed heart, as they did in the old legend, from the doomed Temple of Jerusalem—sighing—'Let us go hence' Shall *I* say that? God forbid—it is not for *me* to finish the sentence—or to pronounce the doom of any soul. But it is for me to say—as I say now to each of you—Oh that you each may know the time of your visitation—and may listen to the voice of Christ, *whenever* and *however* He may whisper to you, 'Come unto Me, thou weary and heavy-laden heart, and I will give thee *Rest*' He may come to you in many ways. In ways in which the world would never recognise Him—in which perhaps neither you nor I shall recognise *Him*; but it will be enough, I hope, if we but hear His message, and obey His gracious inspiration, let Him speak through whatever means He will He may come to us, by some crisis in our life, either for sorrow or for bliss. He may

come to us by a great failure—by a great disappointment—to teach the wilful and ambitious soul, that not in *that* direction lies the path of peace. He may come in some unexpected happiness to teach that same soul that He is able and willing to give abundantly beyond all that we can ask or think He may come to us, when our thoughts are cleaving to the ground, and ready to grow earthy of the earth—through noble poetry, noble music, noble art —through aught which awakens once more in us the instinct of the true, the beautiful, and the good He may come to us when our souls are restless and weary, through the repose of Nature—the repose of the lonely snow-peak, and of the sleeping forest, of the clouds of sunset and of the summer sea, and whisper Peace Or He may come, as He may come this very night to many a gallant soul—not in the repose of Nature, but in her rage—in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge—and whisper to them even so—as the sea swallows all of them which *it* can take—of calm beyond which this world cannot give and cannot take away He may come to us, when we are fierce and prejudiced, with that still small voice—so sweet and yet so keen 'Understand those who misunderstand thee. Be fair to those who are unfair to thee Be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldst like to hate Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven' He comes to us surely, when we are selfish and luxurious, in every sufferer who needs our help, and says, 'If you do good to one of these My brethren, you do it unto Me' But most surely does Christ come to us, and often most happily, and most clearly does He speak to us—in the face of a little child, fresh out of heaven Ah, let us take heed that we despise not one of these little ones, lest we despise our Lord Himself For as often as we enter into communion with little children, so often does Christ come to us · So often, as in Judæa of old, does He take a little child and set it in the midst of us, that from its simplicity, docility, and trust—the restless, the mutinous, and the ambitious may learn the things which belong to their peace—so often does He say to us, 'Except ye be changed and become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart · and ye shall find rest unto your souls'

"AND THEREFORE LET US SAY, IN UTTER FAITH, 'COME AS THOU SEEST BEST—BUT IN WHATSOEVER WAY THOU COMEST—EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS'"

As soon as the Abbey service was over, he came home much exhausted, and went straight up to his wife's room "And now my work here is done, thank God! and . I finished with your favourite text."

The next day he dined at the Deanery, before attending Dr Caird's lecture at the special evening service in the Abbey.

The air was damp, and coming out into the cold Cloister he got a chill. He made light of it, however, for he could think of nothing but the happiness of returning with his wife to Eversley for Christmas and the quiet winter's work; and on the 3rd of December, full of hope and thankfulness, he left the Cloisters for ever, and took her with tenderest care to Eversley. But his happiness was shortlived; the journey was too exhausting, and that night the Angel of Death for the first time for thirty-one years seemed hovering over the little rectory. Still he would not believe the threatened danger, till he was told that the case was hopeless; and then—"My own death-warrant was signed," he said, "with those words." He had been engaged by the Queen's command to go to Windsor Castle the following Saturday for two days. Telegrams were sent there, and to his absent children.

And now, in face of a supreme sorrow, he gathered himself up with a noble self-repression to give comfort where it was needed. His ministrations in the sick room showed the intensity of his own faith, as he strengthened the weak, encouraged the fearful, and in the light of the Cross of Christ and the love of God, spoke of eternal reunion and the indestructibility of a perfect marriage which neither Time or Death can sever for a moment. When asked if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul, who had been encompassed with such protecting love as his, to tremble on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone—to shrink from leaving husband, children—the love that had made life blessed and real and full for so many years—and to go alône into the unknown? "Cowardly!" he said, "don't you think I would rather some one put a pistol to my head than lie on that bed there waiting? *But,*—" he added, "it is not darkness you are going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there" And when the dreary interval before re-union was mentioned, he dwelt on the possibility of all consciousness of Time being so destroyed that what would be long years to the survivor might be only a moment to the separated soul that had passed over the River of Death. And so, with words of strong consolation and hope, with daily prayer, and readings from the Psalms and the Gospel and Epistles of St John he preached peace and forgiveness till all was calm, and dwelling on the borderland together for weeks of deep communion, every chapter of the past was

gone over once more, and "life was all re-touched again,"—favourite poetry was read for the last time, Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," Milton's Ode to "Time" again and again, and passages from Shakespeare. Once more he administered the Holy Communion to his wife, children, and servants; and again, before he himself lay down to die, he received it with them from the hands of Mr Harrison. But though his own iron will, in utter submission to the Will of God, enabled him to keep outwardly calm in the sick room, and even to speak of the lonely years which he feared were before him, of the grave where, he said, he would allow no one but himself to do the last office, where he would place the three Latin words in which the life of his life, past, present, and future, are gathered up,—the charm of this world for him was over, and as he truly said, his "heart was broken." Though ill himself, he was reckless of his own state, careless of cold and snow; and soon his cough became bronchitic. On the 28th of December he took to his bed, and pneumonia, with its terrible symptoms, came on rapidly. The weather was bitter, and though he had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it; yet one day he leaped out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven, don't speak;" but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say no more, and they never met again. When told that another such effort might be fatal to both, he replied, "Well, we have said all to each other, we have made up our accounts. It is all right, all *as it should be*" He promised his wife to "fight for life" for his children's sake, and for a time he did so; but the enemy, or, as he would have said himself, "kindly Death," was too strong for him, and in a few weeks the battle was over and he was at rest. For some days a correspondence was kept up in pencil, and on December 30 he wrote of this "terrible trial," the fiery trial of separation, to both so bitter at such a moment "But," he adds, "I am somewhat past fretting—almost past feeling . . . I know it *must* be right, because it is so strange and painful." Again, on New Year's Eve, "I am much better in all ways. Thank God for the gleam of sun and the frost on the window-pane . . ." And again, in the last letter he ever wrote, on January 3d. "Ah, what a good omen for the coming year—this lovely Sunday morning.

May it mean light and peace and blessing in both worlds for us all. . . ." But soon, to use his own words, the letters became "too painful, too tantalising" for both, and they ceased

He was now kept constantly under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep off hæmorrhage, and his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California. These scenes he would describe night after night to the trained nurse from Westminster Hospital who sat up with him; and he would tell her, too, of the travels of his eldest son in America, of whom he continually spoke with love and pride, and to whose success in life he so eagerly looked. For his own sake he had no wish to recover; but he watched his own symptoms scientifically as a spectator might have done, saying that his physical and mental experiences were so singular that if he got well he would write a book about them. He described some of them brilliantly to a London physician who said he had never seen a more splendid fight for life.

He spoke but little latterly, and the fear of rousing him to the sense of his great loneliness made those around him avoid telling him anything exciting; but one morning before his condition became hopeless, two letters, enclosing some drawings to amuse him, came from the young Princes at Sandringham, who loved him well and were sorry for his illness and his grief, and his doctor said they might be shown him. They touched him deeply. His messages in answer were among the last he sent. On Sunday, the 17th, he sat up for a few moments, where from the bedroom window which looked into the churchyard he could see his people go into church, and he spoke of their "goodness" to him and how he loved them. He would reiterate the words, "It is all right." "All *under rule*" One morning early he asked the nurse, if it was light, to open the shutters, for he loved light. It was still dark. "Ah! well," he said, "the light is good and the darkness is good—it is all good" Since his boyhood he had never till now been confined to his bed for more than a day, and from sleeping so much he became unconscious of the lapse of time. "How long have I been in bed?" he asked one day, and on being told three weeks, he said, "It does not seem three days. Does F. know how ill I have been? Ah, I live in fairyland, or I should go mad!"

On the 20th of January the Prince of Wales, whose regard

and affection for fourteen years had never failed, requested Sir William Gull to go down to Eversley. Dr Gull still thought recovery possible; but that evening hæmorrhage returned—the end seemed near; and then the full truth—and not a painful one—burst upon him. "Heynes," he said, to the medical friend who was with him day and night, "I am hit; this last shot has told. Did F. tell you about the funeral? We settled it all." And then he went over every detail that had been agreed upon a few weeks before in view of the sorrow which God so mercifully spared him, even to the names of the bearers selected by his wife (labouring men endeared by old parish memories), adding, "Let there be no paraphernalia, no hatbands, no carriages . . ." He was calm and content. He had no need to put his mind into a fresh attitude, for his life had long been "hid with Christ in God" Many years before, in speaking of a friend who rejected Christianity, he had said, "The more I see of him, the more I learn to love the true doctrines of the Gospel, because I see more and more that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God, our Saviour, can the cleverest, as well as the simplest, find the peace of God which passes understanding" In this faith he had lived, and as he had lived, so he died—humble, confident, unbewildered. That night he was heard murmuring, "No more fighting—no more fighting;" and then followed intense, earnest prayers, uttered in a low voice, as was his habit when alone—too sacred for any listener Yes, his warfare was accomplished; he had fought the good fight, and never grounded his arms till God took them mercifully out of his brave hands and gave him rest

It was on one of his last nights on earth, when conscious of no earthly presence, true to his own words written years before, "Self should be forgotten most of all in the hour of death," his daughter heard him exclaim, "How beautiful God is!" For the last two days before he departed he asked no questions, and sent no messages to his wife, thinking she was gone, and that at last the dream of his life was fulfilled of their dying together; and under this impression, probably, when the faithful family nurse left his wife for a moment to come to her dying master, he said, "Ah, dear nurse, *and I, too,* am come to an end, it is all right—all as it *should be,*" and closed his eyes again From his bed he had looked out over the beloved glebe once more. The snow, which had been deep for weeks, had cleared a little, the grass of the pasture was

green, and he said, "Tell Grenville (his youngest son, who had just left him after helping to arrange his bed) I am looking at the most beautiful scene I ever saw," adding some words of love and approval of his boy that were scarcely audible.

On the morning of January 23, at five o'clock, just after his eldest daughter, who, with his medical man and Mr Harrison, had sat up all night, had left him, and he thought himself alone, he was heard by the hospital nurse in a clear voice repeating the words of the burial service:

"Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee"

He turned on his side after this, and never spoke again; and before midday, without sigh or struggle, breathed his last breath, so gently that his daughter and the family nurse, who were watching him, could scarcely tell that all was over. Twenty years before, and often since, he had thus expressed his longing for that moment: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." And now the great secret that he had craved to know was revealed to him, and he was satisfied.

"Never shall I forget," said Max Muller, "the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley, features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death As one looked on that marble statue which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young Curate and the 'Saint's Tragedy,' the Chartist parson and 'Alton Locke,' the happy poet and the 'Sands of Dee,' the brilliant novel-writer and 'Hypatia' and 'Westward Ho!', the Rector of Eversley and his 'Village Sermons;' the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy Canon at Chester, the powerful preacher at Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk streams, and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of

Nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling, too, over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town alleys, preaching the gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young wild men believed in him, and obeyed him too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy! All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked at him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon, had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age. Of all this the world knew little; yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies"*

"As he lay," said Dean Stanley, "the other day, cold in death, like the stone effigy of an ancient warrior, the 'fitful fever' of life gone, the strength of immortality left, resting as if after the toil of a hundred battles, this was himself idealized From those mute lips there seemed to issue once more the living words with which he spoke ten years ago, before one who honoured him with an unswerving faithfulness to the end. 'Some say,' thus he spoke in the chapel of Windsor Castle,† 'some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or a woman left to say, I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt. The age of chivalry is never past so long as we have faith enough to say, God will help me to redress that wrong, or if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal will is to overcome evil with good.' . "

On the afternoon of his departure a telegram was sent to Chester, where the daily bulletins had been watched for so eagerly. "Canon Kingsley peacefully expired," and on the Sunday morning the tolling of the Cathedral bell, and the omission of his name in the daily prayers for the sick, confirmed the worst fears of many loving hearts. For many weeks the prayers of the congregation had been asked for "Charles and Fanny Kingsley." Not only in Chester Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, but in churches and Nonconformist chapels—at prayer-meetings, too, in London, Sheffield, and elsewhere, his life was prayed for, and God in His great mercy had answered all by giving him immortal life.

As soon as the news reached Westminster, a telegram from

* Preface to "The Roman and the Teuton." (Macmillan.)
† "Water of Life and other Sermons." (Macmillan.)

Dean Stanley brought these words to his children: "Bear up under the blow. You will perhaps choose Eversley, but the Abbey is open to the Canon and the Poet." The telegram was followed by this letter.

"DEANERY, WESTMINSTER: *January* 24, 1875.—I cannot let the day pass without a word in addition to the brief telegram I sent last night. It seems but a few years, though it is many, since I first saw your dear father at Oxford, and again still fewer, though that is also long ago, since I for the first time was at Eversley—and our meetings have been but few and far between—but I always felt that he was a faithful friend, and a brave champion for much and many that I loved; and when he was transplanted among us, my dear wife and I both looked forward to the multiplication of these meetings—to long years of labour together. God has ordered it otherwise. He had done his work. He had earned his rest. You had seen all that was highest and best in him. The short stay amongst us here had given him a new life, and had endeared him to a new world. He has gone in the fulness of his strength, like one of his own tropical suns—no twilight, no fading. Be of good heart, for you have much for which to be thankful. I ventured to say something about the place of burial. It is far the most probable (from what I have heard that he had said) that Eversley will have been the place chosen by him and by you—most natural that it should be so. Had his days ended here, then I should have pressed that the right which we have acquired in him should have the chief claim, and you know that should the other not be paramount, here we should be too glad to lay him, not by that official right which I try to discourage, but by the natural inheritance of genius and character. Any way, let me know the day and hour of the funeral. If none nearer or more suitable should be thought of, I, as the chief of his last earthly sphere, would ask to render the last honours."

There was no hesitation with those who knew his wishes; and at Eversley he was buried on the 28th of January. No one was invited to attend, but early in the day the churchyard was full. There had been deep snow and bitter cold for many weeks. But the day was kindly, soft, and mild, with now and then gleams of sunshine; and at two o'clock in the afternoon the coffin, covered with flowers, was met at the garden-gate by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Westminster; his oldest friend, Mr Powles; his two last curates, with Sir William Cope, his Squire and churchwarden—and was laid before the altar in the church, where for thirty-two years he had ministered so faithfully. He was carried to the grave by villagers who had known, loved, and trusted him for years. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, Americans and

English, working-men and gipsies, met at that grave, every profession, every rank, every school of thought was represented there Soldiers* and sailors were there, among them three Victoria cross officers, men whom he had loved and who honoured him. The Master of Foxhounds, with the huntsman and the whip, were there also; and from his beloved Chester came the Dean and a deputation from the Natural Science Society he had founded. "I have been at many State funerals," said a naval officer who was present, "but never did I see such a sight as Charles Kingsley's"

"Who," says Max Muller, "can forget that funeral on the 28th of January 1875, and the large and sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call him their 'Patrico-rai' (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the labourers, young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies,† officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey, there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighbourhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink; for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling All that he had loved and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own gravel bed, the old trees, which he had planted and cared for, waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal man All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own. Charles Kingsley will be missed in England, in the English colonies, in America, where he spent his last happy year—aye, wherever Saxon speech and Saxon thought is understood He will be mourned for, yearned for, in every place in which he passed some days of his busy life As to myself, I feel as if another cable had snapped that tied me to this hospitable shore. . ."

Such was the scene at Eversley, while at Chester and at Westminster the cathedral bell tolled for the well-beloved Canon, whom they should see no more.

* * * * * * *

The Sunday following his funeral, sermons on his life and

* Gen Sir William Codrington; Col Sir Charles Russell, V.C., Col Alfred Jones, V.C, Col. Evelyn Wood, V.C, &c

† Sir Arthur Gordon, Col. Sir Thomas Gore Browne

death were numerous, by Churchmen and Nonconformists, both in London, Chester, and elsewhere—by Dean Stanley in London, Dean Howson at Chester—while his own pulpit at Eversley Church was occupied by Sir William Cope in the morning, and by his last attached curate the afternoon. At Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley spoke of that—

"One brilliant light which shone in our dim atmosphere, and has been suddenly extinguished, and which cannot be allowed thus to pass away without asking ourselves what we have gained by its brief presence amongst us—what we have lost by its disappearance. Others have spoken and will long speak on both sides of the Atlantic of the gifted poet whose dust might well have mingled with the dust of his brother poets in these walls Others will speak, in nearer circles, of the close affection which bound the pastor to his flock, and the friend to his friend, and the father to his children, and the husband to the wife, in that romantic home which is now for ever identified with his name, and beside which he rests, beneath the yews which he planted with his own hands, and the great fir-trees that fold their protecting arms above But that alone which is fitting to urge from this place is the moral and religious significance of the remarkable career which has left a spot void, as if where a rare plant has grown, which no art can reproduce, but of which the peculiar fragrance still lingers with those who have ever come within its reach To the vast congregations which hung upon his lips in this church—to the wide world which looked eagerly for the utterances that no more will come from that burning spirit—to the loving friends who mourn for the extinction of a heart of fire, for the sudden relaxation of the grasp of a hand of iron—I would fain recall some of those higher strains which amid manifold imperfections, acknowledged by none more freely than himself, placed him unquestionably amongst the conspicuous teachers of his age, and gave to his voice the power of reaching souls to which other preachers and teachers addressed themselves in vain It has seemed to me that there were three main lessons of his character and career which may be summed up in the three parts of the apostolic farewell—'Watch ye · quit you like men and be strong stand fast in the faith.' . ."

After a masterly enumeration of his books, and the principle which was the keynote to each, the Dean adds

"And this leads me to that clause in the apostle's warning, which I have kept for last, 'Stand fast in the faith' I have hitherto spoken of our lost friend in his natural God-given genius, not in his professional or pastoral functions He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the

guise or disguise, and sometimes hardly in the guise, of a clergyman—fishing with the fisherman, hunting with the huntsman, able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier, an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman —that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial, layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of man. He was sent by Providence, as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles,'—far off, not to other lands, or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, to 'fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thought, and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response for himself, because he gave a response to them Witness the unknown friends that from far or near sought the wise guidance of the unknown counsellor, who declared to them the unknown God after whom they were seeking if haply they might find Him Witness the tears of the rough peasants of Hampshire, as they crowded round the open grave, to look for the last time on the friend of thirty years, with whom were mingled the hunter in his red coat and the wild gipsy wanderers, mourning for the face that they should no more see in forest or on heath. Witness the grief which fills the old cathedral town of the native county of his ancestors, beside the sands of his own Dee, for the recollection of the energy with which he gathered the youth of Chester round him for teachings of science and religion Witness the grief which has overcast this venerable church, which in two short years he had made his own, and in which all felt that he had found a place worthy of himself, and that in him the place had found an occupant worthy to fill it In these days of rebuke and faintheartedness, when so many gifted spirits shrink from embarking on one of the noblest, because the most sacred of all professions, it ought to be an encouragement to be reminded that this fierce poet and masculine reformer deemed his energies not misspent in the high yet humble vocation of an English clergyman —that, however much at times suspected, avoided, rebuffed, he yet, like others who have gone before him, at last won from his brethren the willing tribute of honour and love, which once had been sturdily refused or grudgingly granted. Scholar, poet, novelist, he yet felt himself to be, with all and before all, a spiritual teacher and guide . Amidst all the wavering inconstancy of our time, he called upon the men of his generation with a steadfastness and assured conviction that of itself steadied and reassured the minds of those for whom he spoke, 'to stand fast in the faith' ."

Telegrams and letters, full of reverent love for him and of sympathy for those whom he had left—many of which will be heirlooms to his children, too private, too sacred, to meet the

public eye,—all poured in from the highest to the lowest in the land, and from many in other lands, where his words had brought light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, hope in despair —from the heart of Africa, from India, from Australia, as well as from America, where thousands had loved him before they had seen him face to face so recently

Never had mourners over an unspeakable loss more exultant consolation, lifting them above their own selfish sorrow, to the thought of what they *had* possessed in him, and that if misunderstood by many in his lifetime, he was honoured by all in his death—that among men of all parties, there was the unanimous feeling that the great presence which had passed away had left a blank which no other could exactly fill But to those who knew what the life of his spirit had been, and how his soul had been athirst for God, there was higher consolation still, in the thought that that thirst was slaked—that his own prayer offered up years ago in the pulpit of Eversley church before Holy Communion, was answered,—when, after speaking of the "intolerable burden of sin," he cried·

"Oh Lamb Eternal, beyond all place and time! Oh Lamb of God, slain eternally before the foundation of the world! Oh Lamb which lies slain eternally in the midst of the throne of God! Let the blood of life which flows from Thee, procure me pardon for the past, let the water of life, which flows from Thee, give me strength for the future. I come to cast away my own life, my life of self and selfishness, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, that I may live it no more, and to receive Thy life, which is created after the likeness of God, in righteousness and true holiness, that I may live it for ever and ever, and find it a well of life springing up in me to everlasting life. Eternal Goodness, make me good like Thee. Eternal Wisdom, make me wise like Thee Eternal Justice, make me just like Thee Eternal Love, make me loving like Thee. Then shall I hunger no more, and thirst no more; for

"'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in Thee I find,
Raise me, fallen, cheer me, faint;
  Heal me, sick; and lead me, blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
  Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart;
  Rise to all Eternity.'"*

* * * * * *

* "Town and Country Sermons" (Macmillan)

His bust, by Woolner, stands in the new Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey—a National Memorial *

In Eversley churchyard his wife has placed a white marble cross, on which, under a spray of his favourite passion flower, are the words of his choice, the story of his life ·

"AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS."

And above them, circling round the cross, "God is Love," the keynote of his faith.

The green turf round his grave was soon worn by the tread of many footsteps, a day seldom passed without strangers being seen in the churchyard On Bank holidays numbers would come to see his last resting-place Little children, who had loved the "Waterbabies," and the "Heroes," would kneel down reverently and look at the beautiful wreaths which kind hands had placed there, while the gipsies never passed the gate without turning in to stand over the grave in silence, sometimes scattering wild flowers there, believing, as they do, to use their own strange words, that "he went to heaven on the prayers of the gipsies"

* * * * * *

* * * * *

And now these scattered memories, connected by a feeble thread all unworthy of its great subject, draw to a close To some it may have seemed a treachery to lift the veil from the inner life of a man, who while here hated the notoriety which he could not escape, and shrunk from every approach to egotism, but his private letters, showing, as they do, the steps by which he arrived at many of his most startling conclusions through years of troubled thought, are a commentary on much that seemed contradictory in his teaching, and justify him, while they teach and strengthen others Those alone who knew him intimately—and they not wholly—best understood his many-sided mind, and could interpret the apparent contradictions which puzzled others. Those who knew him little, but loved him much, could trust where they could not inter-

* The bust in the Baptistery of the Abbey was unveiled in 1876 by his eldest son At Eversley the church has been restored; at Chester a marble bust has been placed in the Chapter House; a medal struck for successful students in the Natural Science Society, and the ladies of Chester undertook to restore one of the Cathedral stalls in his memory There is a Memorial cot in the Hospital for Incurable Children at Chelsea, and two Memorial Drinking Fountains and Troughs in London.

pret But to the public, such explanation, if not due, may yet be welcome. And in that invisible state where perhaps he now watches with intensest interest the education of the human race, he would not shrink, as he would have shrunk here, from a publicity which, by revealing the workings of his own mind, may make his teaching of the truths most precious to himself on earth more intelligible, if such revelation should only help one poor struggling soul to light, and strength, and comfort, in the sore dark battle of life.

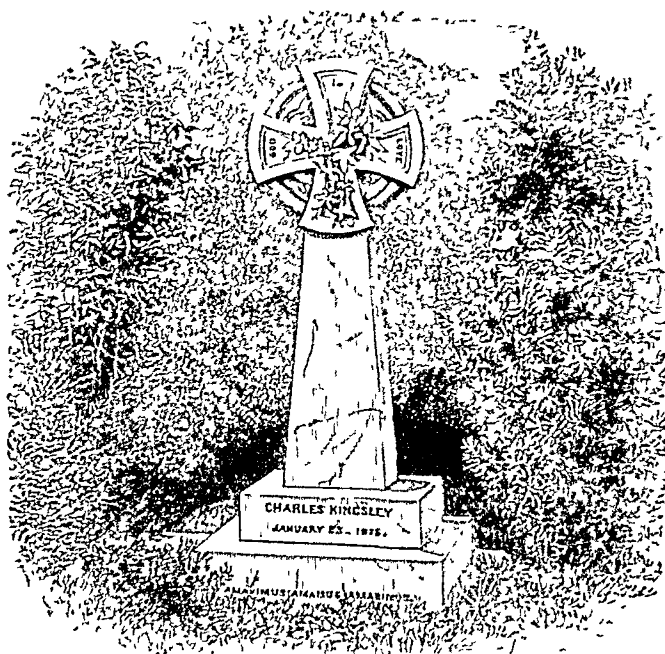
Some, again, may be inclined to say that this character is drawn in too fair colours to be absolutely truthful. But "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a *man*. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown; but it may not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships, a love that never failed for six-and-thirty years—pure, patient, passionate—a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a "most true and perfect knight" to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity, for such love is eternal; and he is not dead. He himself, the man—lover, husband, father, friend—*he* still lives—in God—who is not the God of the dead but of the living *He* is not dead, for to use his own inspiring words—

"Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death; to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state · they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings, unchanged, still the same living, thinking, active beings, which they were here on earth I say active . . . Rest they may: rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care; this is true rest. Above all, to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty, and yet not being able to do it That is true rest, the rest of God, who works for ever, and yet is at rest for ever; as the stars over our heads move for ever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously, fulfilling the

law which God has given them Perfect rest, in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of His elect.

"Death is not death, then, if it kills no part of us save that which hindered us from perfect life. Death is not death, if it raises us from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death, if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the fount of life Death is not death if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death, if it gives to us those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again Death is not death, if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth, and then destroy. Death is not death, for Christ has conquered death

AMEN.



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